The Saturday Evening
POST
September 8, 1956 — 15¢

Pigskin Preview

How We Cut Our Auto Death Rate

By Gov. Ribicoff of Connecticut

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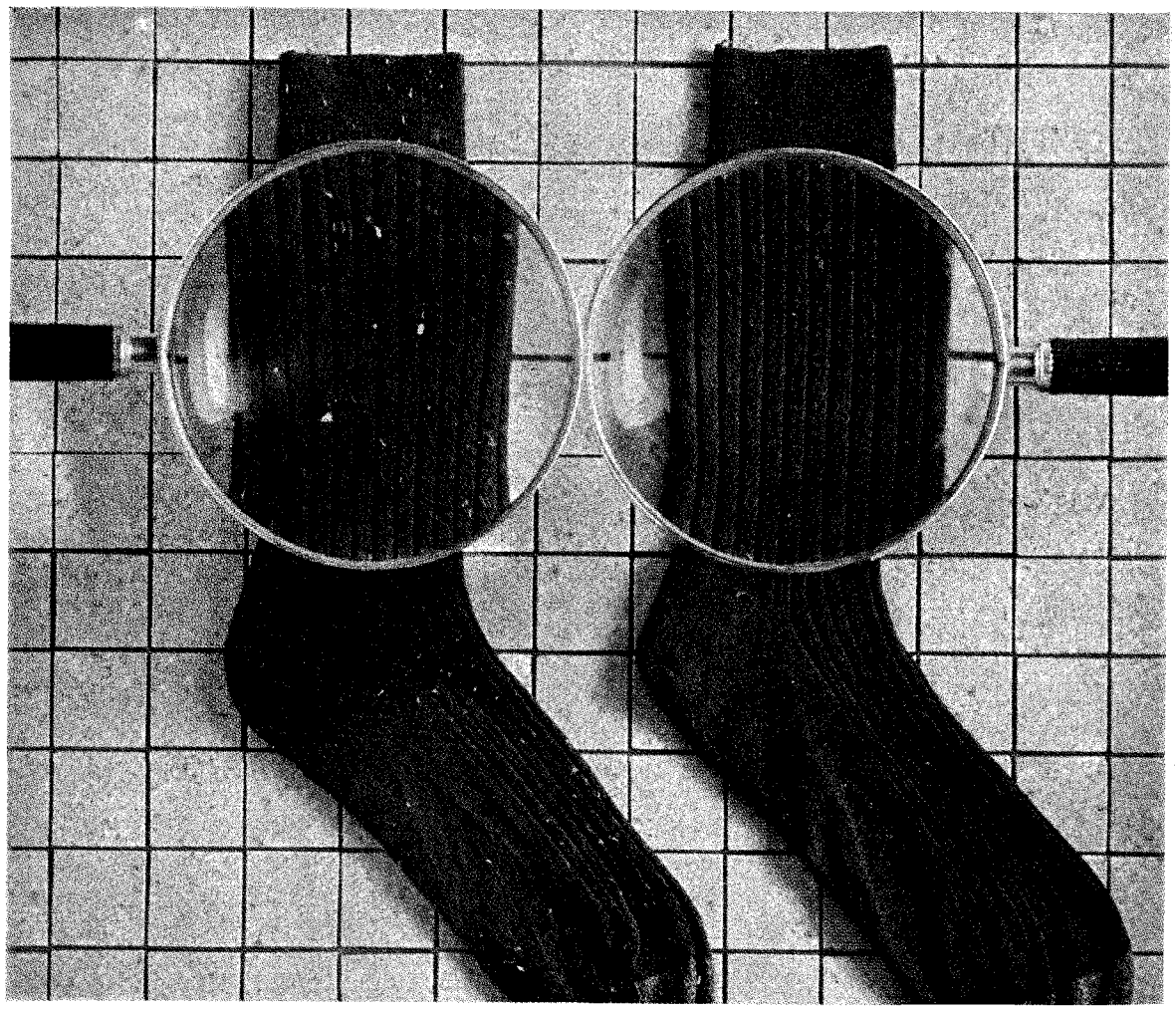
1957 G-E FILTER-FLO WASHER



Not the "linty water" way . . . This sock looked like this—dulled and discolored by lint fuzz after seven washings in an ordinary washer. Unsightly lint is hard to brush off dark clothes.

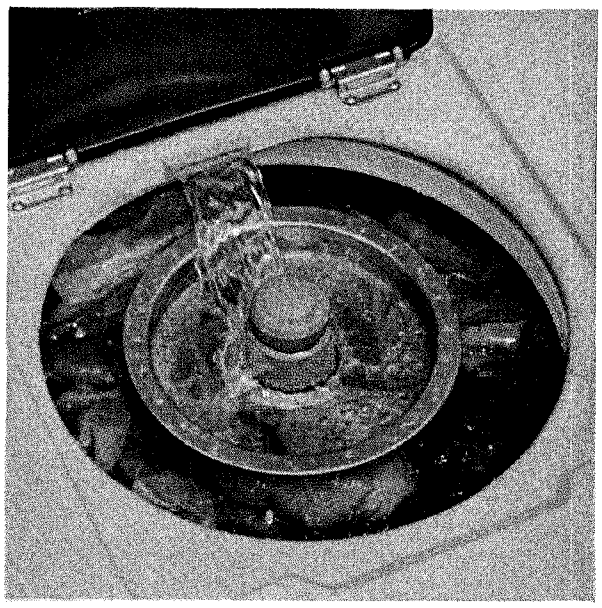
But the "clean water" way . . . This identical sock looked like this after seven washings the G-E Filter-Flo way in an identical washload. *Practically no lint!* Colors come out sparkling bright!

Cleans and re-cleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes . . . NO LINT FUZZ

Lint is caught in the filter—not on your socks, linens and cottons. Sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

As you wash, the marvelous G-E Filter-Flo® Washing System circulates and filters the wash water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute. Before lint can settle on clothes, it is caught in the filter which lets cleansed sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Your family wash comes out wonderfully clean and bright! You'll marvel at the results!

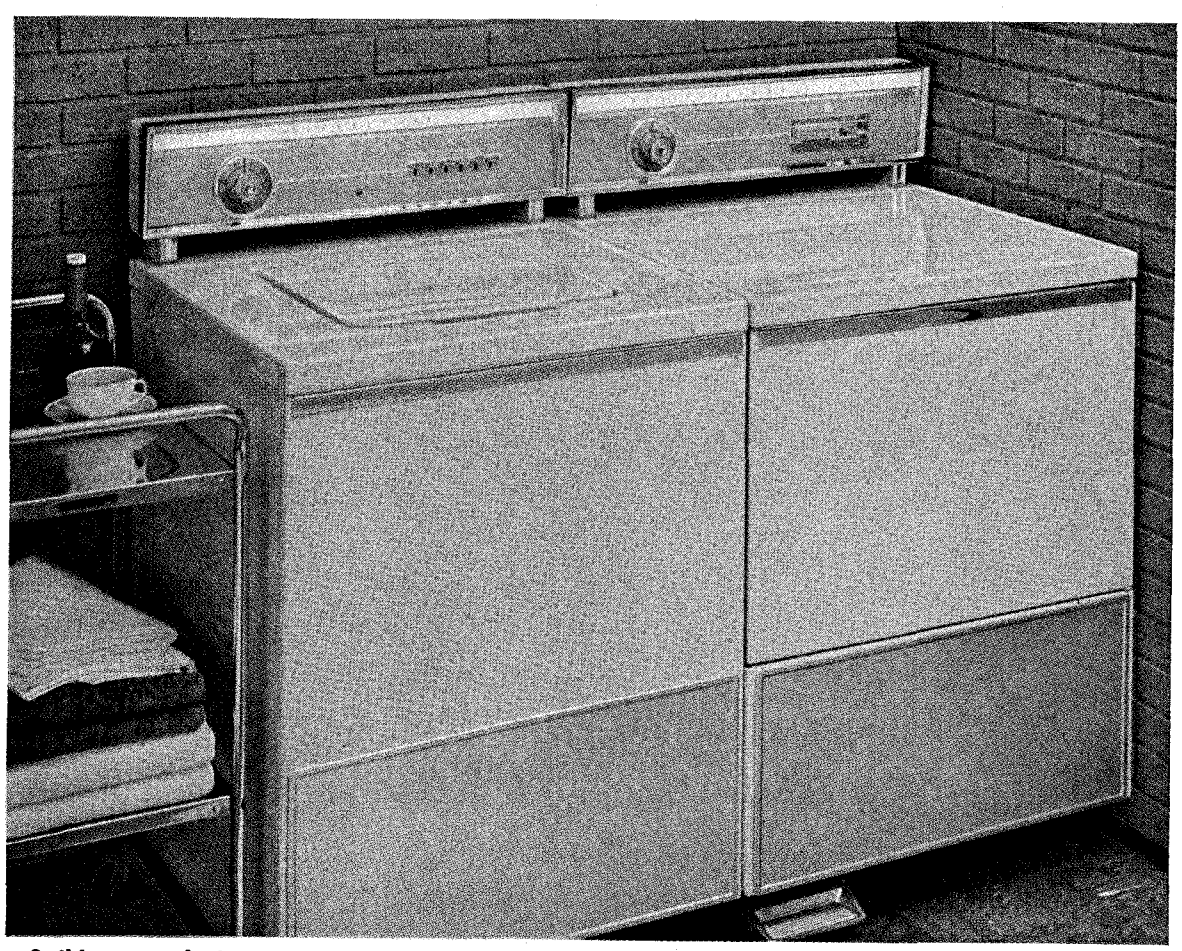


Removable filter—easy to clean. Fits into place after clothes are placed in washer; slips out after wash is over for easy cleaning. Also dispenses detergent evenly dissolved throughout the wash.

2 wash speeds . . . 2 spin speeds — You can select either Normal or Slow Activator® Washing Speeds . . . with Normal or Slow Spin Speeds . . . to suit all types of fabrics. Flexible settings let you wash everything "just right." Nylon without setting wrinkles. "Fragiles" without frayings. Blankets without "felting." Saves you hand washing.

3-Way Water Saving—Water Saver Control saves over 20 gallons on small loads. Choice of Warm or Cold Water Rinses. And G.E.'s new optional Automatic Suds Return System lets you set aside hot sudsy *filtered* water for a second wash, if you wish. General Electric, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*



Striking new design. Fingertip Selectors for wash speeds, temperature, water. Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics. Five-year written warranty on transmission. New G-E Filter-Flo Washer, about $3.35* weekly. Models with Suds Return System slightly higher. Matching G-E Automatic Dryer about $2.58 weekly. Buy pair, take 36 months to pay. 5 G-E Mix-or-Match colors or white.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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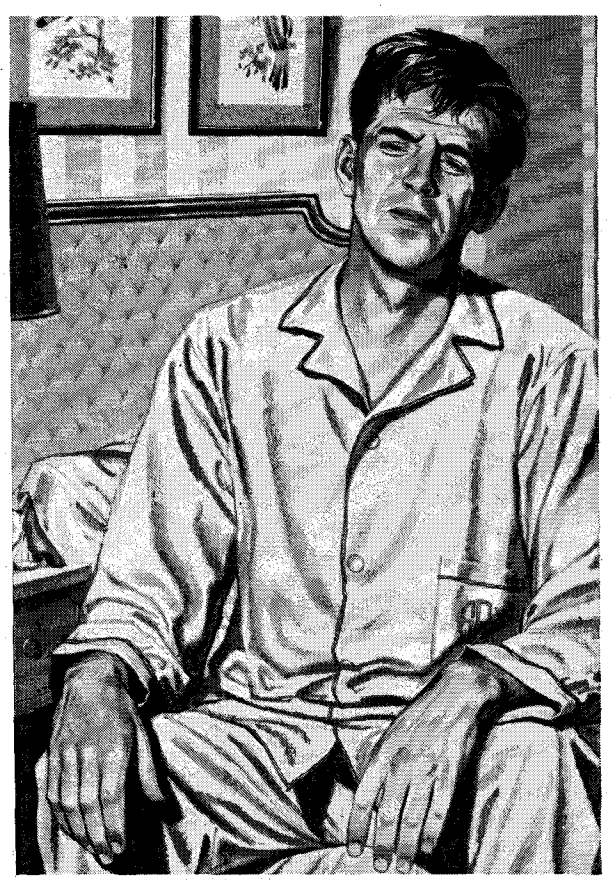
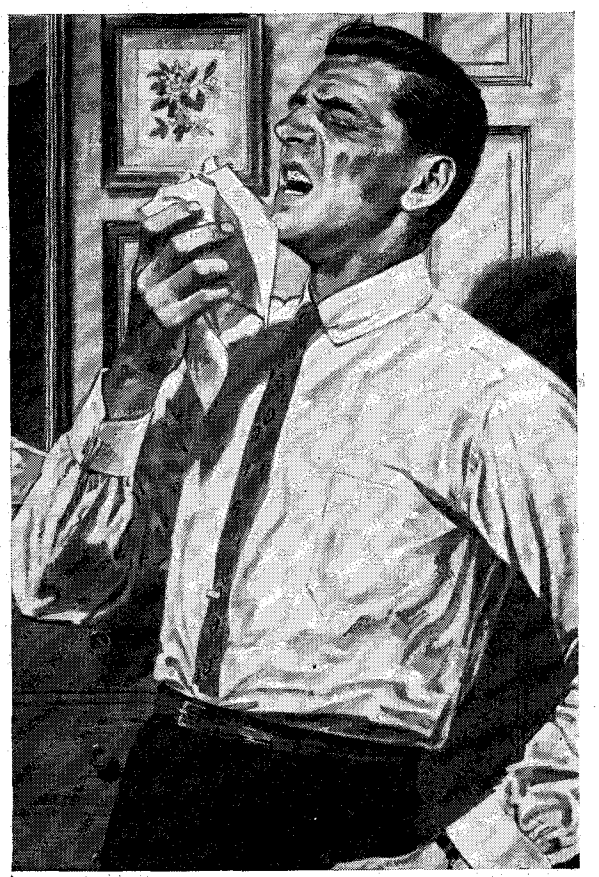
What kind of headaches do YOU have?

YOUR PHYSICIAN WILL TELL YOU THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT KINDS



Over-indulgence frequently causes headaches. When this happens, it's the perfect time to take Bufferin because Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to bring you prompt, sure relief.

Tension—Do you pay the price of annoying headaches as the result of the tensions and pressures of today's living? Then you should discover Bufferin, the modern, faster-acting headache remedy.



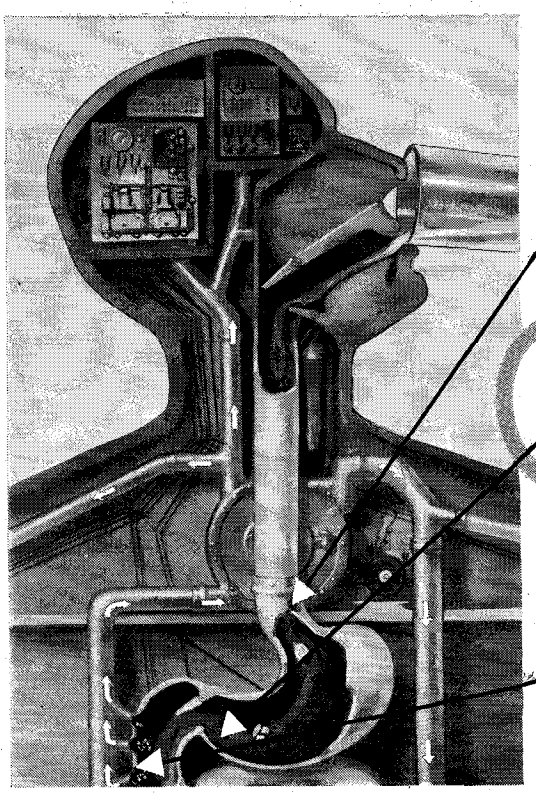
Cold miseries are apt to hang on. That's the time to take Bufferin to relieve these discomforts. Take Bufferin in accordance with package directions and it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

If you take aspirin for any of these ailments, remember

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin!

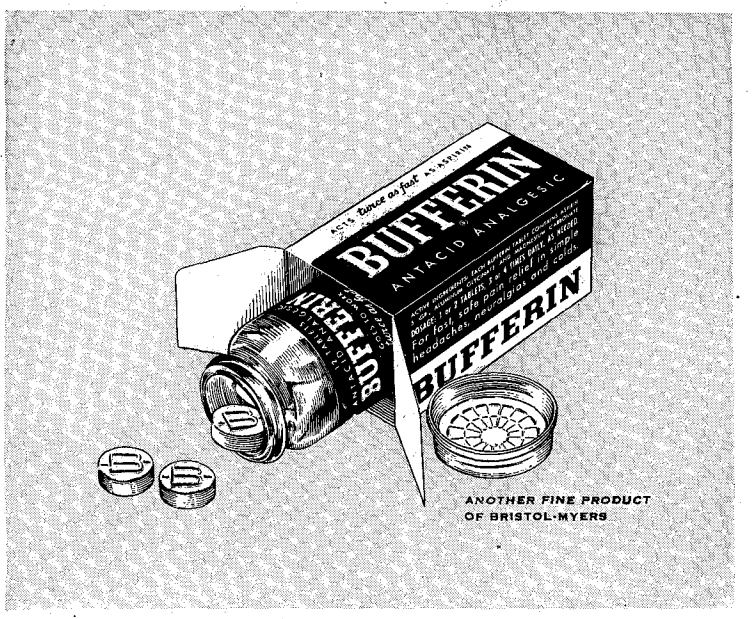
...AND WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH THE WAY ASPIRIN OFTEN DOES



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach the way aspirin often does.



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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LIBERTY MUTUAL

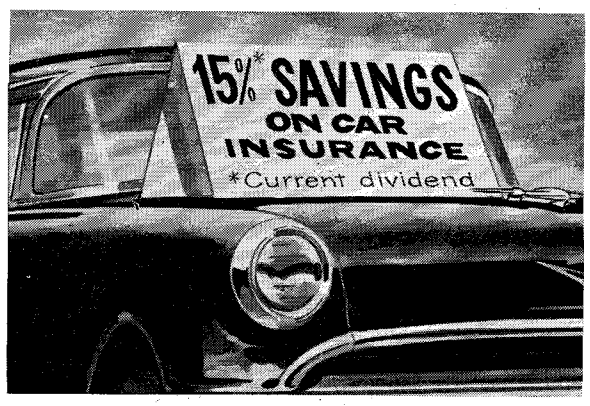
The Company that stands by you

"I hadn't a friend in town —till I called Liberty!"

"IT was a bad smash-up. The crowd seemed angry and people pointed at me. Probably because *my* car had an out-of-state license. How could I tell them that the accident wasn't my fault? Finally I got to a phone and called Liberty Mutual, my insurance company. The claimsman took charge — made me feel like a human being again. It was a mess but he got me out of it!"

When a Liberty policyholder calls any Liberty office for help, he can be sure of getting it. There are 144 of those offices in the U. S. A., Canada and Hawaii. You can call them any hour of the day or night. Fine service — and thrifty, too. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15% in most states.

YOU PLUG INTO A FAST-MOVING ORGANIZATION when you phone Liberty Mutual. Liberty's smooth-running machinery is ready to work on *your* problem — not just in one city, but across the nation. Wherever you have an accident — wherever facts must be gathered — Liberty's team will serve you.



THE FINANCIAL STRENGTH OF LIBERTY, which protects you so well, and the fine claims service you get both result from highly efficient operation. This same efficiency has given Liberty Mutual policyholders savings of 15%* (*in the form of dividends*) year after year. It pays in every way to insure with Liberty.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

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HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY · LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

INSURANCE FOR: AUTOMOBILES, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, GROUP ACCIDENT AND HEALTH, MARINE, CRIME

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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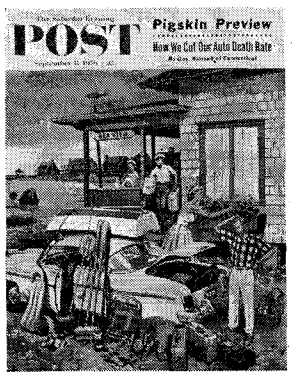

THE COVER

A vacation is wonderful, except to come home from. Well, pop, skip the head scratching; whisk the stuff in, and let's go. Time's afleeting; 175 miles wend ahead on the road map; and if that sky isn't cooking up an all-day precipitation, maybe there'll only be a brief nor'easter with gusts up to fifty mph. When pop gets home, will he find his grass eight inches tall? That's a mean, heartless thought, which is hereby withdrawn with apologies. Kind thought: happily it hasn't occurred to mother that if she transplanted her flowers into peach baskets, they might bloom at home for many a day. Why doesn't pop turn that boat over, dump all the debris in there, batten raincoats over it, and stop fooling with his head? Because then Steve Dohanos wouldn't have a cover.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 213

The greatest star of the screen!

Almost any story, even the most daring, can be brought to the screen with honesty and good taste. Latest is "Tea and Sympathy."

★ ★ ★ ★

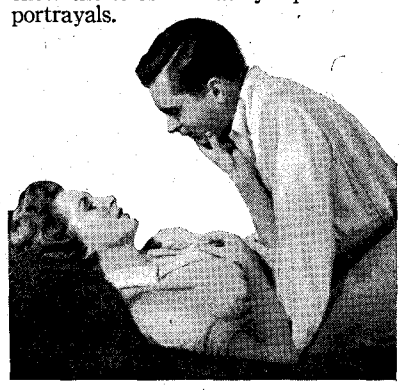
M-G-M has filmed the famed stage sensation about the young student and the housemaster's wife who knew he was more of a man than any of those who called him "Sister Boy"... even before she helped him prove it!

★ ★ ★ ★

Deborah Kerr, John Kerr and Leif Erickson play the roles they created on Broadway. The greater fluidity of the screen medium permits an even more powerful crescendo as each of these intimately interlocked characters moves toward the most talked-about dramatic climax of our day.

★ ★ ★ ★

Those who said Robert Anderson's astounding play couldn't—even *shouldn't*—be filmed will probably be the first to cheer the stars' delicate yet passionate portrayals.



"Years from now," Laura was saying softly, "when you talk about this—and you will—be kind"...

Everybody knows a Tom Lee, but not every Tom Lee is lucky enough to know a Laura Reynolds, who shines with the radiance of Miss Kerr.

★ ★ ★ ★

She is a woman quick to sense the sensitivities of others, one who will find it difficult to adhere to the usual advice: "Don't get emotionally involved with the boys' problems; all you need give them is a little tea and sympathy."

★ ★ ★ ★

At first Laura is amused and touched by Tom's puppy love for her.

★ ★ ★ ★

But what is Laura to do when her attempts to escape his dependence on her are interpreted by Tom as betrayal? Does she do right?

★ ★ ★ ★

Every viewer must decide this in the solitude of his own heart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Producer Pandro S. Berman and director Vincente Minnelli capture every rapture, every stinging and compassionate observation in the best imaginable taste.

★ ★ ★ ★

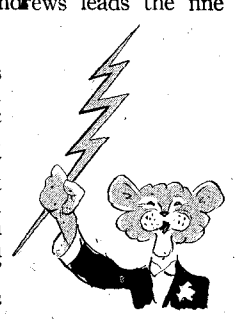
Now filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, Anderson's script faithfully preserves, and often enhances, every sudden turn and turning-point of his own long-run play.

★ ★ ★ ★

Every player evokes a superb portrayal and Edward Andrews leads the fine supporting cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

And M-G-M has made certain that the electric tingle that ran down Broadway on opening night now runs down your spine when you see "Tea and Sympathy!"



—*Leo*

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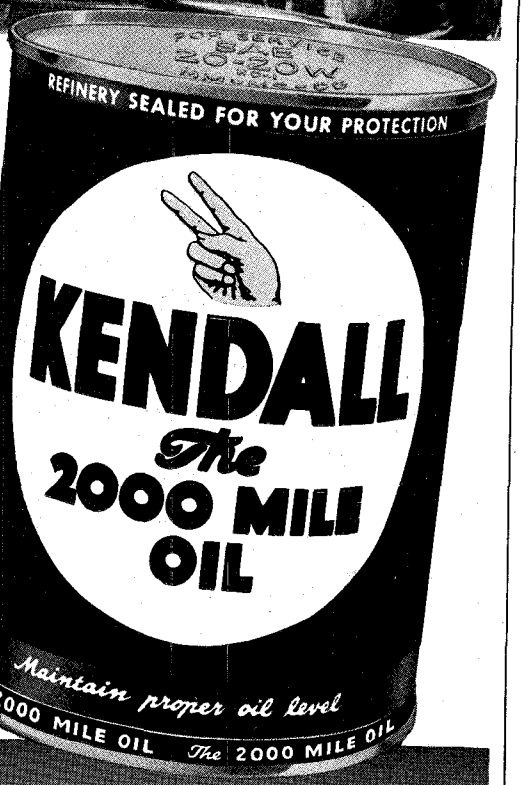
QUALITY pays off in performance
"YOU SAY YOU CHANGED TO KENDALL, THE 2000 MILE OIL?"
"YES, AND WHAT A CHANGE IT MADE IN THIS MOTOR."

KENDALL
Is Quality

Kendall Quality starts with 100% Bradford Pennsylvania Crude — acknowledged the world's richest crude oil. Continuous research . . . exclusive refining processes . . . and carefully selected additives blended under a New Formula enhance this natural superiority. The result — Kendall, The 2000 Mile Oil (For Service MM-MS-DG) satisfies the critical lubrication demands of modern engines and driving conditions.
50c per U.S. quart.



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KENDALL REFINING COMPANY 1881 75 YEARS OF PROGRESS 1956 BRADFORD, PENNA.

CELEBRATING 75 YEARS AS LUBRICATION SPECIALISTS

Letters

Linguistics

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed [How to Talk Like a Native, by Dean Jennings, Aug. 4], the article on Mr. Berlitz's method and organization a great deal, and I consider the Berlitz schools among the best in the world. However, his comments *re* Esperanto are unfounded. Esperantists can swear (if the need is felt) as well in Esperanto as in national languages. . . .

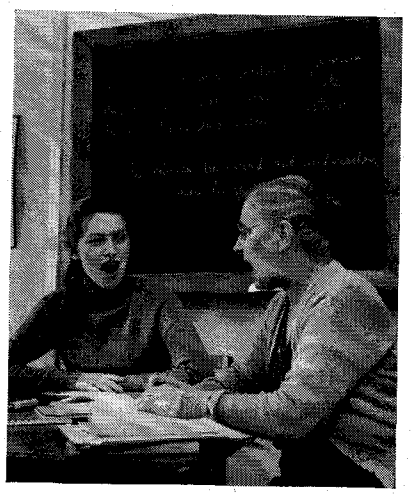
Mr. Berlitz would be able to do quite well having his organization teach Esperanto, since customer satisfaction in learning an easy language in a short time, useful not only in one country but in all, would enlarge his fortune. The aim of Esperanto is not to replace national languages, but to serve as an international link for all those who must or want to communicate directly with people of other lands.

JON B. WILLARSON, *President*
Esperanto Society of Milwaukee
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Reference to [the picture on pg. 34]:

I feel in duty bound to call your attention to the fact that the peculiar sound



Switzerland: American girl masters German umlaut.

known as "umlaut" can hardly be made with the mouth in the position of the picture.

For correction of this I can heartily recommend German 101 at Beloit College!

FREDERIC E. SWEET
(Head of German) Beloit College
Beloit, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

In 1911 I was commissioned by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce to show pictures and lecture in Esperanto about California all over Europe. During this one-month tour I met in Denmark, wooed in Esperanto and married a Danish girl. Esperanto was our only common language. Don't tell me, or any of hundreds of similar "international" couples, that "you can't make love in Esperanto."

DONALD E. PARRISH
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I was surprised to see Zulu given a prominent place . . . among languages listed which a popular language school may impart in three weeks so that a student can "talk like a native." It took my father, a missionary to the Zulus, years to make his tongue perform naturally over those peculiar clicks which he once described as like the sound of tearing of cloth or the smacking of lips over exceedingly acid fruit. . . .

Of course, one may avoid those strange contortions of tongue and palate in such simple expressions as "*Wenzani?*" "What are you doing?" or "*Ngiya hamba lapa*" "I'm going there." But would he be talking like a native?

MARK F. WILCOX
Bakersfield, Cal.

Czech Hopes

Dear Sirs:

Joseph Wechsberg has performed a very valuable service in telling so candidly what is going on in Czechoslovakia (They're Losing Faith in America, July 28). It should be made clear to Americans, however, that the Czechoslovaks are still pro-American at heart, but that they are an exhausted people. The anxiety of living has been going on since Munich—for almost eighteen years—and life is nothing but a dreary struggle for survival.

It need be said that this state of mind in Czechoslovakia is bound to grow worse as East-West coexistence, lessening of curbs and tensions, improved trade relations with the Soviets displace the old cold war. . . .

COL. JOSEPH TRINER, *President*
Czechoslovak National Council
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Wechsberg does not claim to know the contents of the broadcasts made by the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe to Czechoslovakia, and his indictment of the two stations is obviously based on casual information. . . . It seems that Mr. Wechsberg never thought of the possibility that a captive Czechoslovak listener, fed with daily descriptions of American wealth and high living standards, might protest that he knew all about this, but that he was much more interested in learning when the Government of the United States would stop fruitless discussions with the Soviet tyrants and take some concrete steps towards his liberation.

PAVEL KORBEL, *Secretary General*
Czechoslovak State Council (1941–1945)
New York, N.Y.

Frozen Piggy Bank

Dear Sirs:

Referring to the letter of Mr. Robert Massa, Post July 21st, commenting on the Ben Thompson cartoon in the June 16th issue of the Post, let us hasten to assure Mr. Massa that Johnny's piggy bank is in no danger of failure through compound fractures, as threatened by him. [Mr. Massa wrote that Johnny's water-filled piggy bank would burst if it were put in the freezer.—Ed.]

While it is true that water expands in the process of freezing, it does so only from a temperature of 39.2°F, the point of its greatest density. In cooling from a tap-water temperature higher than 39.2°F water will first contract as it cools, and will then expand after it chills past 39.2°F. At 32°F, the volume of the water (ice) (Continued on Page 6)

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NYLON CORD TRUCK TIRES SAVE YOU MONEY 5 WAYS

1. NYLON MEANS MORE RETREADS. Because their casings are tougher, nylon cord tires can be retreaded again and again. And every retread stretches your tire dollars . . . brings down costs per mile.

2. NYLON MEANS FEWER ROAD DELAYS. Dependable nylon cord tires help you maintain strict schedules and on-time deliveries, save drivers' time and service costs.

3. NYLON MEANS MORE OVER-ALL MILEAGE. Tough nylon cords cut down tire failures, give you higher average tire mileage. Nylon virtually eliminates cord failures from flexing, moisture, heat and impact.

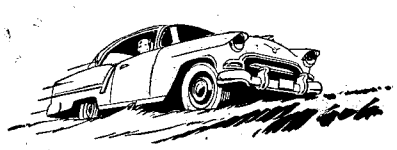
4. NYLON MEANS SAVINGS ON TIRE REPAIRS. By guarding against every major cause of tire failure—flexing, moisture, heat and impact—nylon cords save you service charges and tire-repair costs.

5. NYLON MEANS LESS TIRE INVENTORY. With nylon, you can reduce your tire reserve . . . free your capital for other business needs. Fewer failures and more mileage per tire mean you need fewer spares on hand . . . fewer tires per year.

NYLON CAN CUT YOUR YEARLY TIRE COSTS. You'll get more miles per dollar, more profit per load . . . when your trucks roll on nylon cord tires. Ask your dealer about nylon cord tires today. Du Pont makes the tough, long-lasting yarns that are used by rubber companies to make the tires that give extra protection against tire failure. Du Pont does not make tires.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



NOW, IN PASSENGER-CAR TIRES, TOO . . . THE STRENGTH AND TOUGHNESS OF NYLON . . . FOR UTMOST SAFETY, SUREST PROTECTION AGAINST TIRE TROUBLE

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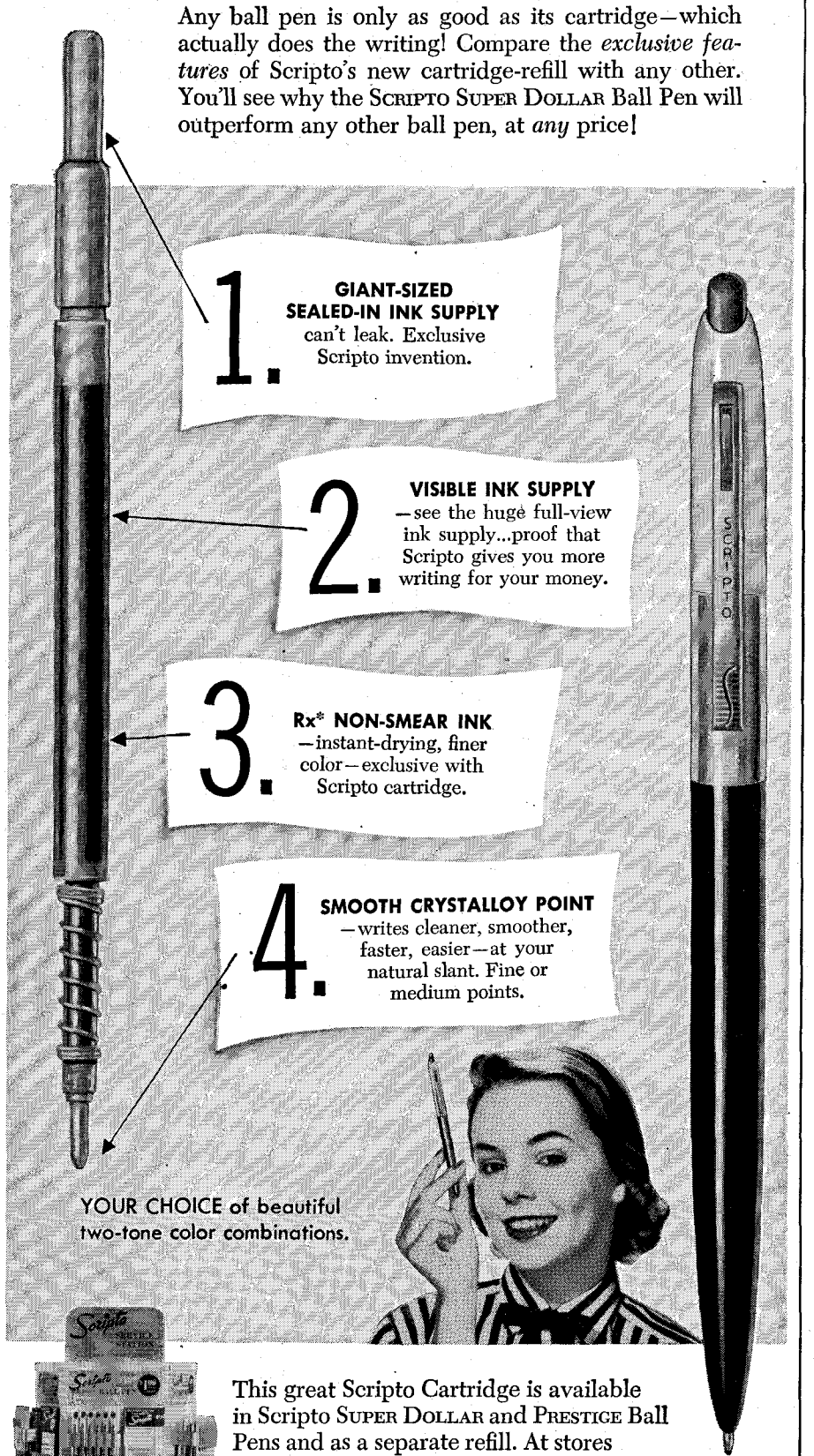
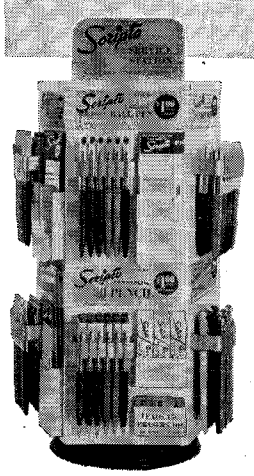
Before you buy any BALL PEN

CHECK THESE 4 FEATURES

Any ball pen is only as good as its cartridge—which actually does the writing! Compare the *exclusive features* of Scripto's new cartridge-refill with any other. You'll see why the SCRIPTO SUPER DOLLAR Ball Pen will outperform any other ball pen, at *any* price!


1. GIANT-SIZED SEALED-IN INK SUPPLY can't leak. Exclusive Scripto invention.
2. VISIBLE INK SUPPLY —see the huge full-view ink supply...proof that Scripto gives you more writing for your money.
3. Rx* NON-SMEAR INK —instant-drying, finer color—exclusive with Scripto cartridge.
4. SMOOTH CRYSTALLOY POINT —writes cleaner, smoother, faster, easier—at your natural slant. Fine or medium points.
YOUR CHOICE of beautiful two-tone color combinations.



This great Scripto Cartridge is available in Scripto SUPER DOLLAR and PRESTIGE Ball Pens and as a separate refill. At stores displaying the Scripto revolving service station. Cartridge-Refill.....49¢

Scripto®

SUPER DOLLAR BALL PEN—$1.00
PRESTIGE BALL PEN—$1.69

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

will be *less* than its volume at the filling temperature of say 60°F, hence no breakage is possible.

REUBEN LISSON,
Mechanical Engineer
New York, N.Y.

● *Engineer Lisson is right. Our piggy-bank editor, no theoretician, put eight pennies in a glass piggy bank, filled it with water and put it in his freezer. Some water was forced through the slot, the rest froze—but the bank didn't break.—ED.*

McKay vs. Morse

Dear Sirs:

I have just read your article on Wayne Morse, of Oregon [GRUDGE FIGHT IN OREGON, by William L. Worden, Aug. 4]. I think that it was very well handled.

Just for the record, though, I would like to say that in the opinion of at least one Republican, there is no doubt as to what sort of a man this senator is.

Elected by voters who believed he would represent them as a Republican, his switch to the Democratic Party was as immoral as was Benedict Arnold's act of treason.

WILMER E. BRESEE
Oneonta, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Oregonians have at last seen the light. They want people in Washington who think for themselves. . . . Al Serena isn't the only thing McKay is afraid of. A Wayne Morse button throws him into a tizzy; he knows that is the face of a man who wouldn't sell his soul for a mess of pottage.

MARGUERITE UPHAM
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

I can't help being a little embarrassed over the reference to me in your recent article on Douglas McKay, in which the author mentions a cake incident, and thereto appends a political inference altogether at variance with the facts.

This took place almost ten years ago (not as recently as the present senatorial campaign) right after McKay was elected governor of Oregon. I was sent to Salem

to take pictures for the Oregon Journal of Mrs. McKay in the process of making her justly famous angel-food cake. On completion of the assignment I helped eat the cake, and being married to a superb cake maker myself, I felt qualified to exclaim over the excellence of the McKay masterpiece. She is one of the very nicest people I know, and she laughed and said if I liked the cake so much she'd make me one for my birthday.

I laughed, too, because these things seldom come to pass, but she kept her word; on the following Nov. 22nd. she not only sent the cake—but she had the then Governor McKay deliver it in person. The fact he was going right by my house on his way to the airport did nothing to dim my repute in the neighborhood.

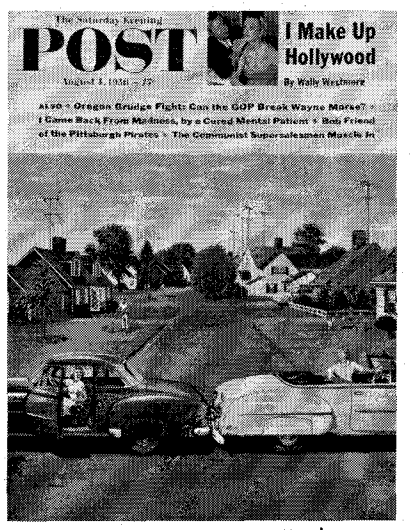
LES T. ORDEMAN
Portland, Oreg.

Bump!

Dear Sirs:

Why couldn't Steve Dohanos have had two men bang their cars together instead of two women? (Aug. 4 cover) Why pick on women?

FORREST BRADEN
Mt. Dora, Fla.



Dear Sirs:

Your cover . . . prompts my reporting that this actually happened—not once but twice and to the same cars on the same day.

A president of the bank, in Illinois, where I used to live, backed out of his driveway and his neighbor across the street backed out the same time. Both cars bumped, just like your cover picture. They got in their cars and pulled away and, each expecting the other to wait, backed up again—and bumped bumpers.

DANIEL G. BECHTEL
Durham, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

I have posted the cover . . . in a prominent place in each of my lots.

It explains, far better than I can, why I back all cars into stalls and why I have my attendants park and unpark every car.

I feel sorry for the husbands of these two women—someway or other, they'll eventually get the blame.

E. D. GIBSON
Mansfield Parking Co.
Mansfield, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Claude Jacoby. • 23–Larry Fried. • 24–Larry Fried. • 25–N. Y. Daily Mirror (International), Wide World. • 26, 27–Edwin Georgi. • 28, 29–Bill Shrout. • 30–Bob Hilbert. • 31–Conn. State Police, Frank Ross. • 32–Texas Christian U., Michigan State U., U. of Notre Dame, U. of Tennessee, Daily Oklahoman (Joe Miller). • 33–U. of Pittsburgh, U. of Michigan, U. of Maryland, Bill Shrout, Ohio State U., U. S. Military Academy, U. of Oklahoma. • 34, 35–Ernest Chiriaka. • 36–Philippe Halsman, Hans Knopf, Kurt Schraudenbach. • 37–Stan Galli. • 38–United Press, Pix, Inc.; United Press. 39–Pix, Inc.; Robert Capa (Magnum), Black Star. • 40, 41–Frank Ross. • 42, 43–James R. Bi[illegible]m. • 44–Three by Harry Saltzman; International. • 45–Three by Harry Saltzman; Literary Digest. • 49–William A. Smith. • 116–Bill Shrout. • 132–Bill Shrout, three anonymous; International.

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When you're abroad seeing the Swiss Guards at the Vatican, you can see 17 European cities with Pan Am for the fare to Rome alone!

Go when Europe has time to talk with you

Europe's voice is a delightful sound. It's the sound of centuries past. The glory that was. You hear it everywhere, now that the crowds are gone. It rings in cloistered yards. Softly it dances down winding country lanes. It chatters loudly in the bookseller's row. It drones on the mall. Europe, you see, is back from her summer vacation.

This is the time to get to know her. Talk with her. Everyone's more comfortable—especially you. The policemen smile. The guides take their time. The famous restaurants have put away their velvet ropes. No one is elbowing you in the great art galleries. The atmosphere's relaxed, friendly. It's much more fun.

And the fun first starts at home: when you order your Pan Am tickets. What's more fun than saving money? Ask Dad. Did you know that you can save as much as $300 on each fare for your wife and child using Pan Am's thrifty family fares? They're good from November to March. (To us, a child is anyone between 12 and 25.) If you happen to be going abroad by yourself, check into Pan American's new low "2-week Special" fares*. For example, New York to London only $425, round trip.

Be impulsive! Call up your Travel Agent now—or your nearest Pan Am ticket office. Give in to that lifelong desire . . . and go—on the *World's Most Experienced Airline.*

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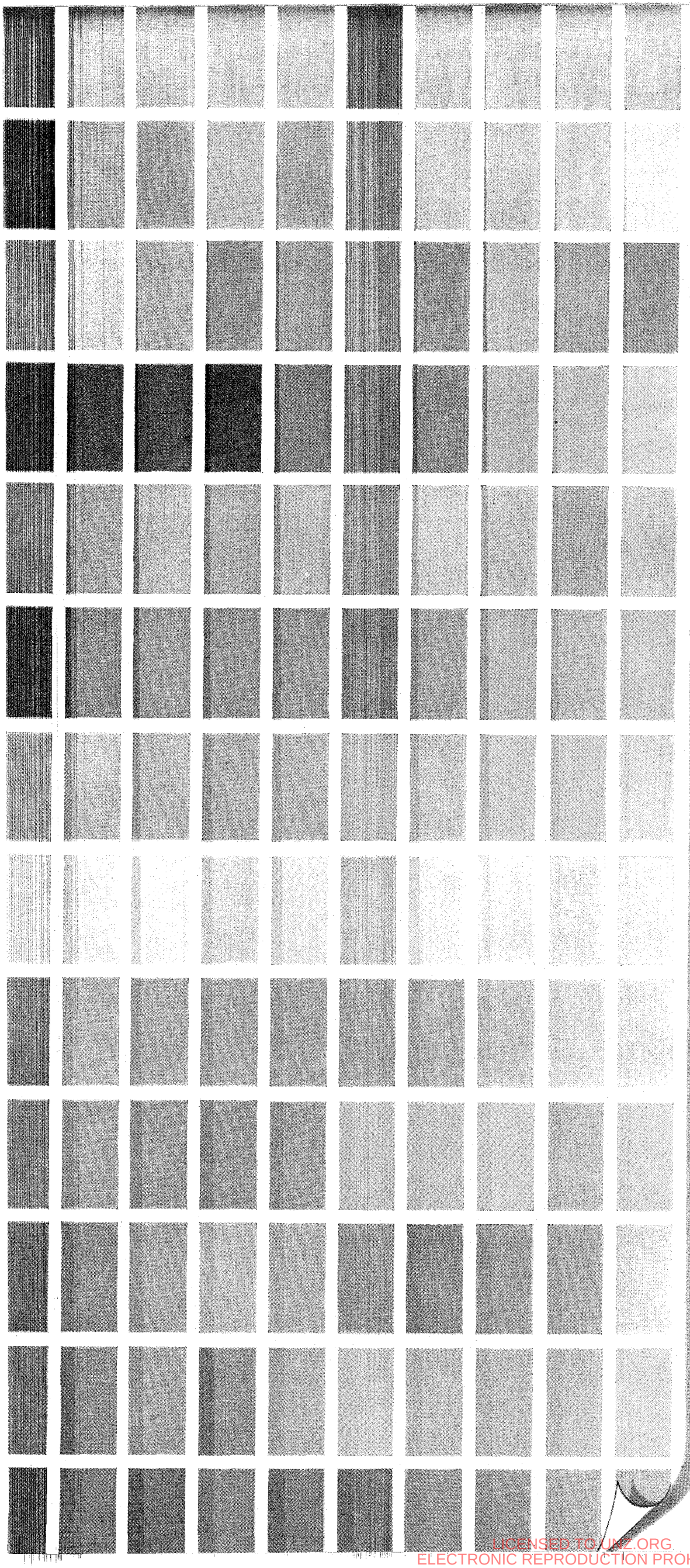
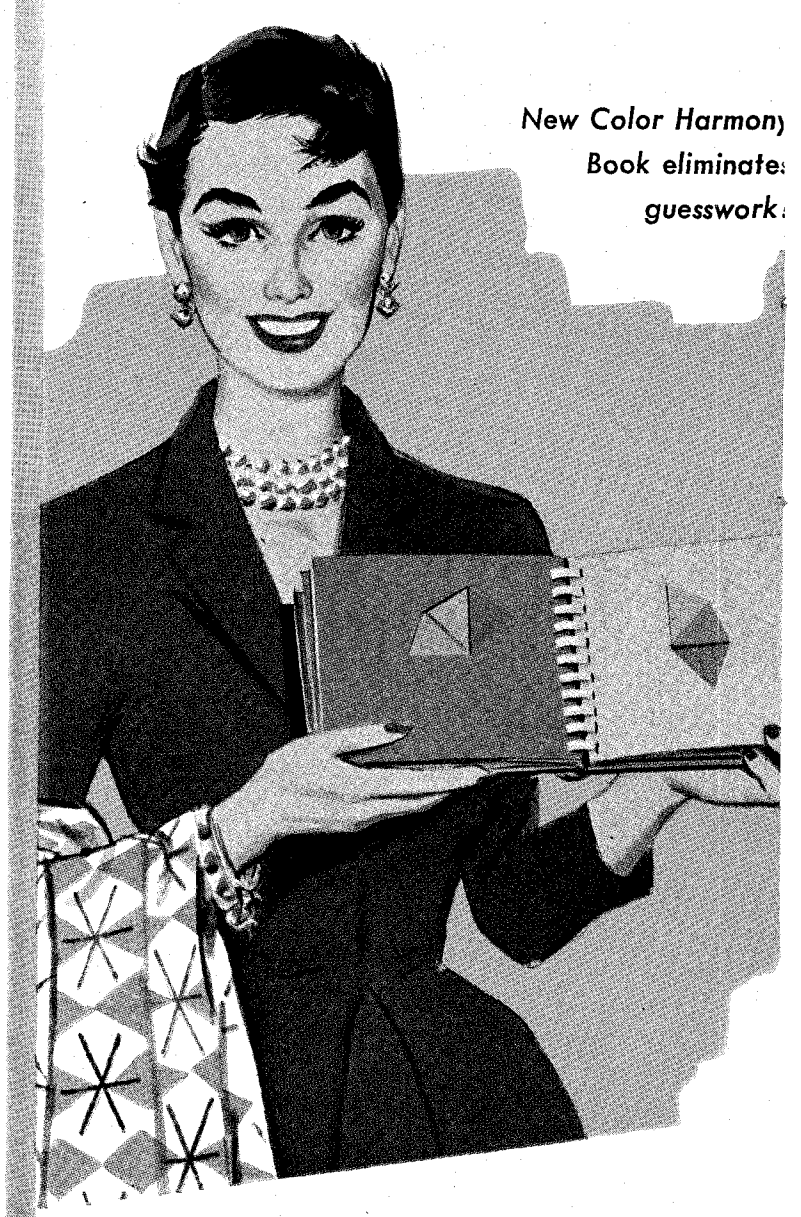


How to selec

New Color Harmony
Book eliminates
guesswork



You'll find answers
to color questions like these—
all shown in big "easy-to-see"
color swatches

- Which new wall colors will harmonize best with my present furnishings?
- I plan to redecorate and buy some new furnishings. How can I be sure to have everything in correct color harmony?
- What accent colors should I use for my bookshelves, alcoves, etc.?
- What new colors can I pick to go with my bathroom tile?
- What colors should I choose for adjoining rooms to make sure that they will complement each other in perfect harmony?
- What wall and cabinet colors will go best with my colored kitchen appliances?

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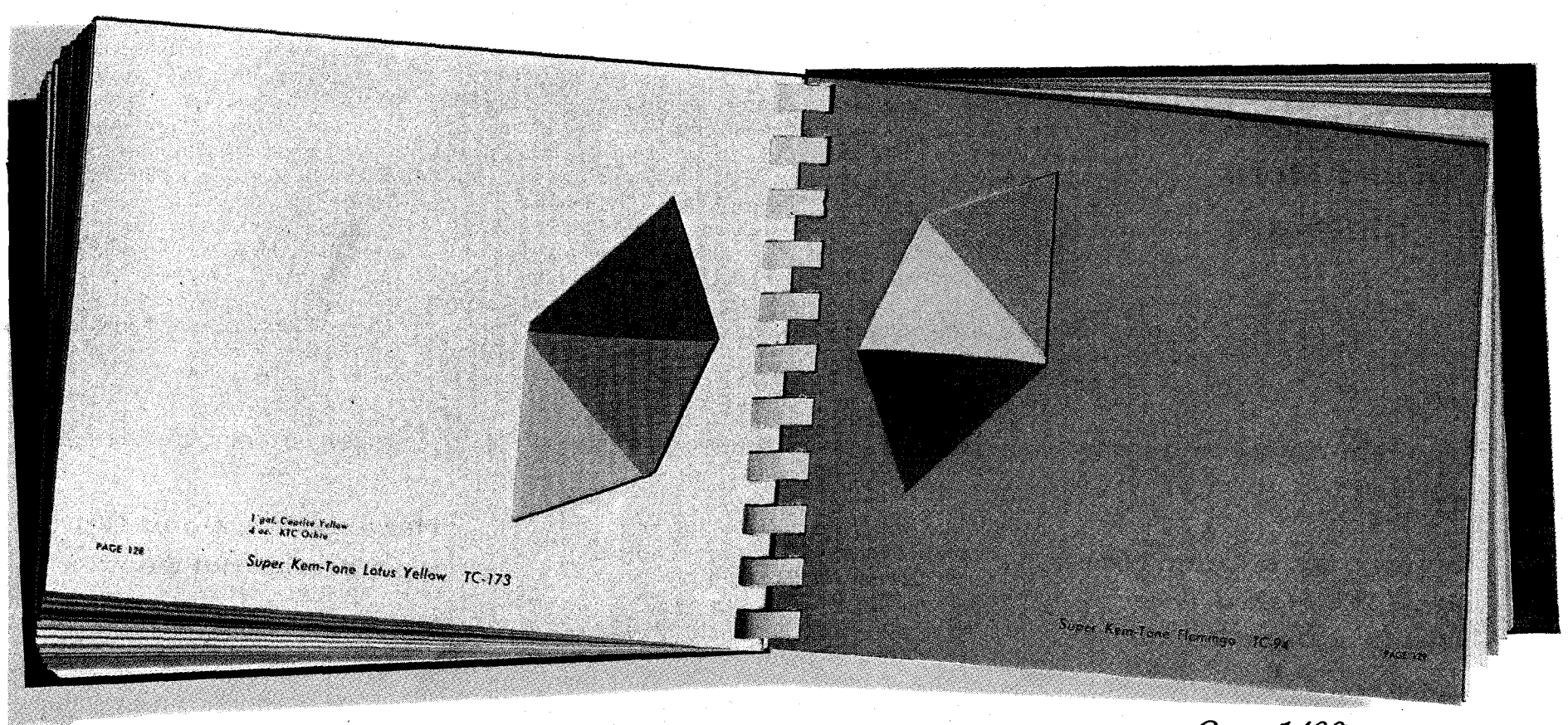
Color Harmonies for your home

...and always be right!

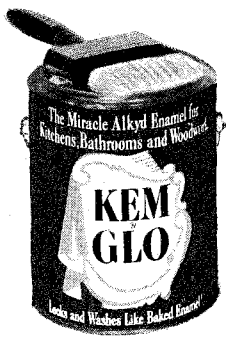


Lovely Color Harmonies in
Super® KEM-TONE wall paint and KEM-GLO® enamel

This wonderful new COLOR HARMONY BOOK is literally filled with hundreds of "go together" color combinations to make your decorating easy. You'll find page after page of new color harmonies to set your imagination soaring . . . colors that will bring new life to your *present* furnishings. Your Super Kem-Tone Dealer has this amazing book. Use it in his store, or borrow it . . . take it home with you for "on-the-spot" color matching right in your own home. There's no charge for using the COLOR HARMONY BOOK!

Painting is so easy with Super Kem-Tone

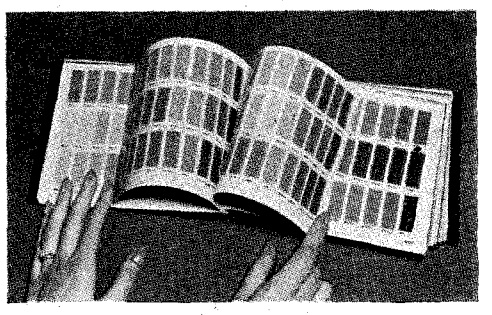
With ready-to-use Super Kem-Tone, you're sure of success. It's the de luxe latex wall paint that goes on easily over *any* wall surface—without brush marks. This amazing rubber-tough paint dries to a velvet-rich finish in less than an hour. It's guaranteed washable, too, or your money back! And *it's so thrifty . . . one gallon does the walls of an average room.*



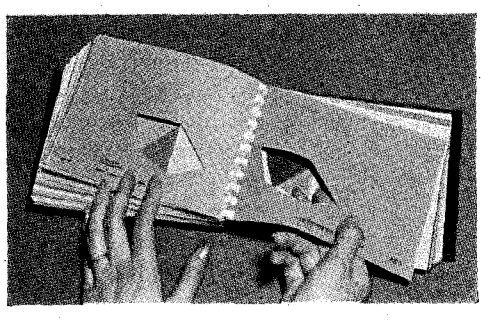
Kem-Glo is the miracle alkyd enamel

It's America's favorite enamel for all woodwork, and kitchen and bathroom walls and cabinets. Like Super Kem-Tone it flows *on smoothly* with brush or Roller-Koater®. . . dries in 4 hours to a finish that looks and washes like baked enamel . . . *no undercoater required.* The beautiful Super Kem-Tone colors are matched with Kem-Glo, color for color, in a rich, subdued lustre.

Over 1400 Different Color Harmonies!



STEP 1. Turn to the color index. You will find scores of colors arranged by "families." All the blues are together, the greens are together, etc. Select either your favorite color or one which matches your carpet, linoleum, tile or drapery.



STEP 2. Turn to the page indicated. This color combines with the three showing through the fan-shaped window to give you a perfect color harmony. Turn the pages for more lovely harmonies to go with the color of your choice.

Borrow the Color Harmony Book from your nearby Super Kem-Tone Dealer for use in your home . . . at no cost to you!

Super Kem-Tone and Kem-Glo are made and distributed by:

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Editorials

The States Also Must Build More Highways

The bill passed by the last Congress puts in motion a long-needed program to modernize our crowded main thoroughfares. Many have assumed that it will solve all our highway problems. Actually, the bill covers only construction or reconstruction of the more heavily traveled roads, for which the Federal Government traditionally pays part of the cost. This Federal-aid system covers only a fraction of the total mileage over the nation. The rest is the sole responsibility of the state and local governments.

The President's Highway Committee estimated total United States highway construction needs at $101,000,000,000. The bill just passed provides for $33,000,000,000, which, together with further appropriations to be expected, will make a total of something like $50,000,000,000 for a thirteen-year period of modernization. Of this $50,000,000,000, the Federal Government will supply about $37,000,000,000 to come mostly from an increased Federal gasoline tax—raised from two cents to three cents a gallon. The cost to the average motorist is about $7 a year, over and above what he is already paying for highways.

The gap between the $101,000,000,000 needed and the $50,000,000,000 provided for by Congress points up the fact that we face another highway problem, still unsolved, of about the same magnitude and cost as the first. This consists of the improvement of state, county, township and municipal roads and streets not in the Federal-aid category. Unless this job is done, we shall end up with an unbalanced system.

A few states have put their highway affairs in order and are on the way to adequacy. But some will be hard put even to find money for their share of the big new Federal program, and then only at the expense of non-Federal-aid roads already in trouble. One of the reasons is an attitude, all too common among state legislators, which might be summed up as: "Why be unpopular by advocating an increase in the state gas tax? If we wait long enough, the Federal Government will be forced to do something."

It is clear that, to provide a complete, balanced highway system ten to fifteen years hence, the states will have to launch unaided their own big expansion programs. The Federal Government has already gone beyond its proper limit in providing money. But it could help greatly in another way. It would seem well within the limits of congressional power to require that, in return for the Federal partnership, each state make a study of all road and street needs, determine what it will cost to fill those needs, and provide its citizens with the facts in easily readable form.

Anyway, It's a Long Time Since We Heard That Debt is a Good Thing!

In the 1930's John Maynard Keynes profoundly influenced the thinking of American economists. Keynes was a man of extraordinary mental powers and great literary talent, but his writing style was involved and obscure. His American admirers wrote books to explain what Keynes meant. The more mature American economists conclude that Keynes himself did not quite know what he meant.

But to numbers of American economists Keynes was the evangel of a new science of economics destined to revolutionize all industrial life. As they interpreted Keynes, depression is due to a maladjustment of the ratios of spending, saving and investment. Furthermore, it is possible for government to balance these elements by currency juggling and deficit spending, so that any depression can be ended. In other words, government squandering can create perpetual prosperity.

Competent economists realized that this "new economics" was in large part old stuff. Long before Keynes, Lord Lauderdale had preached the same doctrines, and there were others. But the new economics was a godsend to government squanderers. It was an excuse for every form of injurious waste, private and public. All these follies "increased purchasing power."

In 1933 Keynes visited President Roosevelt. The press reported that he told the President that deficit spending of five billion dollars would end the depression. By the end of 1939 Roosevelt had added about twenty-three billions to the permanent debt—and there were still some nine million unemployed. When critics condemned this spending, the Keynesians came to the rescue, notably those at Harvard. When the government borrows on bonds, it costs nothing. The people are merely borrowing "from each other." This nonsense is disproved by the financial history of every nation. But it was taught in some of our best colleges. It was cited by President Roosevelt.

In the years since 1939 there have been two wars. It has been impossible to balance the Federal budget even with a continuous economic boom. The Federal debt is now some two hundred and seventy-five billions, the total government debt well over three hundred billions. The annual interest charge is now around $150 per family.

And at long last there is now a balanced budget, even a small surplus. The Eisenhower Administration announced its intention to use this surplus to pay off a part of the debt. This shocked the pressure groups seeking subsidies. It outraged some politicians. Of course, this first step is very much like starting out to empty a bathtub with a thimble.

But it is a start. And so far nobody has come forward to say that government debt is a good thing that costs nothing. Can it be that the era of Simple Simon economics is coming to an end?

"Harvest" is a Good Word for a Wonderful Season

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

Men in universities have sought lists of the language's most "mellifluous" words, a term from the old Latin which has an exact meaning of "honey flowing." There have been many suggestions, including "cellar door" as a word that would sound sweet on the tongue whatever its meaning. At this season of the year, most Americans are sure that the loveliest word in the language is "harvest"—which keeps its downright old Anglo-Saxon flavor, but contains far more than "honey flowing."

It has bunches of purple grapes hanging from an old wooden bridge; it gathers in frosted punkins and great green Hubbard squashes from clean bare fields; it tastes of tangy apples and mellow pears; it includes yellow hay packed tight in red barns; it is brightly colored as sumac along stone walls on winding country roads or flaming maples on neat, straight streets.

It sounds as loud as the wheat combines in great Western fields, and as soft as the fur of a gray squirrel hoarding nuts for the winter; it makes looking-glass ponds for its namesake moon; it builds swirling little airplanes of seed launched from carrier trees, assuring another harvest.

Harvest is bright sky, and brittle air; it contains the leaves piled around shrubs, and working compost heaps; it is bright with the cozy house lights in early chill of dark; it is the well-split and rightly stacked wood, and the first fires burning in the fireplace; it is the universal hope of ample reward for work well done; it is fulfillment in the human heart. Harvest is a lovely word.

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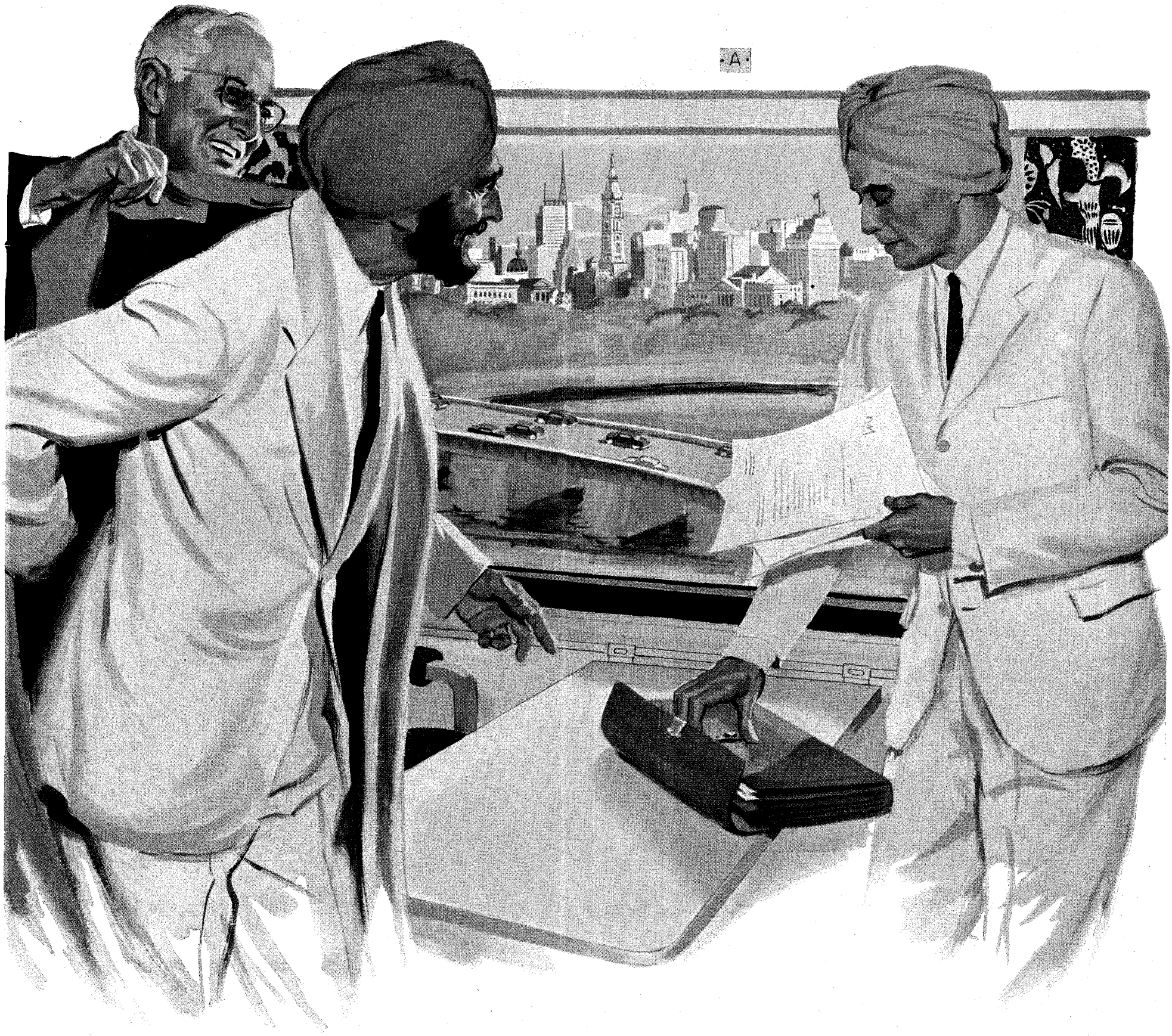
YOUR BUSINESS WILL THRIVE IN THE GREATER PHILADELPHIA AREA



From Dallas or Delhi

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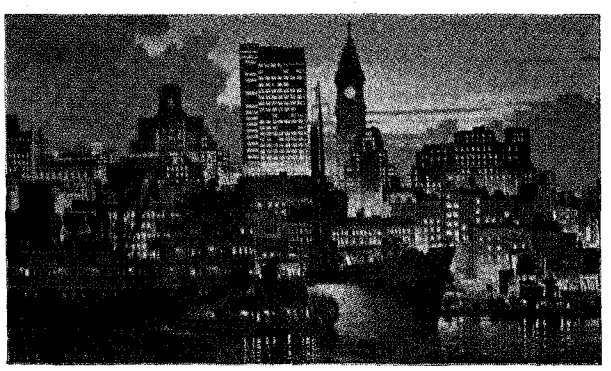
Land, sea, and air transport converge on Greater Philadelphia and make it the whole world's neighbor.

Multi-lane expressways roll thousands of people, tons of cargo, smoothly in and out of Philadelphia daily. Three major railroads tie in with the entire continent. Ships cross all the seven seas to reach the Port of Greater Philadelphia, now the Nation's No. 1 import area.

Industry favors the ease and convenience of coming and going in Greater Philadelphia. It's one big reason why the whole Delaware Valley has grown into the world's greatest industrial area . . . and keeps right on growing. There are many other advantages—nearness to raw materials, markets, reliable manpower, recreation. Plentiful electric power, too, for Philadelphia Electric spends more than a million dollars weekly on expansion.

In short, there's every reason in the world for *you* to locate in Greater Philadelphia.



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A business-managed utility company owned by nearly 100,000 stockholders — Serving the world's greatest industrial area, Delaware Valley

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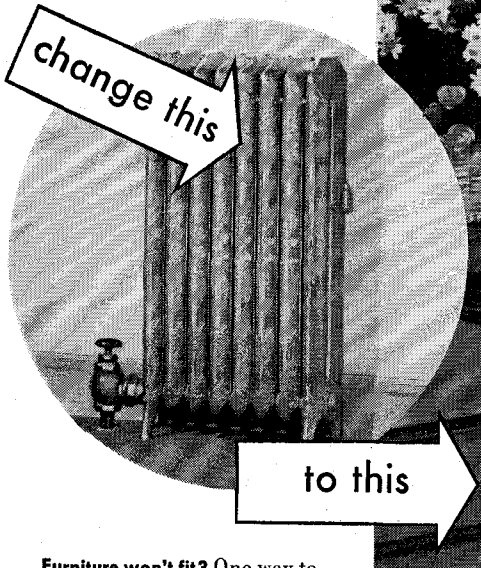
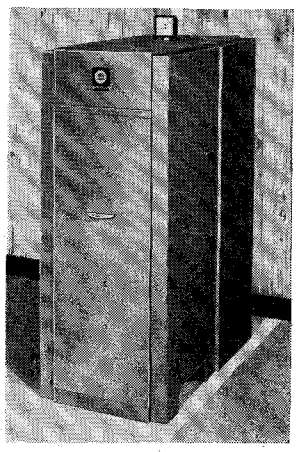
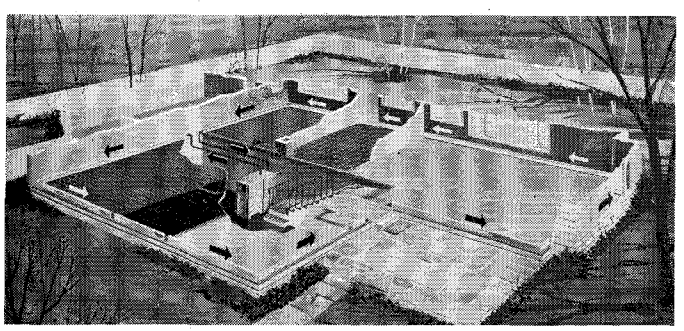


Furniture won't fit? One way to get more wall space is to switch from old-style radiators to modern baseboard heating panels. *Now* see how you have more freedom to arrange furniture with trim baseboard *panels that can be painted any* color you please.



Efficient, economical, too—that's this American-Standard boiler. It will deliver comfortable hot water heat, quickly, economically on the coldest days—and it will outlast other heating units by many years.

Wrap your home in clean, even warmth, with New AMERICAN-Standard baseboard heating



See how constant warmth is carried around the cold exterior of your home. Small pipes, hidden in the baseboard panels, deliver heat where you want it, when you want it.

American-Standard, Dept. HP-96, 39 W. 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your booklet, HEATING MODERN HOMES WITH WATER. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover handling.

I am modernizing_____ building_____

Name_____

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See American-Standard products on NBC-TV's programs: TODAY, starring Dave Garroway • HOME, starring Arlene Francis

Winter's on the way—a cold one, too, according to advance forecasts! Don't delay! Get ready for cold weather by installing new American-Standard baseboard heating that wraps your home in *clean, even, draftless heat.*

These smart baseboard panels replace ordinary wooden ones—give you more wall space—allow you to arrange furniture wherever you please.

At the heart of your new American-Standard hot water heating system is a completely automatic, long-lasting, corrosion-resistant, cast-iron boiler. It delivers heat quickly, efficiently to every room in the house. And it's a mighty good buy, too, because it will outlast an ordinary boiler by many years.

$3.18 a week* puts a modern American-Standard boiler that burns gas, oil or coal in your home. And $2.20 a week* will pay for baseboard panels for the average six-room house. For more information see your American-Standard retailer. He's listed under "Heating Equipment" in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or for a helpful booklet mail the coupon to the left. AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING & HEATING DIVISION, 40 W. 40 St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

*PLUS INSTALLATION

Cleaner, more even heat with

AMERICAN-Standard

HOT WATER HEAT

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HE EARNS YOUR WELCOME

. . . the man behind

*the policy with the P.S.**

*Personal Service

Your Ætna Casualty agent is an independent businessman, living and working right in your own community. Because your good will is essential to his livelihood, he knows he must *earn* your confidence and trust. Thus, you can depend on him to plan your insurance program carefully, intelligently and, above all, with *your* best interests always in mind.

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Yes, there's a great deal of satisfaction in owning the policy with the P.S., because P.S. stands for the *personal service* of your Ætna Casualty agent — a man who *always* earns your welcome.

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SCHICK

FIRST in electric shaving . . . FIRST and now . .

with COLORS

Now more than ever, the Schick "25" tags all other shaving instruments "old fashioned"

Men want color! You see this modern trend in their cars, their sport clothes, in just about everything they buy for themselves! And now the leader in electric shaving, brings you the world famous Schick "25" in the most wanted men's colors in America. Colors-For-Men! These cheerful colors blend perfectly with everything from bathrobes to bath tiles. They make shaving with Schick even more enjoyable!

And what a shave you get! Quickly and quietly, Schick glides through any beard! No pulling . . . no plucking . . . no irritation! Just feel your face after a fast shave with that Schick "25." *Really* smooth! Seldom, if ever, will you shave again from *Breakfast-to-Bedtime!*

Make a point to see the Schick "25" at your Schick dealer today. Ask about the 14-day home trial and the big $7.50 allowance for any electric shaver, any condition. Schick "25" in your choice of color, with a handsome Travel Case for use at home and away, $29.50. Schick Incorporated, Lancaster, Pa. . . . **P.S.** Be sure to see also the breath-takingly beautiful new Lady Schick Electric Shaver.

SCHICK "25"

More men shave with Schick than any other electric shaver.

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IS FIRST!

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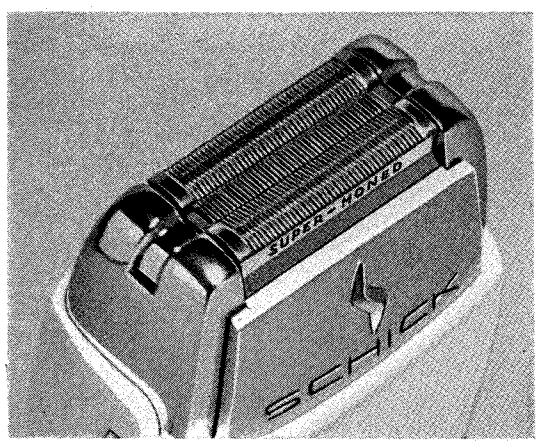
RST again

FOR MEN

Snow White, Hunter Red, Buckskin Beige, Fairway Green in Travel Cases as illustrated



Beard's eye view of the Schick "Super Honed" shaving head *in action*. Note the fine combed edges – just wide enough to pick-up your whiskers – not your skin. With a Schick "25" you get the . . .

Most comfortable shaves ever! Schick concentrates all of its shaving power right in the area being shaved . . . breezes through the toughest beards with ease. Gives you really close shaves. In fact . . .

Nothing shaves closer than a Schick "25"! No other shaver—blade or electric—can shave your face so smooth, so clean *without irritating skin!* You have a clean shaven look *Breakfast-to-Bedtime!*

BE SURE TO WATCH "ROBERT MONTGOMERY PRESENTS" . . . THE SCHICK TELEVISION THEATRE, NBC, MONDAY NIGHTS

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Facts for every homemaker who's asking herself...

"Should I buy the new washer-dryer combination...or separate units side by side?"

Just four years ago, an entirely new kind of one-step washday appliance made its appearance on the home scene. It was the first washer-dryer combination, designed by Bendix to automatically do all the work of washday, and do it as never before . . . in one operation . . . in one money-saving, space-saving unit.

Today, hundreds of thousands of Bendix Duomatic washer-dryer combinations are in use. At the same time, improved separate washer and dryer twins are also available. So the homemaker in the market for a new laundry appliance may choose between the new combination model, or the conventional washer and dryer side by side, with which she may be more familiar.

Since Bendix has sold hundreds of thousands of both its combination washer-dryer, the Duomatic, and also side-by-side models of washers and dryers, Bendix offers these basic facts that have actually been proved in millions of washdays, with *both* types of appliances.

1. How do they compare in SPEED?

Separate Washer and Dryer. With separate machines, your dryer sits idle until the first wash is done. On the last load the dryer is operating while the washer is idle—so you lose efficiency.

Also, in most separate units the dryer takes so much longer to *dry* clothes than the washer takes to *wash* them that washed clothes often pile up waiting for their turn in the dryer. Then, too, there is always the valuable time lost shifting your clothes from one machine to the other.

Bendix Duomatic. This is by far the fastest way to wash and dry clothes in a single unit. For one thing, there is no moving of clothes from one machine to another.

First the Duomatic *washes* your clothes, then automatically *drys* them—all in one continuous operation. What's more, the Bendix Duomatic employs the same principle as the famous Bendix Superfast Dryer that drys faster—safer than any other dryer made—actually *twice* as fast as ordinary dryers! This low-heat, high-airflow method drys clothes more quickly, more safely.

In the Bendix Duomatic an average-size load can be *washed and dryed* bright and clean in *less than an hour*. A Nylon dress can be washed and dryed ready to wear in as little as 33 minutes! What could be faster?

2. How do they compare in CONVENIENCE?

Separate Washer and Dryer. Obviously, one important drawback to separate machines is the inconvenience of moving clothes from washer to dryer and of having to stand by or return to the laundry to make this shift.

Bendix Duomatic offers work-saving features found in no other laundry appliance. You just load it, set the dials and forget it. You can walk away . . . go shopping . . . take the kids to school . . . and return to clothes completely *clean and dry*.

Or set your Duomatic before you go to bed at night and wake in the morning to a wash that is ready to wear, touch with an iron or fold away. Clothes come out so fluffy and so wrinkle free that many *need no ironing*. And, if you wish, you can use the Duomatic as a separate washer or as a dryer alone.

3. How do they compare in SPACE SAVING?

It stands to reason that two separate units are bound to take up far more space than a combination washer-dryer all in one. The Bendix Duomatic is so compact it fits beautifully in any house, any location—basement, kitchen or utility room. This is important to consider even if you have extra space now, for if you should move to other quarters it could mean the difference between having a usable appliance and an unusable one.

4. How do they compare in CLEANING? In SAFETY FOR CLOTHES?

While the Bendix Duomatic employs the world's most thorough washing action, it is also so safe that it can actually make clothes last up to 25% longer than with conventional center-post agitator machines.

Bendix has taken out the old-type center post and its thrashing blades, has turned the tub on its side and placed agitator blades around the tub. Result: no twisting, pulling, rubbing and tugging to wear clothes and cause lint as with vertical agitators. And because Bendix Tumble Agitation does the work with turbulent water instead of with mechanical blades, one safe speed thoroughly cleans all washables—from heaviest work clothes to the most delicate fabrics.

Actual scientific tests have proved that the Bendix Duomatic method *washes clothes cleaner than any other way*. Surface soil and deeply imbedded dirt are thoroughly removed. Bendix Float-Away, Flush-Away rinsing and draining prevents dirty wash water from straining back through clean clothes. And in its drying cycle, the Duomatic's single controlled low heat is safe for all washables —even your most delicate things.

The Duomatic gives you the safest, most thorough, most lint-free *washing* action known and the fastest, safest *drying* action known—all in one machine.

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5. How do they compare in ECONOMY?

While the initial cost of the Duomatic is somewhat higher than a single washer or dryer, it is significantly less than the combined cost of two quality units of washer and dryer side by side. And there are other important savings:

Water saving: Because it washes with Tumble Agitation, using a horizontal tub, the Bendix Duomatic requires only half as much water to get clothes clean as most vertical top-loading washers. Its famous Water Miser controls water level according to load size for further savings in hot water.

Detergent saving: Since it uses less water, the Duomatic uses less detergent, too. Leading detergent manufacturers actually specify on their packages just *half as much detergent* for top results in the Bendix Duomatic.

KNOWN FOR THE NEWEST . . .
RESPECTED FOR THE BEST!

bendix
HOME APPLIANCES

DIVISION OF **AVCO** MANUFACTURING CORP.
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ARE ALL COMBINATION WASHER-DRYERS ALIKE?

Bendix invented and introduced the Duomatic in 1952, after seven years of testing and development. Since then, additional and dramatic improvements have been made. Today, other "combinations" are being put on the market. None, however, can match the Duomatic's record of performance . . . none offers so many time- and money-saving features. The Duomatic *washes and drys faster, costs less to operate* than any other combination washer-dryer made. In fact, savings with the Duomatic can make it more than pay for itself in an amazingly short period of time.

ONLY BENDIX GIVES YOU SO MANY CHOICES!

Your choice of gas or electricity. Before you decide on any new laundry appliance, see your Bendix Duomatic dealer and ask him to point out all the features of the electric or gas model Duomatic. Compare them carefully with the features offered by other appliances and see if any other washer-dryer combination or washer and dryer side by side comes even close for economy, efficiency, convenience, speed and safety.

Your choice of a combination machine or separate machines. If you are already the proud owner of a Bendix Tumble Agitator washer and want to make your home laundry complete, you can get the famous Bendix Super-fast Dryer as a separate matching unit. While not equal to the "combination way" in convenience, a Bendix Tumble Agitator washer and Super-fast dryer side by side will give you the same unsurpassed washing and drying results as the Duomatic. And Bendix offers many other models of washers and dryers—including top loading agitator washer models for those who are primarily interested in price.

Your choice of colors. Many Bendix washers and dryers come in handsome decorator colors and some have Formica tops to fit into the working area of your kitchen beautifully and conveniently.

* * *

There's a lot more information available on the Bendix Duomatic—facts that can lead to more intelligent buying on your part. **Send today for a free booklet, "67 Questions and Answers on Combination Washer-Dryers." Simply send a post card with your name and address to: BD-1, AVCO Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.**

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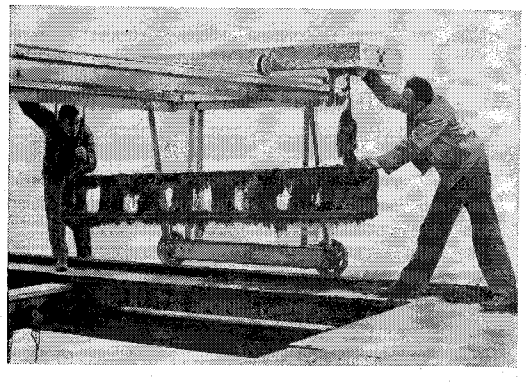
Ocean Laboratory—here at its big Kure Beach, N. C., Testing Station, The International Nickel Company exposes thousands of metal specimens to the corrosive effects of salt spray, salt air, and salt water.

How hard can the sea bite? This is no secret to Inco Corrosion Engineers. For over thirty years, they have been collecting data on the corrosive and erosive effects of sea water on many different kinds of metal.



"Corrosion in Action"—this is the name of an Inco-prepared film showing how corrosion acts and how it can be controlled. Prints loaned to engineer, student, corrosion specialist groups.

How International Nickel finds out what the wild waves are saying

The sea's a killer of many metals.

Some it corrodes or rusts. Some it wears away. Some it destroys by eating up one of the alloying elements. Some it makes so "allergic" to connecting metals that corrosion is speeded up.

To hunt this killer down, International Nickel has made the ocean into a test tube. At Harbor Island and Kure Beach, North Carolina. Here, Inco Corrosion Engineers study the corrosive effects of salt water, salt spray, salt air, water velocity, marine growths, coupling methods.

Over more than thirty years, International Nickel Company has collected data from almost a quarter of a million individual tests on the behavior of metals and various other materials under all sorts of corrosive conditions.

To help you plan Inco Nickel into your future, International Nickel will be glad to help you apply this test data to any corrosion problem you may have. Or to arrange special tests for you. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 237e, New York 5, N. Y.

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INCO TRADE MARK **International Nickel**

Producers of Inco Nickel, Nickel Alloys, Copper, Cobalt, Iron Ore, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals

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You get what you pay for!

When you buy an automobile, you might want a radio with it, power steering, automatic transmission, or even air conditioning. You expect to pay for whatever additional features you desire.

The same applies to insurance. You get the protection you pay for—and the price you pay is based upon loss experiences and must be approved by the Insurance Department of your state.

Because the cost of insurance against loss from any and all perils would be prohibitive, there are exclusions in all policies.

However, you *can* extend your protection to cover certain other perils, not included in your policy, by paying the additional cost involved.

Buy your insurance through a capable independent insurance agent or broker who represents sound capital stock insurance companies. He will be able to fit your insurance protection to your needs and your pocketbook.

Call Western Union by number and ask Operator 25 for the name of the America Fore representative nearest you.

Ask your agent about financing your premiums on a monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual basis.

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★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company
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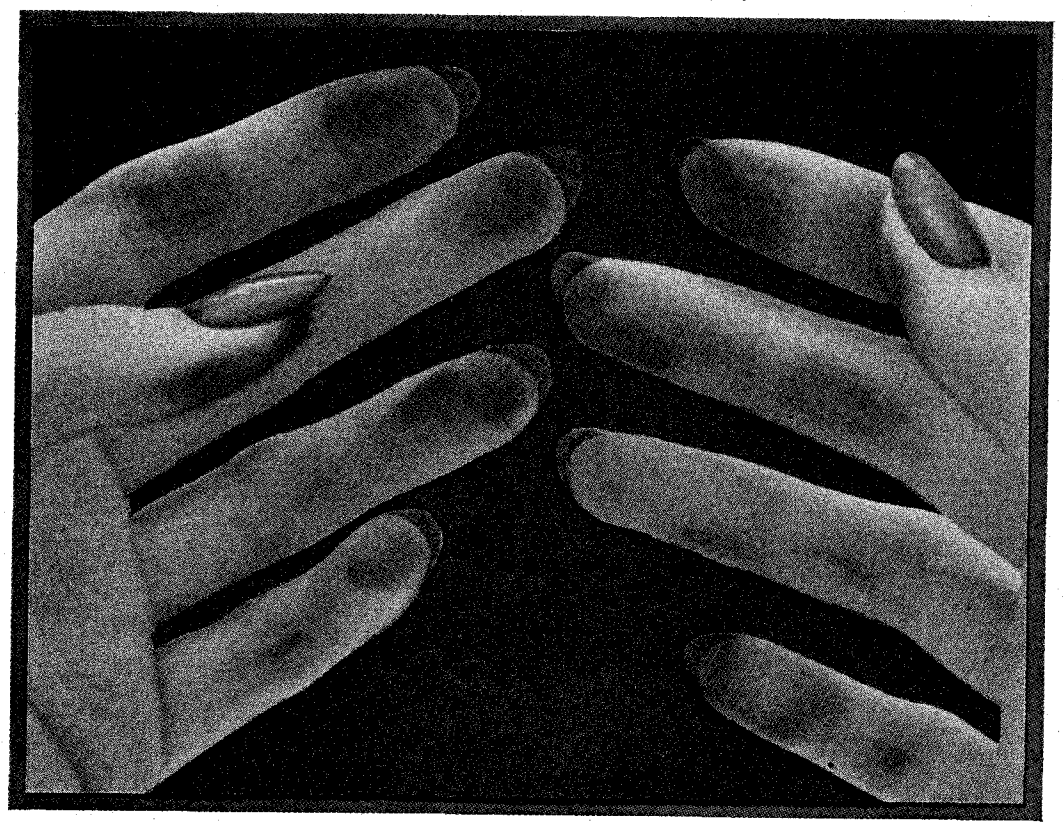
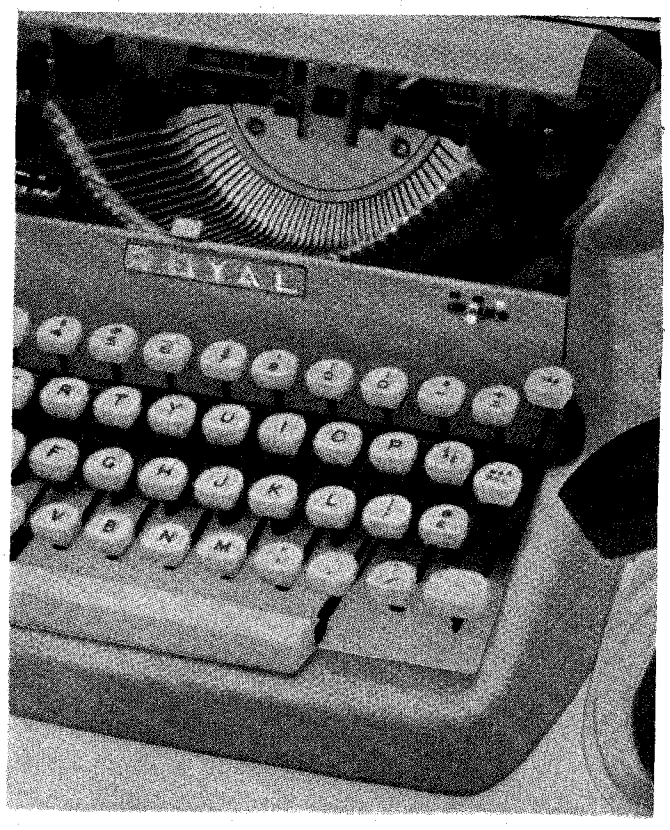
At last, no smudgy





Up to now, you've had to touch a typewriter ribbon in order to change it. So you got your hands dirty.

...but on the 1957 Roya
lift out the used ribbon. And thro

...next just drop ribbon in place like this. Your hands never touch the ribbon. Close typewriter and type. Now . . .

The new clean 'n easy ribbon changer... *only on the*

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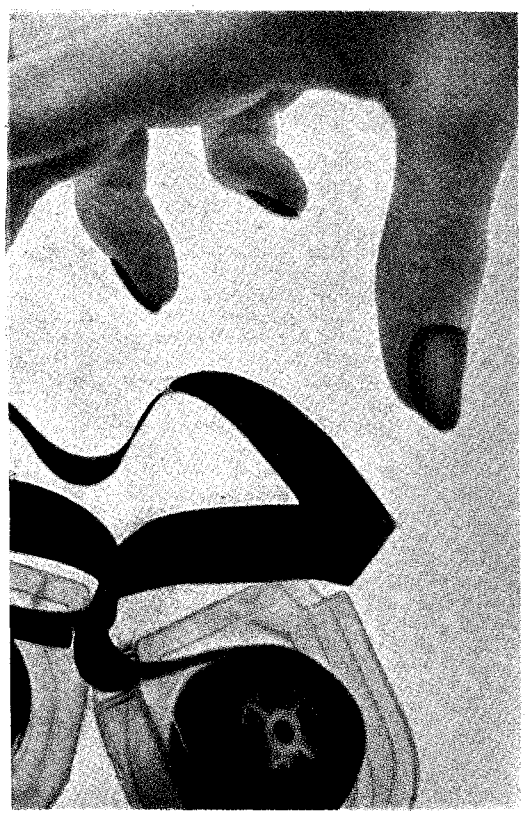
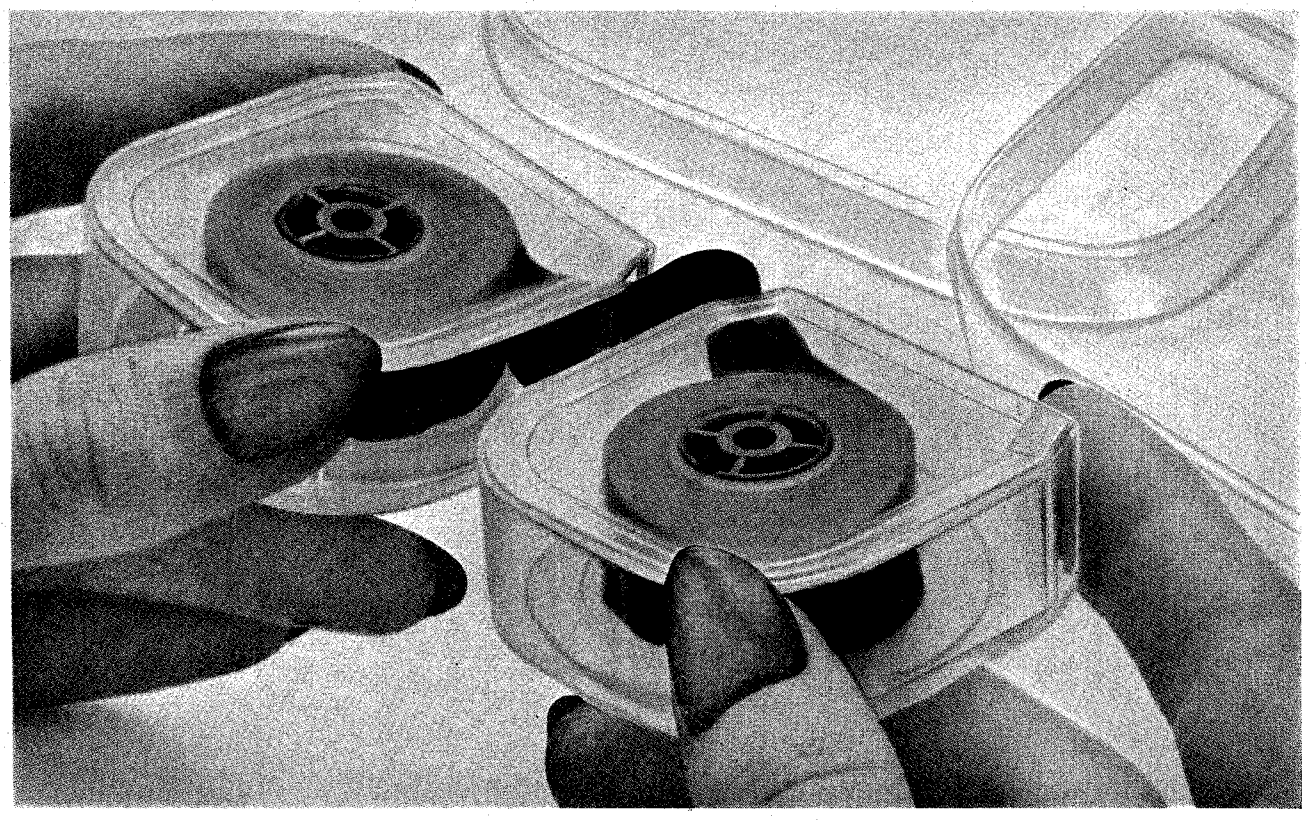
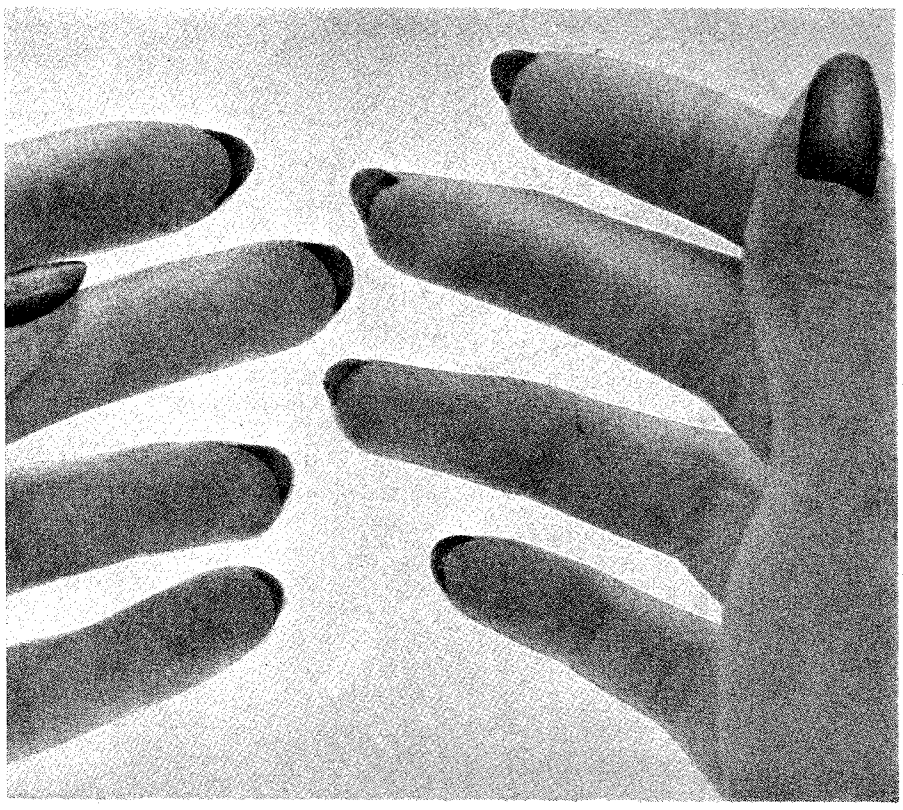
fingers when you change ribbons on the 1957 Royal Portable





Portable you simply it away.

...then you just take the new ribbon from the box, like this. Nothing to wind! Nothing to thread!



LOOK at your hands! They're *clean!* No inky smudges, because you haven't touched the ribbon. A 1957 Royal Portable exclusive!

The Famous Royal Quiet DeLuxe.® Comes in 6 exciting new colors. A rugged Royal. Standard keyboard and controls. Two extra keys: = + and ! 1. Clean 'n Easy Ribbon Changer. No down payment. 24 months to pay. Liberal trade-in at Royal Portable dealers'.

Guys and gals, get higher marks this year!

Turn C's into B's and B's into A's by typing your homework on a 1957 Royal Portable. Encourages neatness, better spelling, clear thinking.

1957 **ROYAL**® *Portable*

Royal Typewriter Company, Division of Royal McBee Corporation

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The Sensational New Sunbeam

STEAM OR DRY IRON

WITH EXCLUSIVE *Steam-Flow Vents*

Now! YOU CAN IRON ON AN ALL-OVER CUSHION OF ROLLING STEAM

HEATS FASTER
***HOT** in 30 seconds*
***STEAM** in 2 minutes*

THUMB-TIP CONTROL
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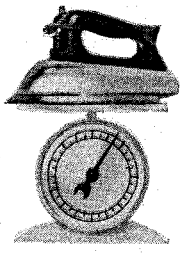
Always Comfortably Cool



HOLDS MORE WATER, STEAMS LONGER
YET WEIGHS ONLY 3 LBS. NET

IRON FASTER, EASIER, BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE!

Now you can enjoy an entirely new and better way of steam ironing with the Sunbeam Steam or Dry Iron. Only the new Sunbeam gives you an all-over cushion of rolling steam that makes your ironing easier, faster and assures better results. This iron features lighter weight, simple quick thumb-tip control, and greater over-all efficiency. The Sunbeam's stainless steel tank holds more water, yet the iron weighs only 3 lbs. net. Thumb-tip control lets you switch instantly from dry-to-steam or from steam-to-dry. Just dial the temperature you want. Remember, Sunbeam also makes the finest lightweight dry irons with both open and closed handles.

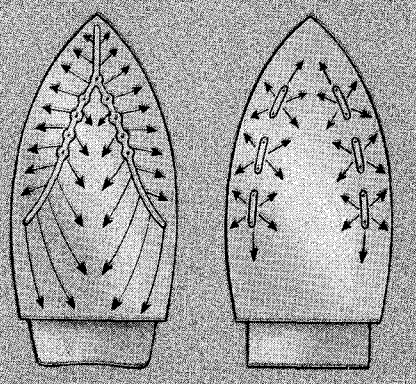
Look for the Mark of Quality

THE Sunbeam BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

FAMOUS FOR SUNBEAM TOASTER, MIXMASTER, FRYPAN, COFFEEMASTER, SHAVEMASTER, ETC.

See how the Sunbeam's Exclusive Steam Flow Vents give you an even, complete cushion of penetrating steam—makes it easy to do a better job of ironing in less time and with fewer strokes.

NEW *Sunbeam* with Exclusive Steam Flow Vents | **ORDINARY IRON**



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The Saturday Evening POST

When it comes to cleaning up crime,
few men can match the record of hard-boiled,
tactless Steve Kennedy . . .

New York's Toughest Cop

By Don Murray

As Stephen Patrick Kennedy swings his feet out of bed at 6:30 A.M., and lights his first cigarette of the day, he faces some grim facts. Averaging past experience, he knows that at least one person in his city will be murdered or killed by criminal negligence before the next morning, that two dozen others will be badly beaten, $124,000 will be stolen and three women will be raped. In the time he takes to dress, thirty-three crimes will be committed, each one his personal responsibility, for Steve Kennedy is charged with the safety of more than eight million people. He is Police Commissioner of the city of New York.

He pads over to the phone to check with Headquarters, conscious that 22,918 policemen are his to command. He can dispatch five helicopters, send thirteen boats churning through the harbor, even order a cavalry charge of 259 horses. Here is the largest municipal police department in the United States, but to Commissioner Kennedy it is "a thin blue line." In his eyes, every patrolman is a lonely sentinel, "outmanned and outgunned by the underworld," beset by every temptation of the flesh and the billfold.

While Kennedy, a handsome, stocky man of forty-nine, sits down to breakfast with his wife and son, he twists a radio dial to catch every news broadcast. Almost anything may mean trouble for the police—the report of a subway tie-up, even the advertisement of a

Police Commissioner Kennedy rose from the ranks, once walked a beat himself. Here, he reviews patrolmen of the Eighteenth Precinct as they prepare to go on duty.

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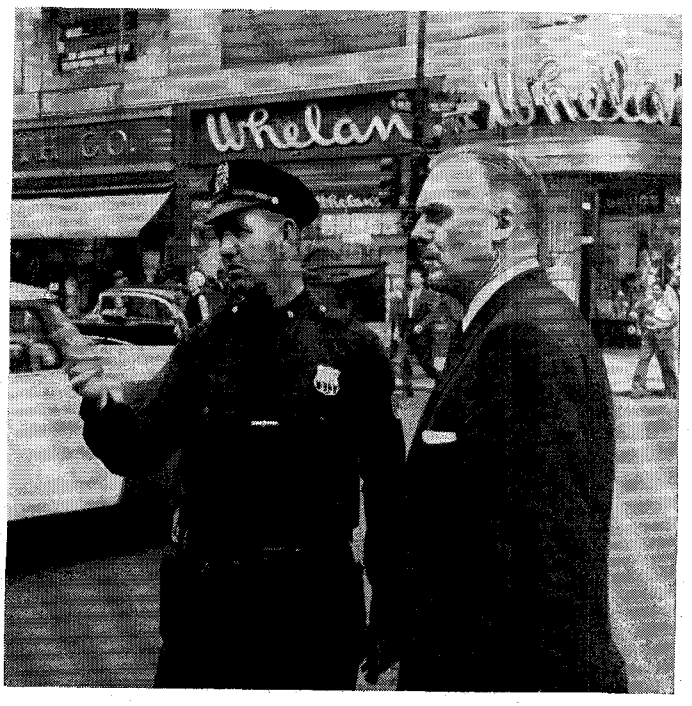
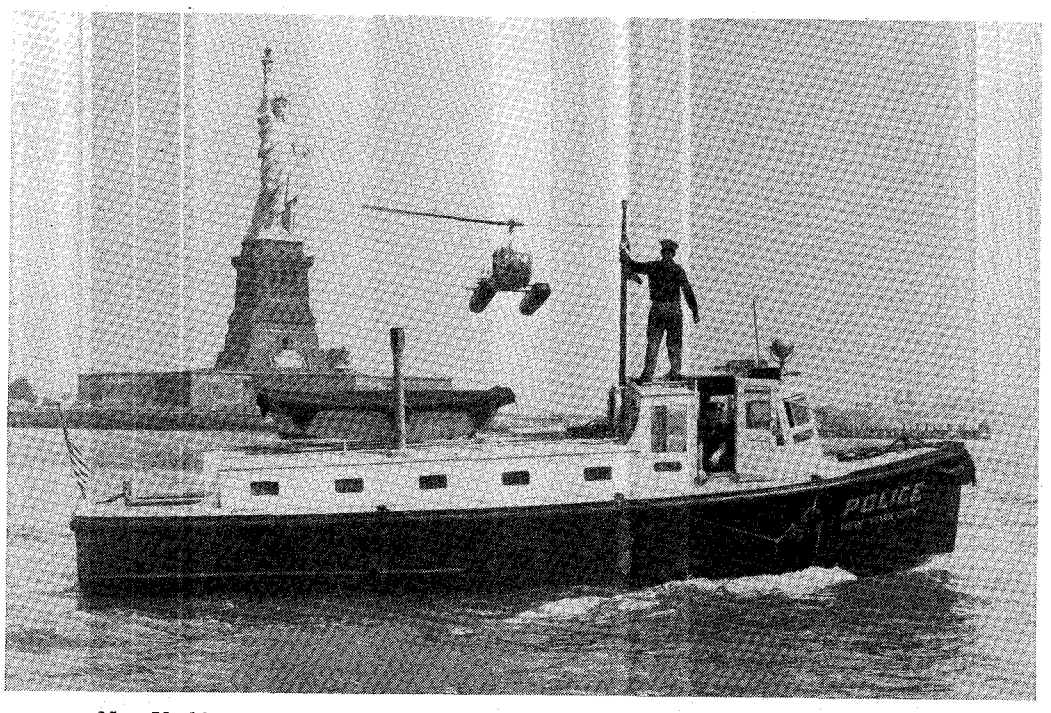
Steve Kennedy charms three attractive members of his force. New York's underworld isn't charmed by the commissioner, however . . . under his clamp-down, major crimes in the city have fallen off 16.5 per cent.



On one of his frequent, unannounced inspection tours Kennedy asks Patrolman Thomas Maher how things go.



New York's 22,918-man police force is equipped to fight crime on land, at sea and in the air. Above: A police launch and helicopter on harbor patrol pass the Statue of Liberty.

bargain sale. The commissioner once walked a police beat himself. He knows what a narrow margin there is between order and anarchy in a city where there are more people, visitors and commuters included, jammed into 319.1 square miles than live on the whole continent of Australia. A gunman in a Times Square crowd, an excited motorist, a Negro and a Puerto Rican fighting for the same job—any of these sparks can ignite a small war.

If daily casualty reports like New York's were flashed from Gaza or Laos, the whole world would be aroused. In New York no one lives with law-and-order crises day after day except the head of the police department. Luckily, the 200-pound Irishman who has this responsibility is not a man to break under strain.

As a boy he was tempered in sidewalk scraps in his native Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. As a young man he fought in boxing clubs and worked on the docks. As a cop he walked the city's most dangerous beats and was tried by the temptations of the big city. Twice he was banished to posts of little responsibility when the powers-that-be found him uncomfortably incorruptible and uncompromising.

Those punishing years would have embittered a lesser man, but Steve Kennedy has monumental self-discipline. Instead of whining, he prepared himself for a new day by studying law at night. But the years of waiting have left their mark; now that the new day has come, Kennedy appears to be something of a cold fish.

Recently he spoke to a men's club in Brooklyn. His listeners, sleepily full of food, sat back to receive genial platitudes from their after-dinner speaker. But Kennedy was blunt. "There are some sections of Brooklyn," he warned, "in which it is dangerous to walk at night." Then he jarred his audience by proposing higher taxes to support more policemen.

Kennedy knew he had ruined an evening of good fellowship. "I realize that I have not been entertaining, nor have I given any palliatives," he concluded. "I am not an entertainer or a humorist, but a man with a job to do, and so wrapped up in it I can hardly talk about anything else."

This dedication has paid off. Figures on major crimes in New York during 1955 showed a 16.5 per cent drop, and Kennedy knocked major crime down another 8.6 per cent during the first six months of this year. His achievements have made J. Edgar Hoover break a strict FBI rule against comment on local police departments.

"The cause of law enforcement was advanced," Hoover has said, "when New York

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elected to promote its finest career officer, Stephen P. Kennedy, to the high office of commissioner of the New York Police Department. . . . Here is an officer whose steadfastness to duty has never wavered."

Kennedy has no magic formula for earning such tributes. He simply operates as an honest, tough cop. "If they don't like what I'm doing," he says, "let them get another commissioner."

It is Kennedy's department, and he runs it his way. He makes sudden inspection tours at all hours. In the early morning last Election Day, he dropped into a couple of stations and asked to see the officers. Four detective-lieutenants were missing. By nightfall one was a sergeant and the others had been transferred to other jobs. All together, Kennedy has transferred more than 1000 sergeants, ruthlessly breaking up station-house cliques.

Kennedy is not influenced by orders from his superiors, if he thinks they are wrong. While his reappointment as police commissioner was being considered by Mayor Robert Wagner, Kennedy refused one of the mayor's orders in writing. The trouble started when the mayor announced to newspapermen that he would allow a television company to explore New York City files for material. Kennedy told reporters he had written the mayor that no TV writer would see police files. The reporters rushed back to Wagner expecting a row. The mayor said he'd have a talk with Kennedy. Soon afterward, the mayor blandly announced that police files would not be opened. He went on to praise the job Kennedy was doing, and to appoint him to a full five-year term.

Kennedy was born in the bare-knuckle Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. His father was a skilled marble cutter and a self-educated scholar. To his son he bequeathed his love of learning and his strict morality.

"I was in double jeopardy," Steve Kennedy says today. "If I got out of line the cop on the beat would wallop me, and when I got home my father would make me see stars."

On Sundays the elder Kennedy would take young Stephen on walking tours of New York, pacing out historical routes through the city, visiting Italian, Chinese or German sections to see how they lived. Weekdays the boy would roller-skate or bicycle across the Williamsburg Bridge to explore by himself the shops, the docks, the alleys and parks of the world's greatest city.

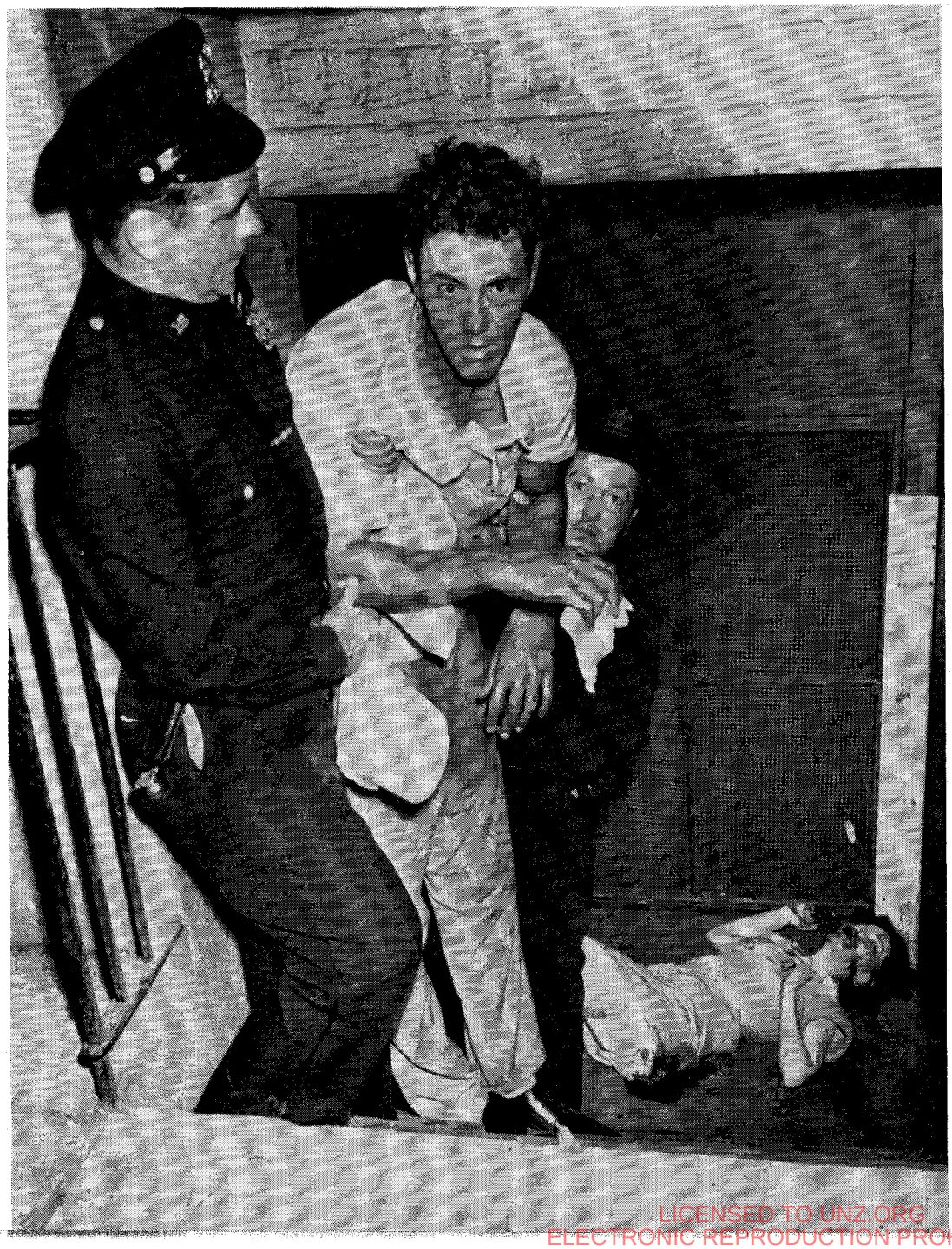
He was a serious youth, who might have become a priest, a lawyer or a surgeon. But times were too hard to spend years getting an education. He left high school after two years, and went to work on the Brooklyn docks as a longshoreman. On Saturday nights he boxed for a few dollars, and once he sailed to Rio as a deck hand.

Seeking better things, he found a job as an office clerk. Later, in the booming '20's, he became a star salesman of office machines. In early 1929 he was a white-collar worker, a man making good money, engaged to be married to Hortense Goldberger, the sister of his best friend—and suddenly he quit his job to join the police department.

He was the first cop in the family, and his father was somewhat saddened by his decision. Young Kennedy's fiancée wasn't happy, either, but Steve was sure of what he wanted. He started training as a rookie cop, and six months later Miss Goldberger married him. Now, walking a beat in Hell's Kitchen, his idealism was tested every hour. He found what it meant to be on call all the time, to be alone on a beat, to be responsible for maintaining law and order. Once he explained that feeling by saying, "A policeman's gun is his cross, and he carries it always."

Kennedy became a detective in two years, for work he had done on his own in the juvenile division. In 1932, as the depression deepened, he bought a semidetached house in Bayside, Queens, and moved into a tiny upstairs apartment, where he still lives with his wife and their son, Stephen, Junior, a recent graduate of St. John's University in Brooklyn.

As a detective, Kennedy moved steadily up the ladder. He made sergeant in 1937, and lieutenant three (Continued on Page 76)



Every day, two dozen New Yorkers are badly beaten. Here, Mrs. Dorothy Doyle lies bleeding after a brutal assault by Francis Cuniffe, who said she was his girl friend. After being hauled away by police, Cuniffe was convicted, got one to three years.

. . . And at least one person is murdered. Below, an officer shoots it out with August Robles, a murder suspect trapped last year. Robles refused to surrender, and was killed after a two-hour gun battle.

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"When you wouldn't come back," Katie said, "it didn't matter what happened to me."

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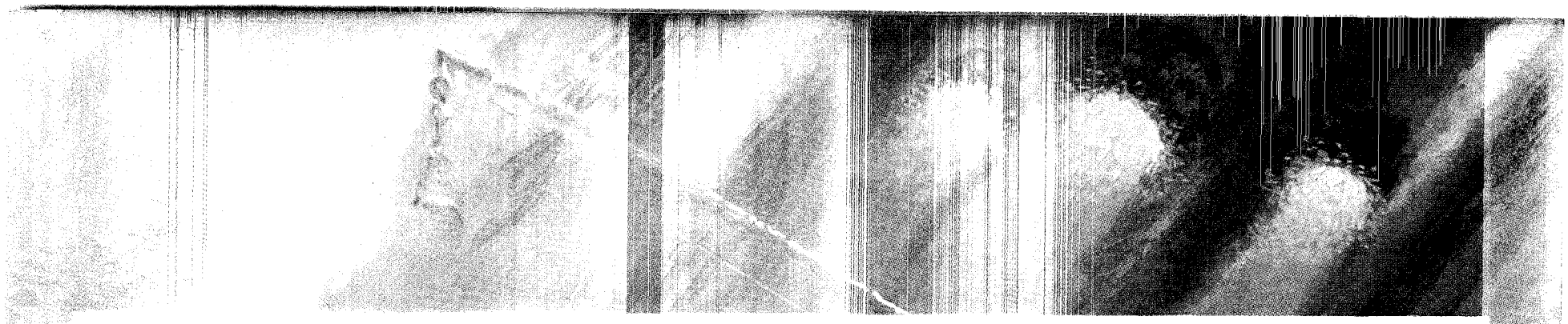


ONCE IN LOVE

By MICHAEL FOSTER

It should have been all over between them—but it wasn't.

After sunset, the studio street was much more empty than the main street of Sylvan Grove, Kansas, or of War Bonnet, Nebraska. On such prairie pavements and in Truro, Massachusetts, the front of the local movie theater would be lighted up for the evening. But at the end of this studio street a dry California hill was briefly green with springtime and in the silence you missed the pressure of crowds and noise, the great battering lights and the perfume and sweat and glitter, and the talk, the endless talk, of the long, glaring day's work now past.

A few belated homeward figures were hurrying along, and a guard with a holstered gun looked suspiciously at Ron because he was walking slowly the other way. A playwright can be the most unknown guy on the lot, once he leaves the writers' corridors of the administration building. And to Ron this weary errand was like a piece of business in some old used-up script of two or three years ago—as of a comedy, a bitter comedy, long since played.

He went up the steps of Sound Stage 7. In a lofty, nonechoing dimness, he picked his way over snakelike electric cables on the floor, past the huge, shadowy bulk of a London omnibus—a real London omnibus—past a couple of canvas chairs under the goblin loom of a camera crane, and onto the empty set. It was a glimpse of London sidewalk, somewhere in the web of old streets down toward Limehouse and the docks, and it was the set where Katie Lurie was going to begin work tomorrow in a new picture. The part of a very young girl, he had heard, and she had just come out from New York to play it.

He stood there alone for a minute, remembering Katie Lurie. With a wry twist of the mind, he took off his hat and put it down on the shallow-worn stone steps of a moldy old brick-front rooming house. He put it at one end of the third step, close against the sooty iron railing. It was a hat he had carried around for a long time. He put his foot on it, squashing it so it looked as if somebody had sat on it. The dim glow of the corner street lamp would find it there tomorrow morning, when the set was lighted for a fog-drifting night scene. Everybody would think someone else had put it there on still somebody else's orders, as part of the general human disorder of that tough neighborhood, so they would leave it alone. Except Katie Lurie. She would see it, and she would know what it was. To her, it would be hello.

Because the last time they had clung to each other, it was on a street like this, late at night, but it was West 15th Street in New York. He had kissed her, so gently this time, and she sat down to cry on the third step of their old rooming house, and she had sat on his hat, where he had laid it down. It was almost a new hat then, and being Katie Lurie, she had jumped up with a gasp of smothered laughter because their scene had turned ludicrous, and that made it easier and quicker to say good-by.

Ron turned away from the London set and walked toward the door of the sound stage, feeling slightly hammy. But he hadn't been able to resist the cynical temptation when Jake, the director on this picture, told him about this set. Katie Lurie would probably sniff, but she might smile too. He walked back toward his office along the silent studio street. It was nearly dark now.

He went in a side door of the administration building and climbed some gray-painted concrete stairs. At the second floor, he pushed open a dull vermilion steel door and slouched wearily into the suave, sanitary glistening of the writers' corridors. Only two offices still had their lights on—his own, and Sam Ransom's. He and Sam had been teamed for thirteen weeks on a script. Their offices were adjoining, and as Ron passed, Sam looked up from his desk and signaled him in with a saturnine eyebrow. The two men regarded each other coolly before both smiled, too quickly. Sam's smile was creased—somewhere around forty, the years of show business can never leave the face. Ann Templar was sitting on the divan with some of Sam's Scotch in a paper cup. She was the star of the picture Katie Lurie was going to be in.

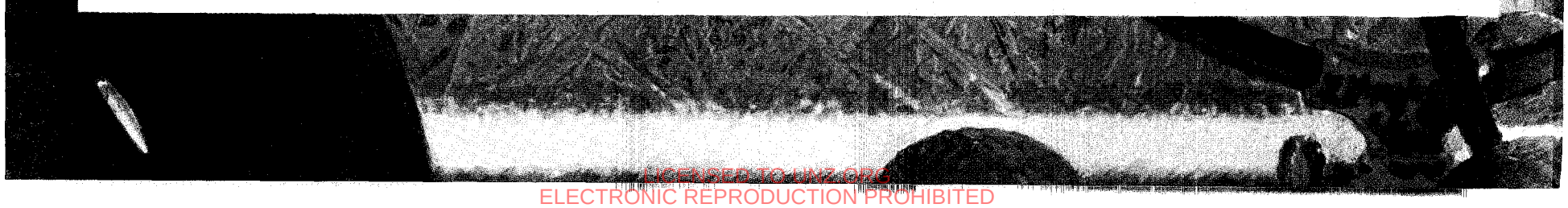
"Hello, Ron," she said.

He dropped onto the divan beside her, and with her free hand she reached quietly to tuck the point of his collar back under his jacket lapel, where it belonged. Sam poured another drink and brought it over to the divan.

"Thanks," Ron said.

Ann sat looking into her paper cup. Sam bent over to (Continued on Page 121)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi



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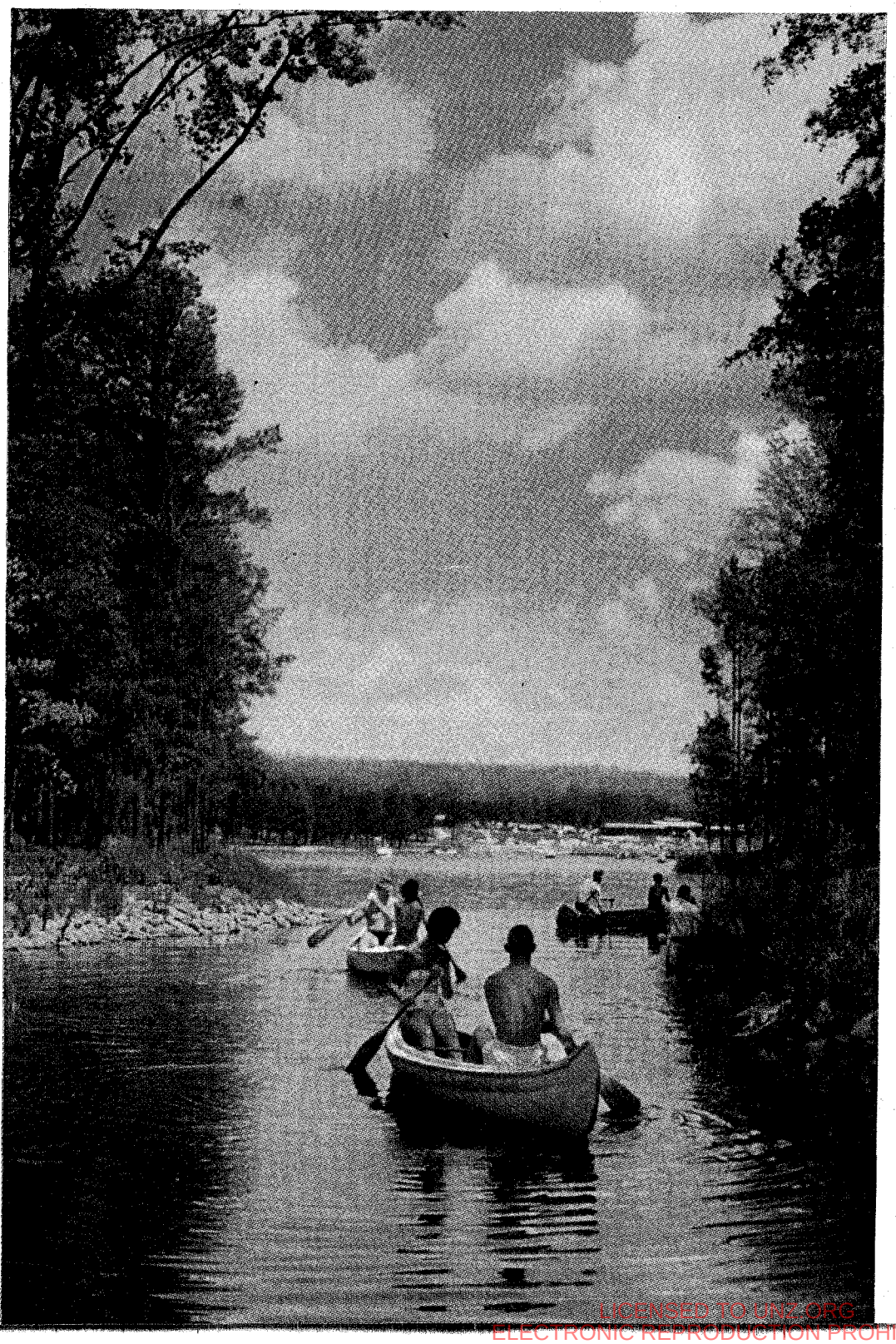
His Own Garden of Eden

By Harold H. Martin

Here is an amazing personal paradise which the owner has thrown open to the public.

He loses lots of money on it, but he doesn't care.

Young couples canoe on one of the man-made lakes that lace the 2500 acres of Callaway Gardens.



Sometimes at night, when sleep won't come, Mr. Cason Callaway, of Hamilton, Georgia, a retired textile tycoon turned philanthropist and philosopher, plays a pleasant little game with himself that is more soporific than counting sheep. He lies there quietly in the darkness, thinking about his garden, and how beautiful it will be a thousand years from now. A thousand years is a long time, as Mr. Callaway is well aware, and people alive in 2956 may be taking holiday trips by rocket ship to view the scenic wonders on Neptune or the moon. But so long as the human race endures, Mr. Callaway thinks, there will be people who love big trees, and blue water, and wildflowers, and birds, and fishing, and lying in the sun on a sandy beach. And the garden and playground he has carved out of the scarred red hills of Western Georgia will be there for their pleasure. At least he hopes it will, for he built it to last forever, and the thought that it may survive, as a happy Eden, until the end of time, soothes and sustains him as he goes to sleep. It is an easy matter, Mr. Callaway says, to build the finest garden seen on earth since Adam was a boy. One man in his lifetime can do that, if he puts enough time and thought and love and money in it. But his project is more ambitious.

"What I am trying to do is build the prettiest garden that will ever be seen on earth until Gabriel blows his horn," says Mr. Callaway, who does not deal in understatements

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Weekend scene at Robin Lake. Nineteen thousand tons of sand were hauled in to create the fabulous beach that curves around the lake.

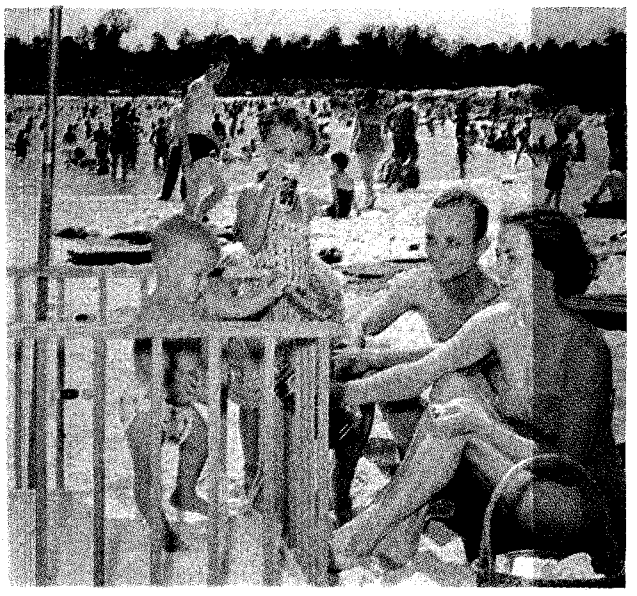
when speaking of his goal. "That will take more time than I've got left, for I'm 61 years old and I came from a short-lived family. But I hope my great-grandchildren will be working on it a hundred years from now, making it prettier and more perfect every year."

The sunlit sanctuary which Mr. Callaway has named in honor of his mother, Ida Cason Callaway, is pretty enough already to have lured more than 1,000,000 people through its gates since it first was opened to the public three years ago. On a sunny weekend, 25,000 of them will come, to bask on the longest, widest, man-made inland sand beach in the world. They picnic under the tall pines, swim in the clear, cold lake, and paddle canoes and bicycle boats along canals lined with flowers. They lie down on green lawns by the still waters and restore their souls by baking in the sun until they are red as lobsters. They fish in Mr. Callaway's teeming ponds, stroll winding paths that lead through glen and dell where a thousand birds sing, and a million flowers grow, and play golf on Mr. Callaway's nine-hole course, whose broad fairways were specially designed for the Sunday golfer.

They spend, on the average, about seventy cents a head for a day of such varied pleasures, which means that the garden is not yet a money-making proposition. This does not disturb Mr. Callaway, for he did not go into this enterprise, into which he has already sunk some $3,000,000, (Continued on Page 116)

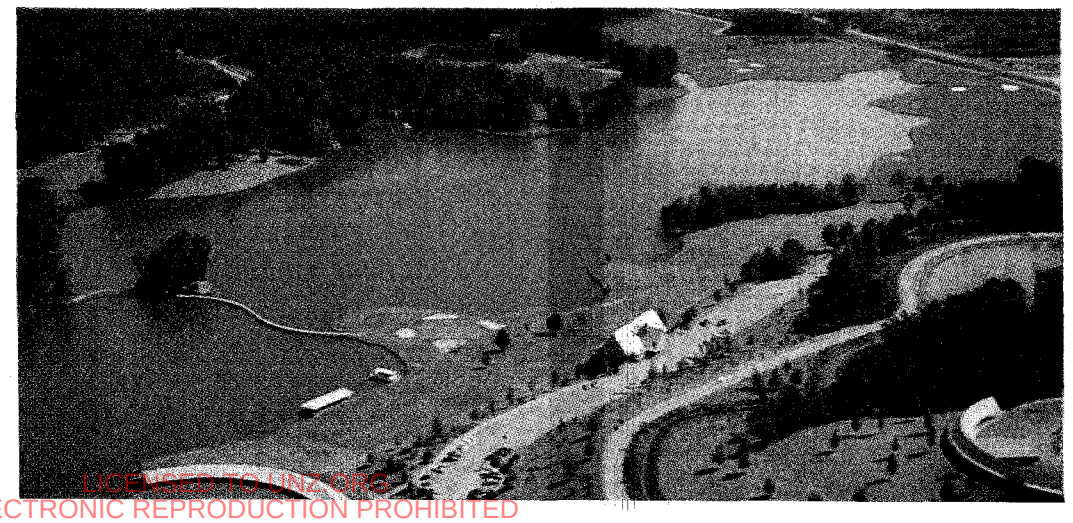
Photography by Bill Shrout

"I'm trying to fix it so that anybody who wants to see something beautiful can find it here," says Cason Callaway, shown here with his wife, Virginia.



The James Cookseys on a family outing at the beach.

A nine-hole golf course and clubhouse front Mountain Creek Lake, itself a fisherman's heaven.



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"Bills, bills, bills," he complained. "This is the end. We're going on a budget."

Father Puts His Foot Down

By STEVE McNEIL

Mr. Harry McPhail was well aware that as he worked at his desk his family was treading as lightly as a ball of cotton rolling across a floor. His son, David, who was sixteen, was doing a history paper, an almost unheard-of phenomenon. His daughter, Sally, who was seventeen, had made the house-shattering gesture of going out to the kitchen and starting the dishes without being told. And his wife, Judith, was mending socks.

Even the springer spaniel, Mr. Brewster, and the cat, Mrs. McGregor, were acting like a dog and a cat instead of a couple of over-privileged children.

Mr. McPhail was going over the monthly bills. After dinner, he had firmly declined to enter into a card game, had renounced television, and resolutely put aside a book which he had been reading. He accumulated cigarettes, a clean ash tray, a cup of coffee and what looked to him like an appalling stack of envelopes containing the monthly statements. He then retired to his study.

At nine o'clock he emerged, armed with several sheets of paper. Judith had finished the socks and was putting a new hem in one of Sally's skirts. Sally and David were sitting in front of the record player.

Harry waved at them with the sheets of paper and they turned off the machine. "There seems," Harry said, "to be an impression around here that I have a printing press in the basement, licensed to print twenty-dollar bills."

"Last month it was fifty-dollar bills," Judith said.

"Dad," David said, "can I go up and take a shower?"

"No," Harry said. "I want you children to hear this." He tapped the paper with the back of his hand. "What's this twenty-eight ninety-five from Lakeside Record Shop, eh?"

"You said we could buy that Glenn Miller album," Sally said.

Harry would concede that point. "All right. What else?"

"That's all we got."

"Twenty-eight ninety-five for one album?"

"No. Twenty-four ninety-five. You bought the other one. The Gay Nineties Album. It was four dollars." David sighed. "Four bucks for that corn?"

"For a difference of twenty dollars and ninety-five cents," Harry said, "I don't mind a little corn." He waved a hand. "At least it's not like that junk I heard on the record player when I came in."

"Why, that was Dizzy Gillespie!" Sally said, as if Harry had just insulted Dwight Eisenhower.

(Continued on Page 109)

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How We Cut Our Auto Death Rate

A governor tells how he reduced the carnage on his state's highways by a program that may cost him votes, but is saving lives.

By ABE RIBICOFF, *Governor of Connecticut*

Fatal result of a crash on Connecticut's Merritt Parkway. Seventy-seven per cent of the state's deaths on the highways are directly attributable to overspeeding.

Since this article was written, Governor Ribicoff has been named chairman of the Committee on Highway Safety of the National Governors' Conference. The purpose of the committee is to strive for uniform motor-vehicle laws, uniform enforcement and reciprocity in upholding convictions and penalties among the forty-eight states. It will also attempt to develop effective programs of safety education. —The Editors

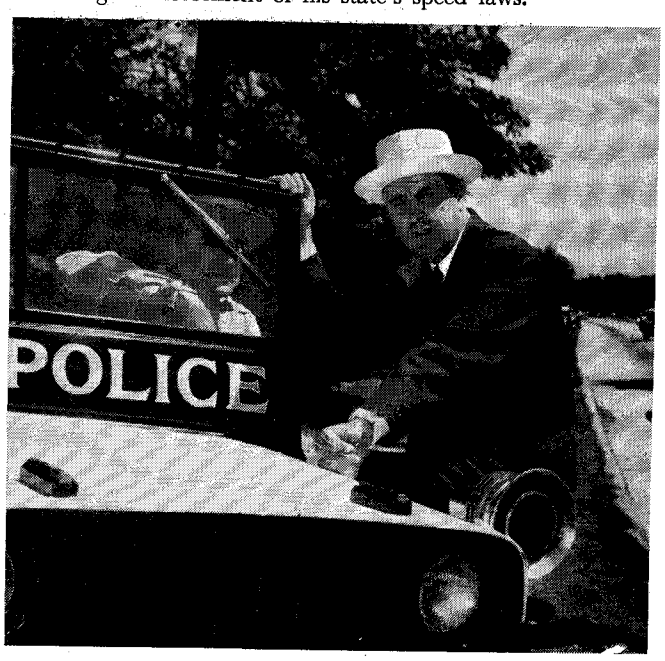
Connecticut has succeeded in stopping the upward surge in highway deaths, and in the first six months of this year, contrary to the national trend, we have saved lives. Fewer people died on the highways this year than in the same period last year in Connecticut. We did it by enforcing the law, something the safety experts said couldn't be done because the people wouldn't be behind it.

A lot of people aren't. During these six months, because we enforced the law impartially, suspended for thirty days the licenses of convicted speeders, adopted a no-fix policy in the courts, and took the whole matter out of politics, I have been called everything from hardhearted to a dictator. Indeed, I would say that during this time I have been the recipient of some of the loveliest brickbats any governor has had to endure.

We have learned an ironic thing. People will not slow down to save their lives. But they will slow down to save their drivers' licenses. People in Connecticut are now putting some substance into the slogans of the safety experts. We are slowing down. We are saving lives. In comparison with the lives saved, the brickbats are nothing.

(Continued on Page 128)

Gov. Ribicoff (right). Key to his safety campaign is the rigid enforcement of his state's speed laws.



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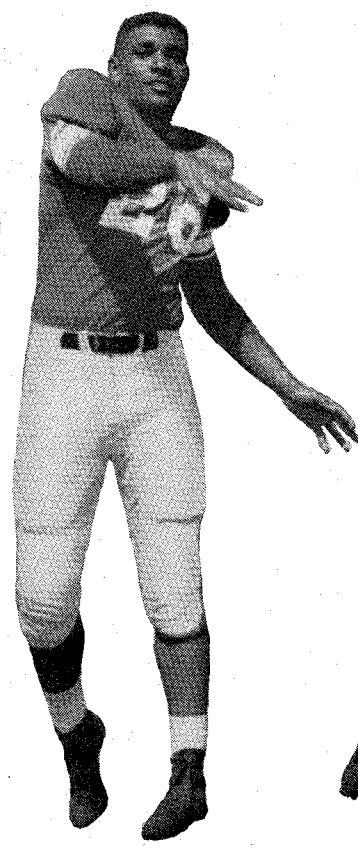
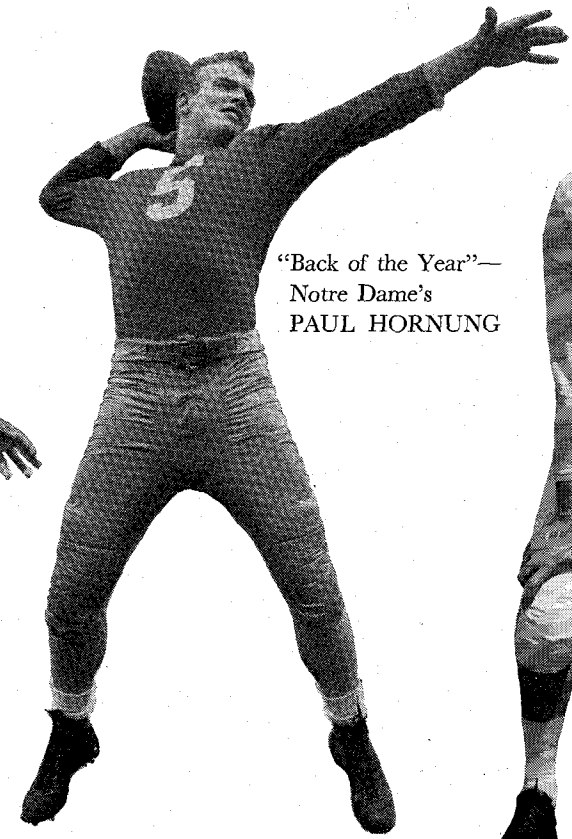
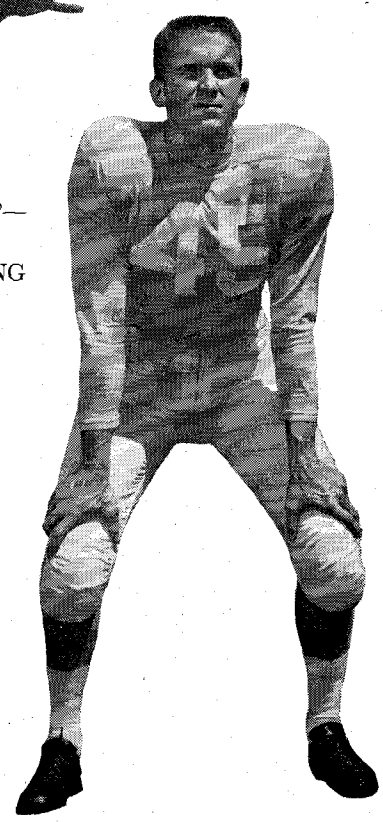
JIM SWINK,
T. C. U.'s ace ball carrier



CLARENCE PEAKS,
versatile Michigan
State halfback



"Back of the Year"—
Notre Dame's
PAUL HORNUNG



JOHNNY MAJORS,
wiry Tennessee tailback

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

By FRED RUSSELL

Jerry Tubbs, high-stepping center of national champion Oklahoma, intercepted three passes in last year's Texas game, which the Sooners won, 20–0.

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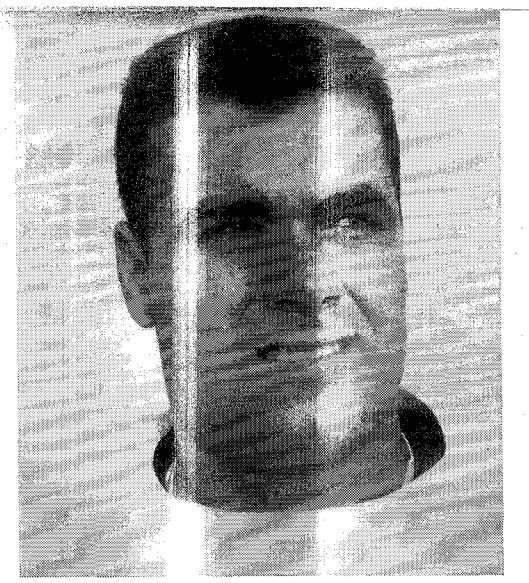
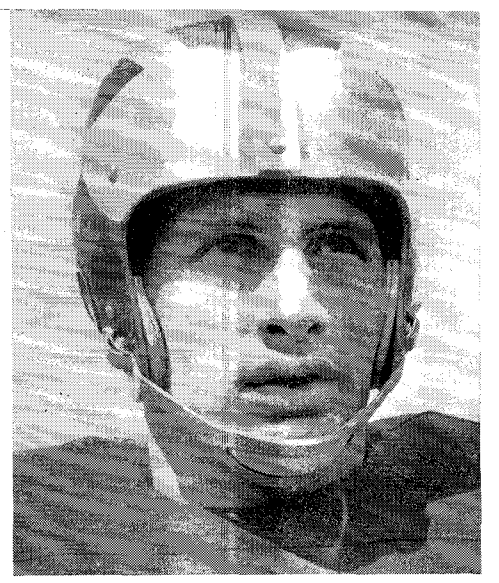
Pigskin Preview's 1956 All-American Team

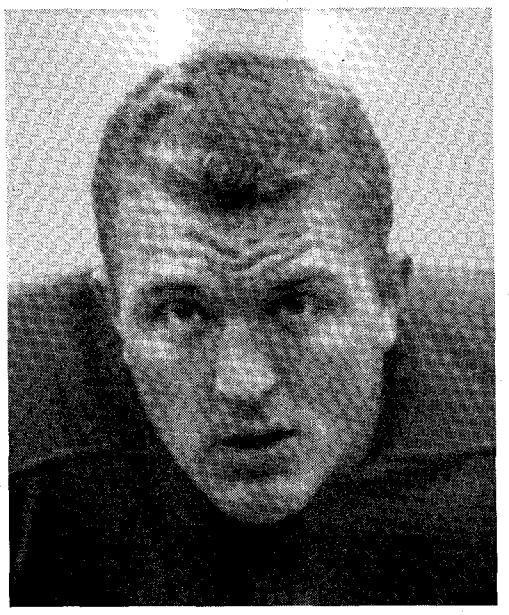
E—KRAMER	Michigan
E—WALTON	Pittsburgh
T—LEGGETT	Louisiana State
T—SANDUSKY	Maryland
G—PARKER	Ohio State
G—SLATER	Army
C—TUBBS	Oklahoma
B—HORNUNG	Notre Dame
B—SWINK	Texas Christian
B—MAJORS	Tennessee
B—PEAKS	Michigan State



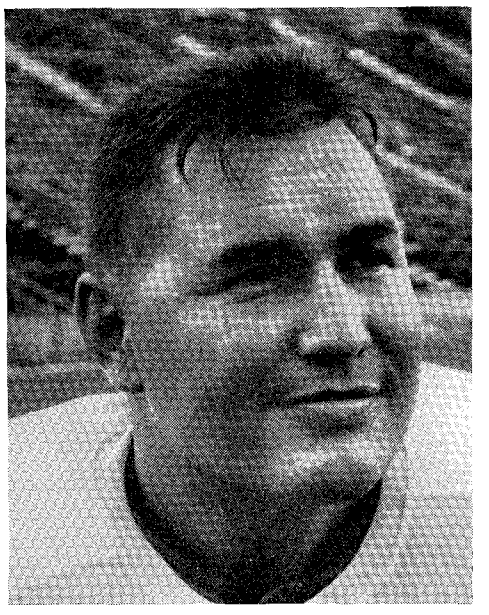
JOE WALTON, glue-fingered end for Pitt



RON KRAMER, All-American end, Mich.



MIKE SANDUSKY, Maryland tackle—wrestler



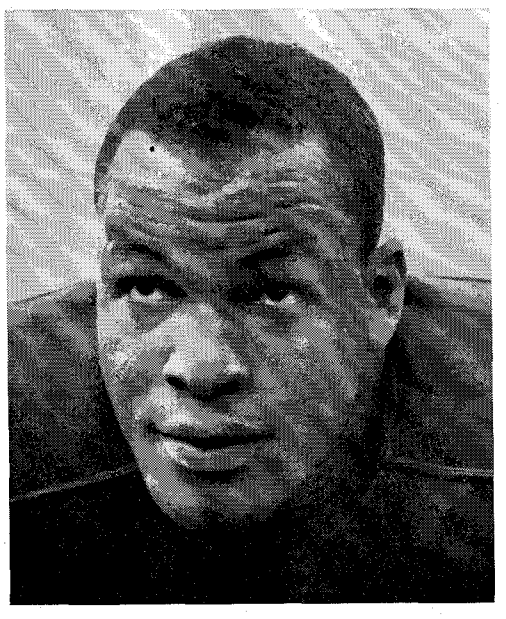
EARL LEGGETT, 265-lb. L.S.U. tackle

For the 17th year, the Post takes the wraps off the coming football campaign, with expert ratings of the players and teams in a nationwide roundup.

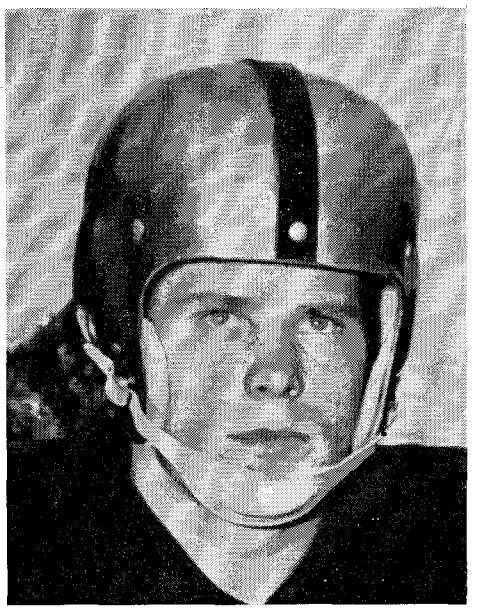
Foot soldiers are taking over football. The college game of 1956 promises to glorify the hold-on-to-the-ball infantry to a degree unparalleled in modern play. In this fourth season since the abolition of specialized platoons, there's a steady swing to the sureness of short gains, to ground-bound possession football.

Such conservatism isn't the influence of a Republican administration; it's traceable to the split-T offense, with its growing reliance on long successions of grind-it-out first downs in preference to take-a-chance touchdown passes.

Among the leading style setters are Army, Ohio State and Oklahoma. Upsetting Navy, 14–6, to end the 1955 season, Army didn't gain a yard through the air. "The pass isn't becoming passé," declares Col. Earl Blaik, Army coach. "It's being re-evaluated. Some of us were getting pass happy. We have learned that it produces cheap yardage and sometimes leaves teams without a good goal-line punch." Ohio State crunched to its second straight Big Ten championship, scoring fifty-seven points in its last three victories—over Indiana, Iowa and Michigan—although attempting only eight passes and completing one. National champion Oklahoma, using the Orange Bowl and TV as a stage, flashed a go-go-go speed-up in the (Continued on Page 97)



JIM PARKER, hard-hitting guard of Ohio State



STANLEY SLATER, durable Army guard

Pigskin Preview Picks the Top Twenty Teams of 1956

1. OKLAHOMA	11. ARMY
2. MICHIGAN STATE	12. STANFORD
3. GEORGIA TECH	13. PITTSBURGH
4. MARYLAND	14. TENNESSEE
5. T.C.U.	15. CLEMSON
6. MICHIGAN	16. AUBURN
7. MISSISSIPPI	17. DUKE
8. NOTRE DAME	18. WASHINGTON
9. OHIO STATE	19. VANDERBILT
10. TEXAS A.&M.	20. YALE

"Lineman of the Year"—JERRY TUBBS, Okla.

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"I've never met a real live consul before," said Jonas. "I bet you've been in more exciting places!"

A quiet man, fearful of argument and quarrel, he faced up to the challenge of his life. It was

Mr. Kensington's Finest Hour

By LEE McGIFFIN

He viewed the pile of mail on his desk with the distaste of a lonely man faced by letters beginning with an impersonal "Dear Sir" and addressed to "Mr. Edwin Drake Kensington, British Consul."

The May morning was full of Texas blue skies and soft gulf breezes. But Mr. Kensington was full of bitterness and too much gin and tonic which had left an impression on his ulcers. His only concession to the dazzling sunshine was leaving his umbrella in his solitary hotel room.

His secretary had the day off. After all, there was only routine business. This Texas post was for the young on the way up or the old on the way down. Edwin Kensington had no doubt as to his own direction. He was sixty, with neither the dash of Anthony Eden nor the winsome brilliance of Churchill. His shirts had been frayed by strange laundries from Abyssinia to Nicaragua. His well-aged suits had been cleaned and pressed by odd tailors from Portugal to Syria.

He remembered vaguely that it was in Haiti he had quit trying to comb his thinning gray hair over his bald spot. That was after Madge had died. Without a wife, a man gets a little careless. But even though his posts became less and less important, there had always been his son, Peter, to think of. Peter in a proper British school. Peter spending vacations with him. Peter graduating with honors from Cambridge in 1939, just before Dunkirk.

Edwin Kensington closed his mind abruptly. His face assumed the wary, buttoned-up look of a man headwaiters never remember and the Foreign Office always forgets. If he could only talk to someone of his own kind. But there had been no visitors except officials making duty calls and the postman, who insisted on saying, "Cheerio!"

In quiet desperation, he started on his mail. Would he like a weekend on a real Texas ranch? Mr. Kensington remembered the welcome at the airport ten days ago. The mayor had given him a ten-gallon hat—a size too large—and cowboy boots—a size too small. He sighed and dropped the invitation in the wastebasket. One by one, he opened ads for oil stock and uranium rights. Would he endorse a brand of chili? His stomach did a slow roll. He had ordered chili at a drugstore, having not a glimmer of what it was.

Gradually he filled the wastebasket. There was an invitation to speak at a women's club. Another to address a Little League Baseball dinner. His temples started to throb. Wearily he closed his eyes and sensed rather than saw the door open. He jerked himself into the semblance of a very busy man and met the grave blue eyes of a boy in blue jeans and white T shirt.

"Mr. Edwin Kensington, British consul, sir?" The boy's voice held such awe that Mr. Kensington unconsciously straightened his tie.

"What is your business, boy?"

"Model soldiers, sir. I collect them. Made in England. The store that sold them went broke. I'd like to sell them to other boys at school if I can order them direct. All I need is the firm's address, your honor."

"I'm not 'your honor'! I'm Mr. Kensington. Speak up. Who are you?"

"Jonas Stevens, sir. If you could help me ——"

"Leave your address and I'll see."

But Jonas stood his ground with happy confidence. "I looked up 'consul' in the dictionary, sir, and it said a consul promotes foreign trade and establishes friendly relations between two countries. I'm real friendly toward England and I have fifty dollars from my paper route to do business. See, here's one of the models." He placed a two-inch replica of a Coldstream Guard on the desk.

The consul to Her Majesty the Queen could hear again the ruffle of drums as the guard changed at Buckingham Palace. He remembered how excited and wide-eyed his son, Peter, had been so long ago. Jonas Stevens had that wide-eyed look. "Sit down, lad. I'll see if I can find the catalogue."

When the catalogue was produced, Jonas copied the address and information. "Thanks, Mr. Kensington. I've never met a real live consul before. I bet you've been in more exciting places and known terribly important people!"

"You've been to the cinema too often and looked at television too much." However, Mr. Kensington sat a little taller, hearing again Peter's enraptured voice at eleven: "You saw the King at a garden party!"

Of course, it had been a very large party and his glimpse of (Continued on Page 105)

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Mr. Kensington remonstrated with the umpire, a burly fellow who apparently had very poor eyesight.

Illustrated by Ernest Chiriaka

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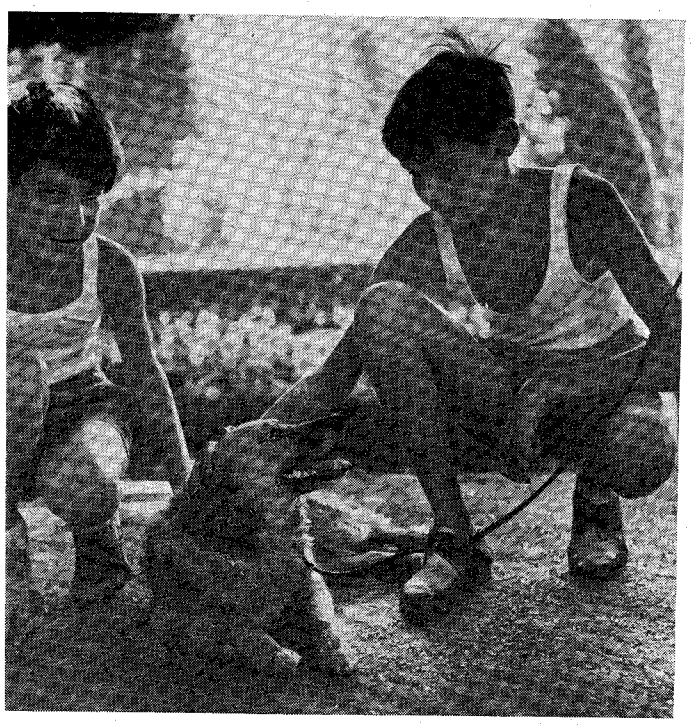
The hilarious story of how a Nebraska girl canvassed Rome in search of a foster mother for Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce's two orphan puppies.

By Letitia Baldrige

The article beginning on this page is a chapter from "Tish" Baldrige's first book, Roman Candle, to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company next month. For more about the author see page 132.

Mrs. Luce with Scusi and Prego (shown here in their younger days), the parents of the "orphans." Scusi died giving birth to the pups, Romulus and Remus, who now live in the U. S.

Crisis at the Ambassador's



Signora Snackbar, the heroine of this story, with the gardener's sons at the Luce residence in Rome.

When I worked at the Villa Taverna, in Rome, as Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce's social secretary, I had my triumphs. In the great poodle crisis, for instance, the staff work was ingenious. Was it my fault that the ambassador became involved with so many cops and Roman veterinarians and impassioned Italian dog lovers? I was just trying to do my best for Scusi's starving puppies.

Scusi—her Italian name meant "Excuse me"—was one of a pair of silver-gray toy French poodles owned by Ambassador Luce. She had been bred to her mate, Prego—"If you please"—and in the spring of 1954 she was ready to whelp. Our anticipation of this blessed event was no less enthusiastic than that of the Monegasques' awaiting their royal heir.

At 5:45 one morning my telephone rang. It was my boss, and she was not her usually charming self. In a grave and humorless voice she said, "Tish, Scusi died. The two pups she had are still alive. We've got to find a wet nurse to feed them, and it's no small problem. The only proper milk would come from a dog who has had puppies within the last twenty-four hours or so. That's what the vet said, and he doesn't know of any dog that has just had puppies. He says our puppies are so young and delicate we must find a mother immediately—with the proper kind of milk."

There was a brief silence. I waited, expecting what she was going to say.

"It will have to be your job, Tish. The vet says the puppies can last until noon without milk. You'll have to get to work right away."

"But, boss, at this hour in the morning ——"

She interrupted. "Tish, I know you want those pups to live. The point is, if they don't, neither will Gretel. So let's get going!" Gretel, personal maid to Mrs. Luce, had the ambassadorial poodles in her charge and loved them.

This was unfair psychological warfare. I protested. "Boss,

(Continued on Page 126)

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Flag of Truce

Their ammunition was spent and the only weapon they had left was time.

By ROBERT PATRICK WILMOT

The arched doorways of the governor's palace looked like the mouths of cool, dark caverns tunneled into the pink walls of the rococo building, but O'Brien saw shadows moving within the shadows on the silent thresholds, and he knew that the corridors behind them were filled with enemy troops.

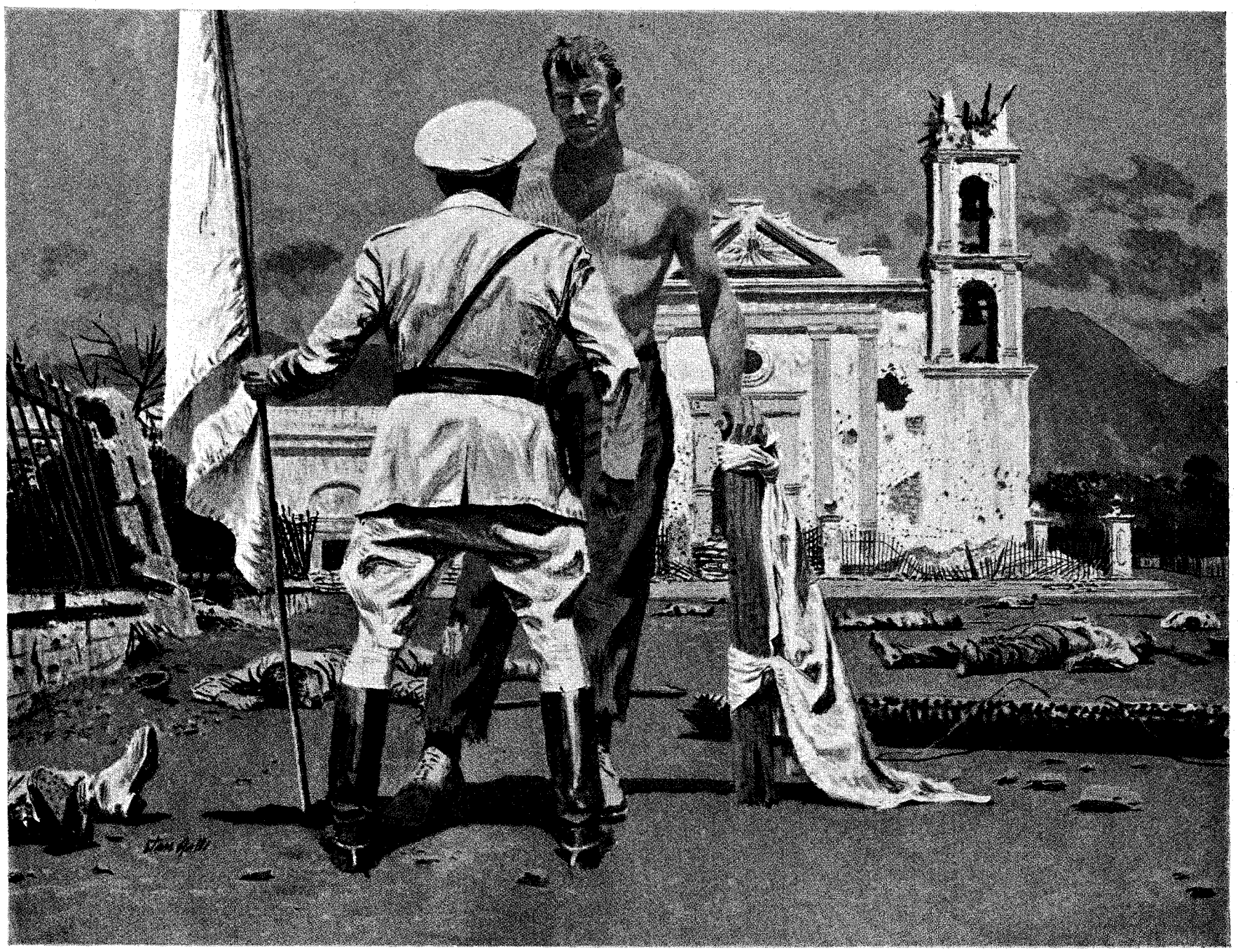
O'Brien was at the other end of the town plaza, squatting on his heels with a ruined church at his back and a pile of sandbags in front of him, and he had a machine gun set up so that it commanded not only the governor's palace but two thirds of the square as well. The church had been shelled until its belfry was like a shattered stick leaning against the brassy sky, and the bright windy noon was so hot in the plaza that the tobacco-colored earth looked white as bleached bone in the pulsing glare of the sun. There were wounded lying among the dead men in the plaza, and vultures were wheeling overhead.

A woman crouched beside O'Brien, huddled in the narrow strip of shade that the sandbags laid upon the sun-baked earth, and she was bitter because he would do nothing about the wounded men.

"If you were any sort of a man at all, you wouldn't just let them lie there," she said. "You could move back with your gun and let them come and take their wounded away."

O'Brien gave her a patient look that masked his irritation, and scratched himself through a shirt that hung in filthy tatters on his sweating chest. "I can't move back," he said. "Where would I fall back to? There's a couple of miles of open fields behind me, and then the swamp. You know what it's like. You had a taste of it yourself."

The woman's tailored slacks were torn, and caked with the dried mud of the swamps, and insect bites looked like red welts on her hands and face. Her name was Natalie Thorne, and O'Brien was negligibly aware that she was a celebrity of some sort, although he hadn't the faintest notion what she was doing in the midst of the limited but savage conflict that was being waged for this country of steaming green jungles and (Continued on Page 50)



"To you," the captain said, "General Casteo offers no terms except surrender. Unconditional surrender."

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"Israelis are visibly willing and even eager to make heavy sacrifices and die, if need be, for Israel," says the author. Above: The Women's Army Corps parades.

Why Israel Will Survive

A famous correspondent reports on an intense, idealistic people who will let neither their own suffering—nor that of their neighbors—quench their hope for a Promised Land.

By Joseph Alsop

Forgetting the tensions of the times, citizens of Tel Aviv turn out to stroll beside the Mediterranean.

Ex-Foreign Minister Sharett with Prime Minister Ben-Gurio

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The personal reactions of reporters are not normally worth recording. Normally they come under the rule laid down by Connecticut's bitter old Sen. Frank Brandegee, when the Bull-Mooser, Albert J. Beveridge, treated him to a long, ruthlessly grandiloquent discourse on the sins of Brandegee's wing of the Republican Party. Brandegee maintained a deadly silence until Beveridge's spate of oratory dwindled to a trickle and at last dried up. Nervously, Beveridge concluded, "But, senator, you haven't said what you think of my views."

"I think," said Brandegee thinly through thin lips, "that you ought to keep your views to yourself."

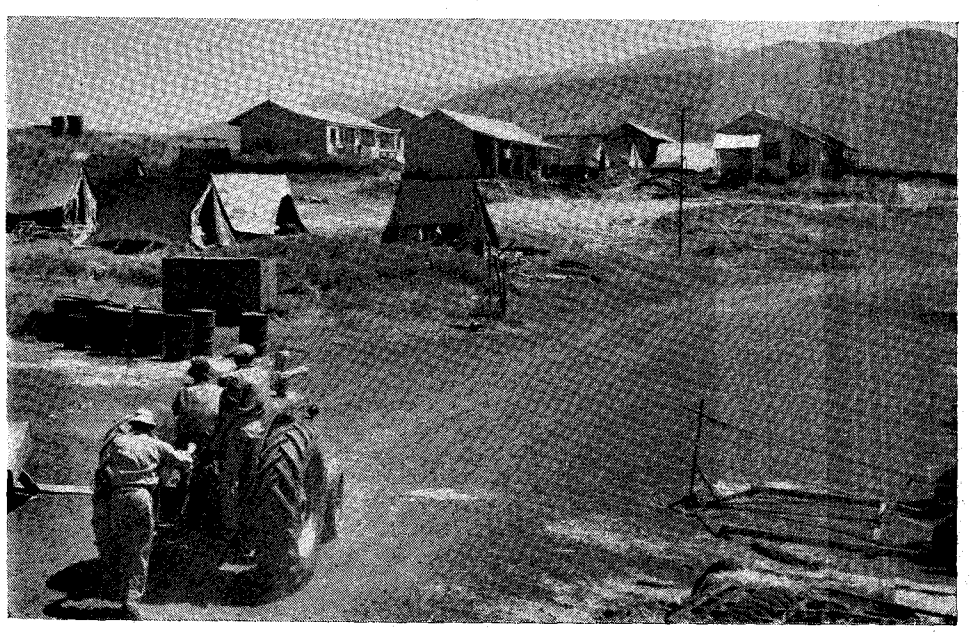
None the less, a recent visit to Israel has now driven me to violate the Brandegee rule. In rather more than two decades as a political reporter at home and abroad, I have never had any other political experience as deeply impressive as this visit to Israel. Yet I was not overwhelmingly impressed by the wisdom of Israeli policy or by any of the other things that form the usual currency of the reporting trade. What so impressed me, rather, was something almost intangible, something that was essentially a matter of personal reaction.

I was so impressed, in fact, simply by the atmosphere—the moral climate, if you will—of life in Israel today. And although it is not an easy thing to do, I want to try to convey this curious Israeli atmosphere, which differs so sharply from the troubled and uncertain atmospheres of the great, rich, established elder nations of the West.

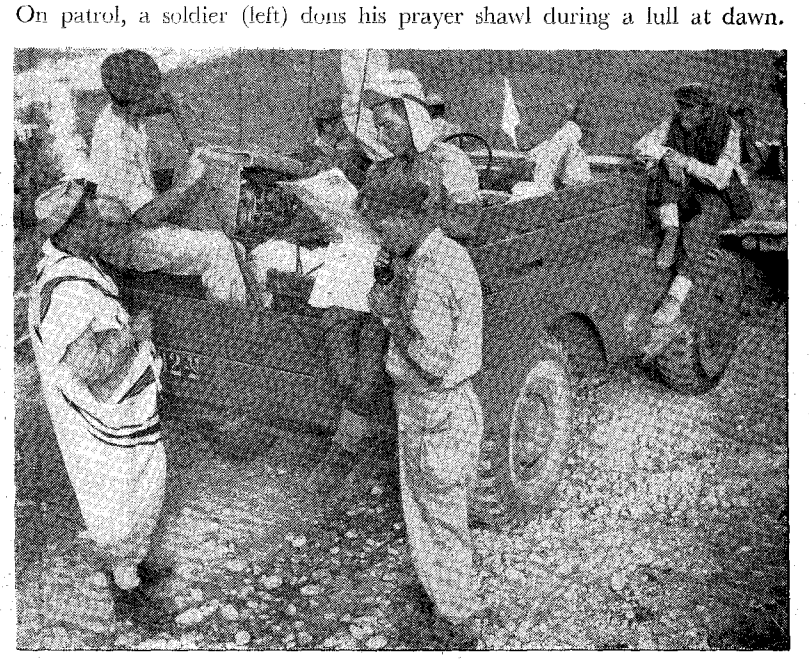
In a measure, the Israeli atmosphere is different from our atmosphere because Israel is still living in its own legendary age. The underground resistance to the British has not been forgotten, and many people still look back to it. You are entirely likely to hear a prosperous, impeccably respectable Israeli industrialist suddenly exclaiming, with obvious nostalgia and perfect accuracy, "What a loyal notable of Haifa I used to be with those nice, simple British all day; and, what a stinker—what a real stinker of an arms smuggler, I used to be at night." (Continued on Page 60)

This 11-year-old orphan girl is on her way to her new home, a communal settlement (*Kibbutz*) on the Syrian border.

A new farm settlement rises out of an arid, barren hillside near the famed Sea of Galilee.



On patrol, a soldier (left) dons his prayer shawl during a lull at dawn.



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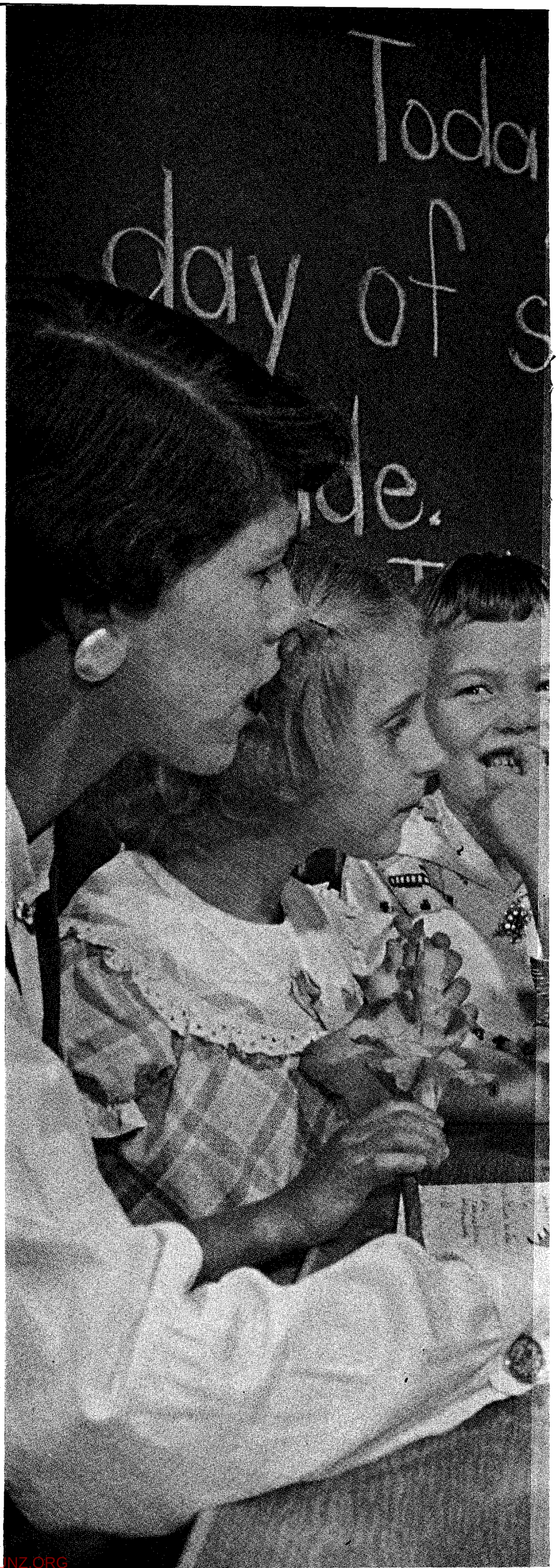
The Face of AMERICA

First Day of School

Each year, as autumn rolls around again, an old familiar magic touches the land. Pulses beat faster to match the new sparkle in the air. Trees put on their fire-bright colors, and the moon turns orange. But for one particular group, autumn brings a very special magic indeed—a magic all the more potent because it can be known only once. This group is composed of the boys and girls who are going to school for the first time—like these first-graders at the Edgewood Elementary School in Elwood, Indiana. Today they are old veteran second-graders, but this is how they looked a year ago. Look at their faces as they meet the teacher, Mrs. Nancy Hiatt: a little anxious, uncertain, wondering—but eager and receptive too. These youngsters, and five million more like them, are starting on the most exciting adventure in their young lives. Few generations have been born into a world of greater potential promise—or of greater peril. God willing, the adventure we call Education will help them realize the promise and turn aside the peril, for the benefit of future children who will someday feel the magic of their own first day at school. ❁ Photograph by Frank Ross.



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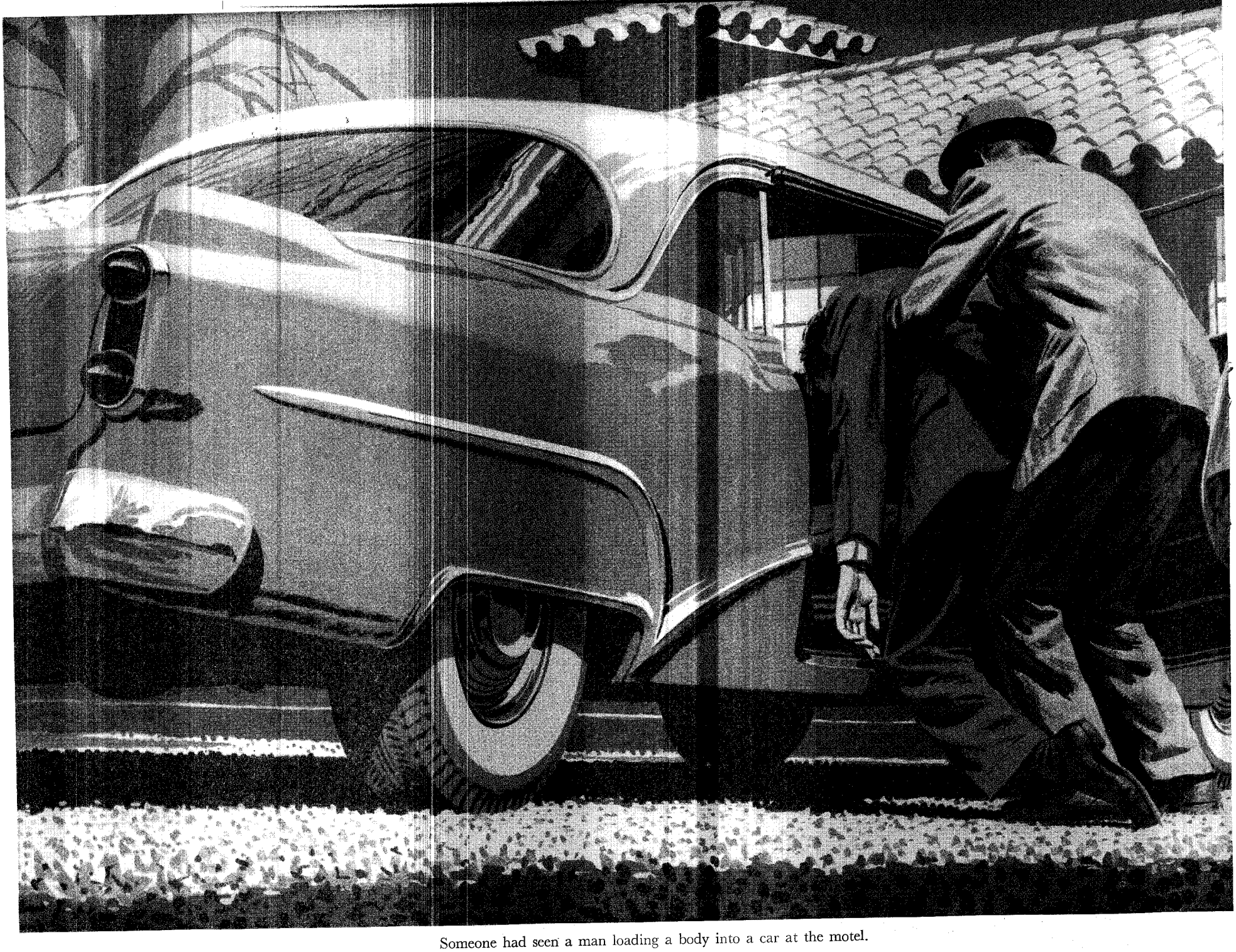

Someone had seen a man loading a body into a car at the motel.

The Case of the LUCKY LOSER

His client had been tried and convicted. How could Perry Mason get him off the hook now?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

It was 9:25 A.M. when Perry Mason received the call at his office. "There's a criminal case on trial entitled People versus Balfour," a feminine voice explained. "I would like to know how much it's going to cost me to have you attend court during the day, listen to the proceedings, and then give me your conclusions."

When she learned Mason's fee would be $500, the woman apologized for calling. However, the lawyer's curiosity had been aroused. He agreed to listen in on the case for $100. His client thanked him profusely, but refused to reveal her identity. "You mustn't ever know who I am," she concluded.

At the Superior Court, Mason learned that the defendant, Ted Balfour, was charged with the hit-and-run killing of an unidentified man.

Balfour testified that the evening of the accident, he had attended a party. He had had a few drinks, one of which he believed was loaded, for he had passed out. He became conscious briefly in his car. A young woman, whom he did not name, was driving. Then he passed out again and did not come to until he was home in bed.

Myrtle Anne Haley, one of the witnesses at Ted's trial, said that she had been driving behind Ted's car the evening of the hit-and-run killing. She had taken down his license number when she noticed he was apparently driving while drunk. She testified that afterward she saw his car strike down some object. The witness made no mention of whether or not a woman was driving the car.

The defense attorney, Mortimer Dean Howland, found many errors in Myrtle Haley's story, but she stuck by it. After court adjourned, Howland approached Mason. "You

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"Yes."

"Did you get up to court today?"

"Certainly."

"And what did you think?"

"Think of what?"

"Of the case."

"I think probably it will be a hung jury."

"No, no! Of the witness."

"Which witness?"

"The redheaded woman, of course."

"You mean Mrs. Myrtle Anne Haley?"

"Yes."

"I can't tell you."

"You can't tell me?" the voice said, sharp with suspicion. "Why, that's what you went up there for. You ——"

"I can't discuss my opinion of Mrs. Haley's testimony with a stranger," Mason interrupted firmly.

"A stranger? Why, I'm your client. I ——"

"How do I know you're my client?"

"You should be able to recognize my voice."

Mason said, "Voices sound very much alike sometimes. I would dislike very much to have someone claim I had made a libelous statement which wasn't a privileged communication."

There was silence at the other end of the line; then the woman's voice said, "Well, how could I identify myself?"

"Through a receipt that I gave the messenger who delivered the hundred dollars to me. When you produce that receipt, I'll know that I'm dealing with the person who made the payment."

"But, Mr. Mason, can't you see? I can't afford to have you know who I am. This whole business of using the messenger was to keep you from finding out."

"Well, I can't give my opinion of testimony unless I'm certain my statement is a privileged communication."

"Is your opinion that bad?"

"I am merely enunciating a principle."

"I—I already have that receipt, Mr. Mason. The messenger gave it to me."

"Then come on up," Mason said.

There was a long moment of silence.

"I took all these precautions so I wouldn't have to disclose my identity," the voice complained.

"I am taking all these precautions so as to be certain I'm talking to my client," Mason said.

"Will you be there?"

"I'll wait ten minutes. Will that be sufficient?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Come directly to the side door," Mason said.

"I think you're horrid!" she exclaimed. "I didn't want it like this." She slammed the receiver at her end of the telephone.

Mason turned to Della Street, who had been monitoring the conversation. "I take it, Miss Street, that you have decided you're not in a hurry to get home. You'd like to wait."

"Try putting me out of the office," she laughed. "It would take a team of elephants to drag me out."

She took the cover off her typewriter, arranged shorthand notebooks, hung up her hat in the coat closet.

Again the telephone made noise.

Mason frowned. "We should have cut out the switchboard as soon as we had our call, Della. Go cut it out now. . . . Well, wait a minute. See who's calling."

Della Street picked up the telephone, said, "Hello," then, "Who's calling, please? . . . Where? . . . Well, just a moment. I think he's gone home for the evening. I don't think he's available. I'll see."

She covered the telephone mouthpiece and said, "A Mr. Guthrie Balfour is calling from Chihuahua City in Mexico. He says it's exceedingly important." (Continued on Page 81)

think it will be a hung jury?" he asked Mason. "Confidentially, that's what I was trying for. It's the best I can hope to expect."

II

Mason sat at his desk, thoughtfully smoking. Della Street had cleaned up her secretarial desk, started for the door, returned for something which she had apparently forgotten; then she opened the drawers in her desk one after another, taking out papers, rearranging them. Mason grinned. "Why don't you just break down and wait, Della?"

"Heavens! Was I that obvious?"

Mason nodded.

She laughed nervously. "Well, I will wait for a few minutes."

"The phone's plugged in through the switchboard?"

"Yes. Gertie's gone home. She left the main trunk line plugged through to your phone. In case this woman ——" Della Street broke off as the telephone rang.

Mason nodded to Della Street. "Since you're here, better get on the extension phone with your notebook and take notes."

Mason said, "Hello."

The feminine voice which had discussed the matter of a retainer with him earlier in the day sounded eager. "Is this Mr. Mason?"

"What's this all about?" Mason asked Marilyn Keith. "Do you know the man who was killed?"

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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What About the Polls This Year?

Once again public-opinion experts are trying to pick the winner in the Presidential stakes. Here's how the durable Dr. Gallup hopes to avoid 1948's blunders.

By Hubert Kay

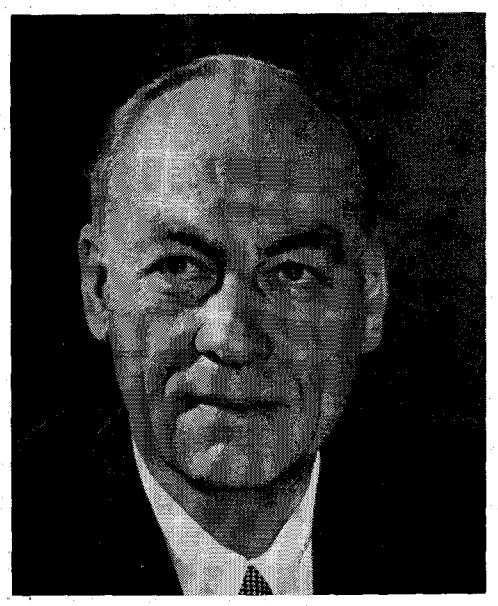
A classic American boner was classically recalled this summer as Oxford University bestowed an honorary degree on a distinguished visitor to England.

"*Heu vatum ignarae mentes!*" declaimed the university's Public Orator as he faced "Harricum" Truman, quondam President of the United States. "*Tua quid praesagia, Gallup?*"

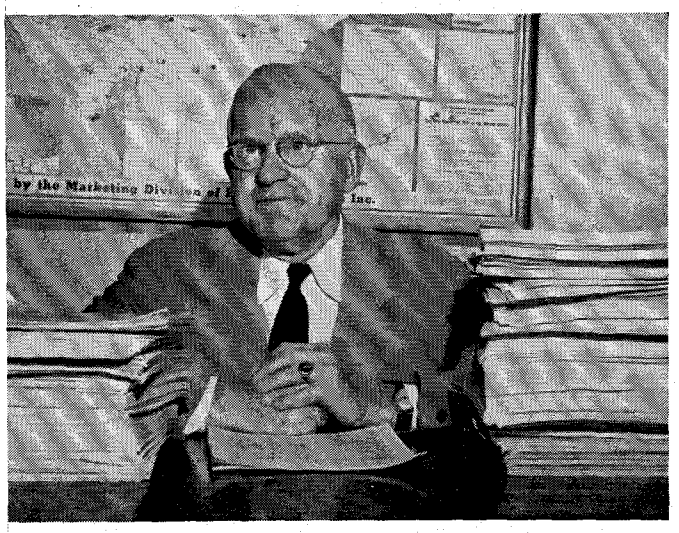
Translation: "Alas, the ignorant minds of the seers! What of thy prophecies, Gallup?"

The Oxford Orator was paraphrasing the Aeneid. Unwittingly, he was also rewording the very question that George Gallup asked himself the morning after Election Day in 1948. The Gallup version: "How stupid can you get?"

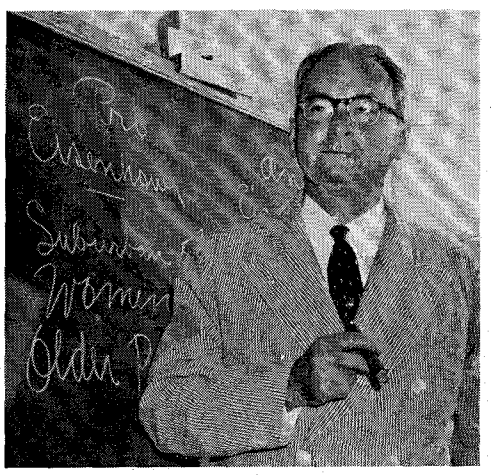
Twelve years earlier, in the Roosevelt-Landon campaign of 1936, old-fashioned straw polls had been challenged by a new technique called "scientific sampling" of public opinion. A straw poll run by the venerable Literary Digest wrongly predicted that Alf M. Landon would be the next President. At the same time, two young practitioners of the new method of testing public opinion—the Gallup Poll's George Gallup and the Fortune Survey's Elmo Roper—had rocketed to fame by predicting the opposite: a Roosevelt victory. For years thereafter they forecast the winners in election after election. They seemed infallible. Then, in 1948, Gallup and Roper and another pioneer pollster, Archibald Crossley, of the Hearst Newspapers' Crossley Poll, flatly predicted that Thomas E. Dewey would win the presidency. But the voters, incredibly, chose Harricum.



George Gallup



Archibald Crossley



Elmo Roper

Gallup's Record

1936

ROOSEVELT	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	55.7%
	Election	62.5%
LANDON	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	44.3%
	Election	37.5%

1940

ROOSEVELT	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	54.0%
	Election	50.8%
WILLKIE	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	46.0%
	Election	49.2%

1944

ROOSEVELT	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	51.5%
	Election	53.0%
DEWEY	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	48.5%
	Election	47.0%

1948

TRUMAN	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	44.5%
	Election	49.9%
DEWEY	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	49.5%
	Election	45.3%
WALLACE	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	4.0%
	Election	2.4%
THURMOND	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	2.0%
	Election	2.4%

1952

EISENHOWER	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	51.0%
	Election	55.4%
STEVENSON	*Gallup Poll Estimate*	49.0%
	Election	44.6%

1948: The pollsters weren't the only ones to miscalculate the vote-getting powers of Mr. Truman, who kept on winning supporters after the final forecasts were in.

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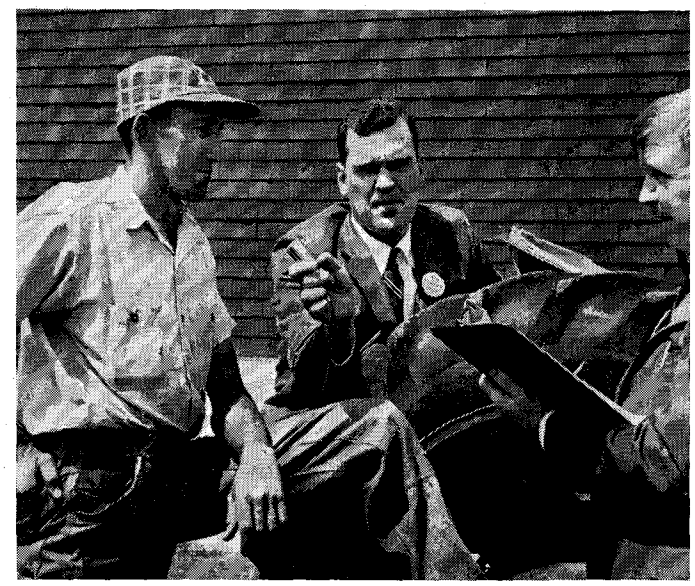
Mrs. Richard Shannon, of Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., considers questions posed by Roper Poll interviewer Mrs. Christine Mahoney. Roper charges clients $10,000 to $50,000 for a survey.

In most nation-wide Gallup Polls, only 1000–2000 adults are interviewed. Above: Mrs. Morton Miller, of Levittown, Pa., with John Fenton.



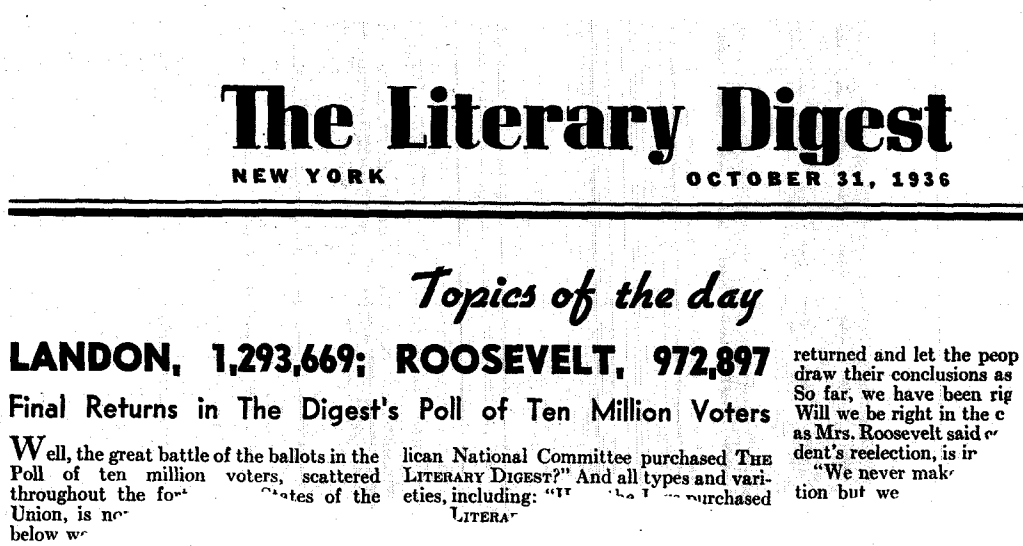
Farmer Fred Voorhees, of Skillman, N. J., talks into a tape-recorder mike for George Gallup, Jr., and interviewer Fenton.

On the morning after Truman's election, it was freely predicted that the "scientific" samplers of public opinion would swiftly follow the Literary Digest and its straw vote into oblivion. The syndicated Gallup Poll shortly lost about one third of its subscribing newspapers. The Fortune Survey disappeared as Roper sought new outlets. Crossley also stayed in business, but Hearst readers saw the Crossley Poll no more. But George Gallup, though shocked on that morning after the pollsters' Black Tuesday, was not despairing.

"We already had a pretty good idea of what had gone wrong," he says now, "and we knew the trouble was not with our basic method. It was just our own stupidity. The only real question in my mind that morning was, 'How stupid can you get?'"

The question, apparently, was never answered. The fallen prophets of 1948 are prospering today as never before. Gallup and his associates, having outgrown a Gallup Building erected in Princeton, New Jersey, only six years ago, are now planning a sixty-six-acre Princeton Research Park to house their varied enterprises. The American Institute of Public Opinion—Gallup's newspaper poll—has never done much more than pay its way. Scientific polling still gets most of its income by providing manufacturers, advertisers, broadcasters and publishers with a quick and relatively inexpensive way to find out what the public likes or dislikes about their products and services. Far from giving up after the 1948 fiasco, businessmen gave the pollsters more assignments in 1949 than ever before.

The New York firm of Elmo Roper & Associates charges its clients $10,000 to $50,000 for a survey, depending on the area to be covered, the number of people to be interviewed and the kind and number of questions to be asked. Gallup charges at the rate of $12.50 per interview. The firm of Gallup & Robinson, which investigates public reaction to advertising copy, now helps bring the Gallup Building an income of more than $1,000,000 a year. Around the corner on Princeton's Nassau Street, Opinion Research Corporation, founded in 1938 by Gallup's long-time partner, Dr. Claude (Continued on Page 70)



The Literary Digest

NEW YORK — OCTOBER 31, 1936

Topics of the day

LANDON, 1,293,669; ROOSEVELT, 972,897

Final Returns in The Digest's Poll of Ten Million Voters

Well, the great battle of the ballots in the Poll of ten million voters, scattered throughout the fo[r]ty States of the Union, is no[w] below w[e] ... lican National Committee purchased THE LITERARY DIGEST?" And all types and varieties, including: "I[t] ... [h]a[s] ... purchased LITERA[RY] ... returned and let the peop draw their conclusions as So far, we have been rig Will we be right in the c as Mrs. Roosevelt said o[f] dent's reelection, is ir "We never mak tion but we

1936: The ill-fated Literary Digest poll marked the end of the straw-vote technique—and the acceptance of the "scientific" sampling of Gallup and Roper, both of whom correctly predicted a Roosevelt victory that year.

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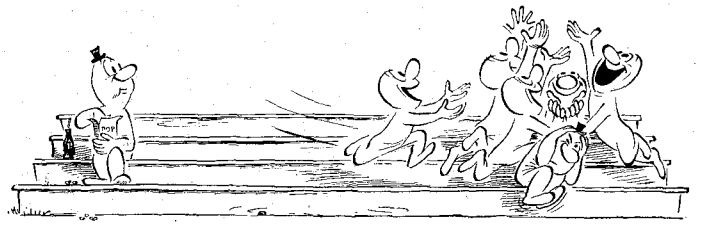
Post Scripts



Me and My Big Mouth!

"And I was just thinking, boss, that as long as I've already sorted these cards according to counties, why wouldn't it be a good idea for me to go through them again to determine the amount of revenue received during 1955, and to obtain a breakdown of ——"

"Why, yes; I'll be more than happy to handle the club's monthly newsletter."

"Stay right where you are, Bartley; I wouldn't dream of taking your comfortable chair. I'll sit right over here on this wrought-iron ——"

"Don't be silly. Bring the kids along."

"Does itsy-bitsy, 'ittle Calvin want to sit up here in the front seat with Uncle Vern?"

"Gad, what cute kittens!"

"If there's anything—just anything at all—that we can do, don't hesitate to call on us. I mean it, Tom. Even if it's at three o'clock in the morning, don't hesitate to ——"

"Of course, if there's some TV program that you'd like to watch rather than the fight, I'll be happy to ——"

"Look, darling; I was just going through this old blue suit coat of mine and I found a five-dollar ——"

"Now, see here, bub; I don't take talk like that off of anybody! Either put 'em up or shut up! Yeah, that's what I said—either put 'em up or ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

"The parade was yesterday."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Time—and I—Stood Still

I've stood at my door for two hours,
And now I'm as tired as sin!
My neighbor came over to see me,
But she didn't have time to come in.

MINNIE B. SHAFER

Expensive Taste

The things I'd really like to have
In clothing, cars and food,
Are marked at prices which begin
About where I conclude.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

"Let's see. . . . Was I going to bed or getting up?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Keep it Clean

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow Republicrats: I stand before you, a man with a twofold purpose. Not only is it my purpose to win election to the high office for which you have nominated me; it is my purpose to Keep This Campaign Clean. Let us be above Mud-Slinging and Name-Calling.

I know and you know that the Other Party is a corrupt, rat-infested gang of thieves and liars. We need only look at their revolting record of stealing and dealing, grabbing and stabbing, to know what manner of slime and grime we're contending with. But the times are too perilous, the issues at stake too momentous to stoop to their level.

So when our opponents rake up—I mean make up stories about our Noble Party—when they accuse us of such offenses as betraying the Public Trust, pilfering the Public Funds, selling preferment and buying votes—when they feloniously accuse us of neglect, nepotism and trading with the Enemy, let us not fight fire with fire.

Let us not retaliate with the facts—that they are a bunch of cheats, liars, Radicals, Reactionaries, bums, scum, scamps, tramps, snakes, termites and rodents who would sell their grandmother's false teeth to pay off their bookmaker!

Let us cleave to the High Ideals on which our Noble Party is founded. Let us stand above the sneer and smear of this troop of rascals, shysters, mountebanks and cravens who would sully our Fair Name with their own Foul Deeds.

Let us fight a Clean Fight, fellow Republicrats, so that we shall go down in history as the Party That Was Too Big to be Little. That way, and that way only, shall we be strong enough to defeat—nay, to expunge from the face of our Fair Land!—that band of scandalous vandals, filthy politicians and dirty skunks!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Ordeal

When someone starts his TV set,
Then wants to chat with me, I fret.
I figure that what we should do
Is either chat or teleview.
I find that I am always loath
To sit and try to do them both!

RICHARD WHEELER

If There's One Thing I Admire, It's Tact

"Well, I certainly am glad you can make a fourth tonight! I must have called fifteen other people before I thought of you."

"You'll love it. There's absolutely nothing subtle or complicated about the plot."

"Thanks for the fiver. No matter what people said, I was sure you'd eventually pay it back."

"There! Didn't I tell you it's a dance any darn fool could learn to do?"

"Come on; grab your racket and get out there, and we'll give you Bill for a partner. He's *much* the best of the four of us."

"Go ahead and take the wheel. Nowadays I never worry—no matter *who's* driving."

"I certainly admire you for serving on the committee. *Somebody* had to take the job."

"You mean that's you? Isn't it amazing what photographers can do these days?"

"Don't take it so hard. I've even seen *good* players blow easier putts than that."

PARKE CUMMINGS

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

New way to get compliments!

DO YOU GLOW a little when the family compliments your cooking? Su-ure you do!

Then may we offer a suggestion: Tonight, serve them FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni, and just see what they say!

This Franco-American treat is quite different from our popular Spaghetti, but equally delightful. It's made with a creamy-rich *cheese* sauce.

Easy to fix? So simple it almost cooks itself. Here is all there is to making it like our picture.

Just place our Macaroni in a casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs; and bake about 20 minutes in a hot oven.

You'll be very proud to serve Franco-American Macaroni any time. Try it this "baked" way. Or, merely place the contents of the can in a saucepan and heat it. Either way, it tastes like "home."

That's because the ingredients in this Macaroni are fabulous. Aged Cheddar cheese. Farm-fresh butter and milk. Which reminds us to remind you:

One average serving of Franco-American Macaroni has more protein than a farm-fresh egg. And all for about *9¢ a serving*. Trying it—tonight?

Macaroni
with Cheese Sauce
by Franco-American

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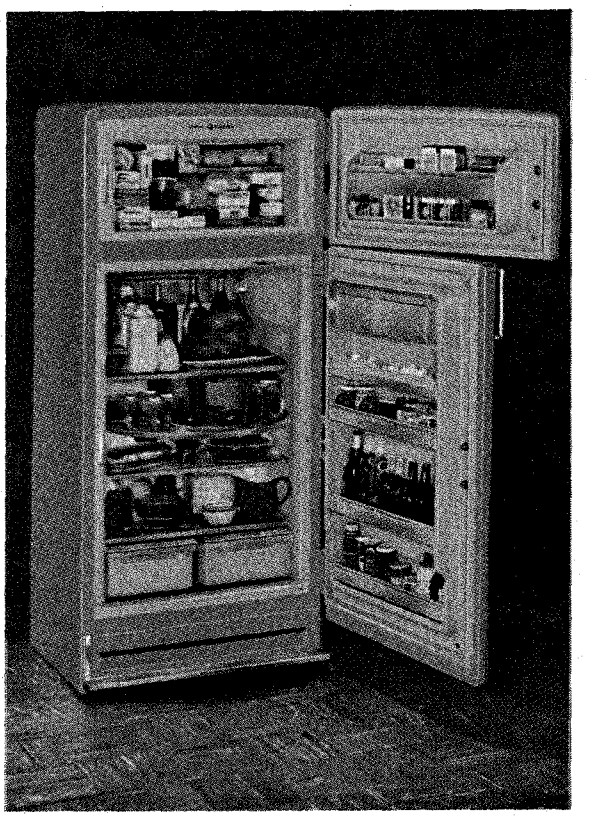
REFRIGERATOR-
FREEZER



New, big General Electric with Revolving Shelves and Magnetic Doors

Revolving Shelves put all foods at your fingertips. Magnetic Door closes surely, silently, *automatically*. Latchless, too! A child cannot be locked inside.

No other refrigerator, at a comparable price, can match this 12-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer for worksaving conveniences and luxurious good looks.

Just look at all the features you can enjoy: G-E Revolving Shelves, Magnetic Doors, automatic defrosting in the refrigerator section, automatic butter conditioner, adjustable and removable door shelves, separate zero-degree freezer that holds up to 80 pounds of frozen foods.

So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside because the latchless magnetic door in the refrigerator section can be opened easily from within.

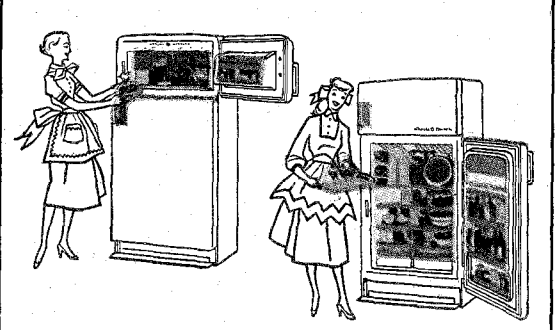
See this big, economical General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer now. Ask your G-E dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. See your nearest General Electric dealer. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

So dependable! More than 3,500,000 G-E Refrigerators in use 10 years or longer!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Model LH-12 available in G-E Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White. Comes in your choice of left- or right-hand doors.

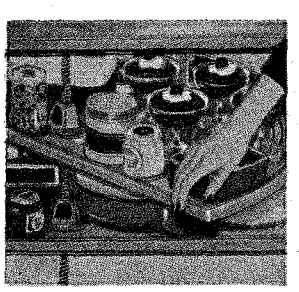
LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY



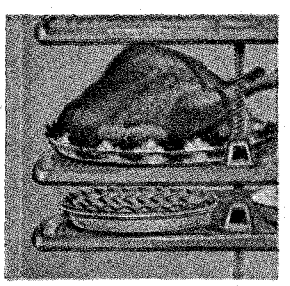
TWO separate appliances in one cabinet!

The true, zero-degree freezer has its own separate door, its own separate insulation, its own separate refrigeration system. Fast freezes and keeps as many as 97 packages of frozen foods up to a year.

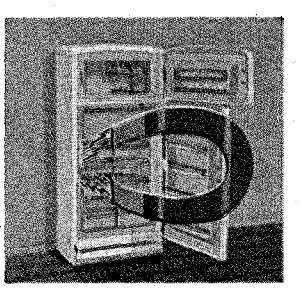
The big refrigerator section has completely automatic defrosting. And there's room for more food on the sturdy General Electric Revolving Shelves —as much as 15% more than on old-style shelves in previous corresponding General Electric models.



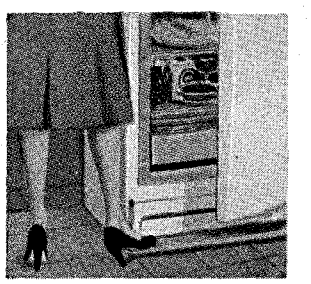
Revolving Shelves put all foods within easy reach. Just turn shelf—food rides to the front, in full view.



Store Bulky Items without rearranging foods. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down, for flat or bulky foods.



Magnetic Safety Doors. Permanent G-E Alnico Magnets close doors automatically, silently. More efficient seal.



Foot Pedal opens refrigerator door at touch of your toe. Leaves both hands free for carrying foods.

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Reservation for Murder

Only a door separated Cassidy from the killer, and if Cassidy opened it, he was as good as dead.

By THOMAS WALSH

Shortly after escaping from the communists, Bishop Paul Hruba came to America to receive $293,000. Theodore Victor, a New York newspaper owner, had raised the money as a gift for the martyred cleric.

One of Victor's reporters, Francis Janisek, planned to steal the money. Janisek knew that the bishop had a look-alike cousin named Josef who lived in America. Janisek intended to capture the bishop, and then force Josef, a spineless alcoholic, to impersonate his cousin at the banquet at which the money was to be presented.

With the help of Colonel Tedescu, the bishop's aide, Janisek kept the clergyman prisoner, under a sedative, in his hotel room.

Janisek and Tedescu were forced to test Cousin Josef sooner than they intended. Theodore Victor insisted on seeing the bishop. Victor was to bring along Edward Lascoulie, an old friend of the bishop and former ambassador to his homeland.

While Tedescu and Janisek frantically prepared Josef for the meeting, Janisek himself was being sought by detective Ray Cassidy.

Cassidy's partner, Charlie Mueller, had been murdered by Emil Novak, Janisek's henchman. Novak died trying to escape, but Cassidy had seen Janisek with Emil earlier, and suspected the swindler.

Cassidy learned that a man answering Janisek's description had taken a room on the same floor of the hotel as the bishop's suite. Cassidy, Florence Savage, who also knew Janisek by sight, and Walter Duval, the night manager of the hotel, went up to the room to check on the newcomer.

Janisek hid out when Cassidy knocked, so that the detective saw only the unsuspected Tedescu and Josef. Cassidy was ready to give up the search, but his detective pal, Mickey Hannegan, wouldn't let him. "Don't try to shove it under the rug," he told Cassidy. "Just figure it out."

V

And, of course, Hannegan was perfectly right about it. The statement Cassidy had just made was not a conviction, but a quick and instinctive protest; and now it had no effect at all, even on Cassidy. All he had to do was to ask himself one question: What kind of a man were they dealing with in this big fellow? Then the question answered itself: Someone who had been right on the ball every minute; who thought things out quickly and coolly, and who, after all that fuss about Emil Novak, had managed to slip off into thin air, apparently. Furthermore, since no one in the Hotel Imperial had paid particular attention to him but Cassidy and Florence Savage, he'd still be quite safe in there, the way he'd look at it. Fool Cassidy again, as he had fooled him earlier, in the corridor at Twenty-two; keep Cassidy out of his way; and there would be almost no risk. But how had he fooled Cassidy again? Where was the catch this time?

"What is it?" Hannegan demanded, reading Cassidy's expression there with no difficulty. "What just hit you over the head, Ray?"

"I think he's in here!" Cassidy croaked back. "Because —— Remember how he suckered me before, with that leak business on Twenty-two? He's done it again, Mickey—or he tried mighty hard. Listen! Somebody called the desk about nine o'clock—a man. He pretended he was speaking from one of the rooms in here, and he said that he wanted to see me personally. But I'm not around, so they send one of the clerks up there—and it's a phony call. Nobody in that room wanted me. Nobody asked for me."

Hannegan blinked at him. "Which proves?"

"It's staring you in the face!" Cassidy said. "He knows me by sight, just the way I know him, and he must have found out who I am around here. Now he wants to get through the lobby downstairs without being spotted, but suppose I'm standing right there at the reception desk? He's sunk, Mickey; we got him. But if I'm up on Eighteen answering this phony call he put in, if I'm arguing about it while he's signing the register downstairs, then he's all set, isn't he? Not a thing to worry about."

"That's it!" Hannegan said. "Of course, Ray. He could time it nice; he could set up the whole thing before he even showed himself anywhere around."

"And he could do something else!" Cassidy pointed out. "He eases in here just like a plain, ordinary guest, Mickey, and then he can take his time about this other business of his. You see it?"

"Then check the clerks," Hannegan said. "Find out who registered just after he put in that call for you."

But all the excitement sputtered off in Cassidy at that moment. He rubbed his mouth.

"Thought of that, too," he admitted finally. "Even went upstairs and looked at a guy. But it wasn't the big fellow, Mickey. Nothing like him."

(Continued on Page 86)

Janisek gripped his automatic and pointed it at the door.

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Flag of Truce (Continued from Page 37)

tall white mountains and small brown men. But he hadn't been particularly surprised when the woman had come stumbling through the blasted church, exhausted after a night in the swamps. O'Brien, who had been in other armies, in other countries, knew from experience what unlikely fish could be cast up together by the nets of war.

O'Brien thought she was still a handsome woman, even with her scratched and bitten face streaked with grime and running with sweat, and her fair hair blowing in the wind like a ragged cloud.

"You could hoist a flag of truce," the woman said. "Tie a white rag on something and wave it. They'll think you're going to surrender, and then, when they come, you can tell them to take the wounded away."

O'Brien peeled some of the tatters of his shirt away from his damp ribs and shook them gently with his hand. "Something white like this?" he asked. The shirt, where it wasn't splattered with oil and mud, was the color of the gray-brown dust that blew in the hot wind.

"They'd know what you meant if you used the shirt."

O'Brien grinned sardonically, and his own eyes were so sunken they looked like dark pools over cheekbones that showed white in his taut, sun-blackened face. "Your own shirt's better flag material than mine," he said, "even after the swamp."

The woman flushed, and her mouth twisted into a scornful knot. "The heroic soldier of fortune!" she said. "The fighting wild-goose Irishman! Has Doctor Ortega anyone with him who's a native of this charming country? Or is his army of liberation, so-called, composed entirely of gentlemen like yourself? Richard Harding Davis types who gun for hire?"

O'Brien, who had slept little and eaten less for more days and nights than he could have correctly numbered at that weary moment, felt his irritation turn suddenly into anger.

"I'll tell you something, beauty!" he roared. "Keep your glib international-smart-set tongue off Doctor Ortega, before you get me mad!"

"I didn't really intend to disparage Doctor Ortega," the woman said. "My remarks, frankly, were aimed at you."

"Aim at me all you want," O'Brien answered, and for a terrible moment, before he could control himself, he felt a tightness in his throat and moisture behind his eyelids, as though his anger and exhaustion were about to make him cry. "Aim at me, but lay off the little doc. He's a patriot, although you might not understand that. But you must know the meaning of liberty, though you've probably confused it with license all your life. It doesn't have any nationality. Neither does the sort of tyranny Ortega's fighting. He's no commie, and neither am I, but there are some things, both good and evil, that belong to the whole world."

"Now look what I've done!" Natalie Thorne said, with weighted irony that turned into raw sarcasm as her anger drove her on. "I've scratched a ragged mercenary and found a shining idealist!"

O'Brien wasn't looking at the woman as she spoke. He was staring at the governor's palace again, at the arches in the preposterous Easter-egg-pink wall, and the shadows in the doorways were fluid with dreaded movement now. Light gleamed faintly on rifle barrels bristling under the overhang of a balcony, and then a man with a bugle crept as far forward as he could without moving entirely from the shade.

O'Brien heard the tuneless, stuttering metallic clatter that he had come to hate during three days and nights in the embattled town. He turned his head.

"That's the charge Johnny One-note is blowing," O'Brien said. "They're getting ready to mount an attack. If you've got a brain in your head you'll get out of here while you still can."

"They've been blowing the bugle all morning, off and on," she said. "There hasn't been any attack since I came."

"They were blowing fanfares for your beauty," O'Brien said, with an almost savage irony in his voice. "This is the first time the bugler has sounded the attack. It means that General Castro probably has the reinforcements he's been waiting for. He realizes that if he doesn't crash through here and bag Ortega soon, the doctor will come back and bag him."

The woman made an uncomprehending gesture. "I don't understand it at all," she said. "Where's Doctor Ortega? I heard on the radio last night that he'd been defeated here yesterday, and that his army had simply melted away."

"Ortega melted into the swamps," O'Brien said. "There's a big island in the middle of them, and he and his men are there, waiting for ammunition to be dropped to them by parachute. When the good gray doctor gets the ammo, he'll come back and eat Castro alive."

There were two cigarettes remaining in the expensive cigarette case that the woman took from a shirt pocket. She placed one of them in her own mouth and handed O'Brien the other, and sarcasm turned her voice harsh again. "I couldn't begrudge a cigarette, even my last one, to a man who's become Horatius, so to speak. Horatius at the bridge, and Roland at Roncesvalles. You and your machine gun. And how many others, here with you, instead of in the swamps?"

"Military secret," O'Brien said, thinking of Manny Gomez and Hilario Aguilar, and the twelve others scattered among the shattered buildings at his end of the plaza. He took the proffered cigarette, despising himself for doing so, and accepted a light from the woman's hands. "I'm not exactly fond of you, either, beauty," O'Brien said. "My taking this cigarette from you will give you some idea of just how badly I wanted it."

The woman dropped the lighter into a pocket of her muddy slacks, and made a gesture that included the two sides of the plaza stretching between them and the palace.

"What about those buildings?" she asked. "They seem to be quite empty, and there's been no firing from them. Why don't they snipe at you—at us—from them?"

O'Brien puffed his cigarette, watching the palace doors. "The buildings are mined," he said. "We bought some time for the doctor by planting booby traps. A little art of war Castro hasn't any knowledge of, because you don't learn to make mines in the brothels or the cocktail lounges of the capital. Castro learned about them yesterday—the hard way."

O'Brien didn't hear what the woman said in reply. The maddening sound of the bugle had ceased on a long-drawn, quavering note, but now the instrument was chattering again, and men were pouring out into the sunlight in front of the pink wall—unwilling men trotting into a ragged, wavering line.

The woman stared in amazement and horror as O'Brien unlimbered his tall body, stood up and swung the machine gun to bear upon the soldiers, as deliberately as though he had all the time in the world, and as though there were no possible danger for himself. He was praying, half aloud, that Manny and Hilario and the others would cover him with fire from behind.

The line of irresolute troopers broke, even though the machine gun was not fired, but Castro's concealed riflemen had a ready answer for O'Brien. A volley crackled all along the palace roof, sprouted orange flames in the shadows of the doorways and sent echoes rolling and crashing among the buildings around the square.

O'Brien, somehow unhit, heard the whistling noises bullets made going over his head, and the metallic screech of lead ricocheting on the broken walls of the church, but he did not see the small geyser of sand that leaped into the air as a slug tore into a sandbag close to the woman's head. O'Brien's eyes were on the buildings at the lower end of the plaza, and he saw, in fear and anger, but mostly in fear, that there were riflemen in the windows of several of the houses that had been mined.

His eyes went back to the palace wall again as Castro's men formed another line. The brown uniforms moved indecisively forward and backward in the dust, the line now scattered, now huddled and curling upon itself, as though the soldiers beneath the gleaming bayonets were not men at all, but paper figures blown by the wind. An officer stood firm among them, however, screaming profane orders, and as the machine gun remained silent, the men moved into position and came forward at a trot.

"Hilario! Manny!" O'Brien heard himself shouting. "What's keeping you?"

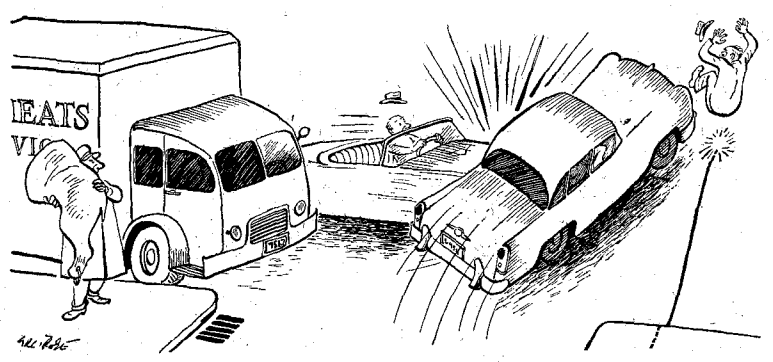
He heard a sound behind him like the crackling noise of a dry stick breaking, even as he yelled, and he knew that Hilario Aguilar had fired the light target rifle that had been the property of a wealthy sportsman until ten days before. Manny Gomez's heavy gun boomed solidly a moment later. The officer went down, clawing at his middle, and a trooper spun around and fell upon his face. The rest of the men fled wildly, and flowed out of sight through a single door. *Like a handful of sand poured into a hole,* O'Brien thought, but he heard only the two shots; and no more came from the ruined buildings behind him.

Another volley crashed across the plaza as O'Brien sat down. He heard the sound of bullets thudding into the bags in front of him, and sand stung his face as he dropped back onto his heels, shaking violently, with sweat pouring on his body. He heard Natalie Thorne speak. Her voice vibrated with cold fury.

"You stupid fool!" the woman said. "You cheap show-off!"

"You'd better save your breath," O'Brien answered. He was no longer angry; he felt a kind of exasperated pity, detached by reason of his utter weariness, for this woman who was apparently too shallow even to comprehend the danger that she faced. "Save it for the swamps. Castro's found somebody who knows what to do about booby traps. They're in the buildings at the end of the square, and they'll be coming this way as fast as they can."

"You didn't have to stand up and let them shoot at you," the woman said bitterly, as though she hadn't heard his words at all. "You could have fired from the position (*Continued on Page 55*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Rudolph, operator of a de luxe butcher shop, took a lofty view of life. In dashing around to make deliveries to customers, he disdained traffic rules. One day he parked his truck much closer to a corner than the law allowed. Two cars thereupon collided at the corner. The impact slammed one of them against Horace Whipple, a pedestrian who was crossing the street. Whipple, seriously injured, sued not the car driver, but Rudolph.

"If Rudolph had obeyed the law against parking close to the corner," Whipple contended, "the two drivers could have seen each other in time to avert the collision and I never would have been injured. Therefore, Rudolph caused my injury and should pay for it."

"Ridiculous!" Rudolph snorted. "My truck didn't touch Whipple. In fact, it was standing still. I may be liable for illegal parking, but that is all."

If you were the judge, would you make Rudolph pay Whipple?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Rudolph had to pay. The court said that by violating the parking law he was responsible for the collision which led to Whipple's injury.

Based upon a 1954 Ohio decision.

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AMERICAN BLOWER AIR CONDITIONING

l. to r. Consulting Engineer J. M. Schweiger, Planning Director R. A. Flynn, City Manager H. W. Starick, Safety Director C. W. Horlacher, and R. J. Perkins, manager of American Blower's Dayton office, review plans for the Safety Building's air handling equipment.

They're creating another "first" for Dayton

With a reputation as one of the nation's most progressive cities, Dayton, Ohio, has an impressive number of "firsts" to its credit. Dayton, for example, was among the first to employ the popular city-manager type of local government.

The conference pictured above concerns an air conditioning first for Dayton.

For, the new Safety Building — housing all police division functions and municipal courts — is the first building owned by the City of Dayton to be fully air conditioned.

Safety Building, Dayton, Ohio. Owner: City of Dayton. Associated Architects: Harry I. Schenck; Lorenz & Williams; Freeman A. Pretzinger. Consulting Engineers: Schweiger, Heapy & Associates. General Contractors: Frank Messer & Sons, Inc. Mechanical Contractors: Huffman & Wolfe Company.

American Blower is a major supplier of air handling equipment for both air conditioning and heating and ventilating in the Safety Building. Indoor temperatures are pleasantly fresh and cool — thanks to the efficient operation of American Blower air handling equipment which handles a portion of the air conditioning load.

Net result: an effective, low-cost, year round air conditioning system that pays off in higher employee morale, reduced absenteeism, and lower maintenance cleaning costs.

The Dayton Safety Building's system, like those of thousands of other famous buildings throughout the country, is another example of the quality products combined with helpful on-the-spot local service you get when you specify "American Blower." American Blower Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan. In Canada, look for Canadian Sirocco products.

AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of American-Standard

Air conditioning equipment for every business

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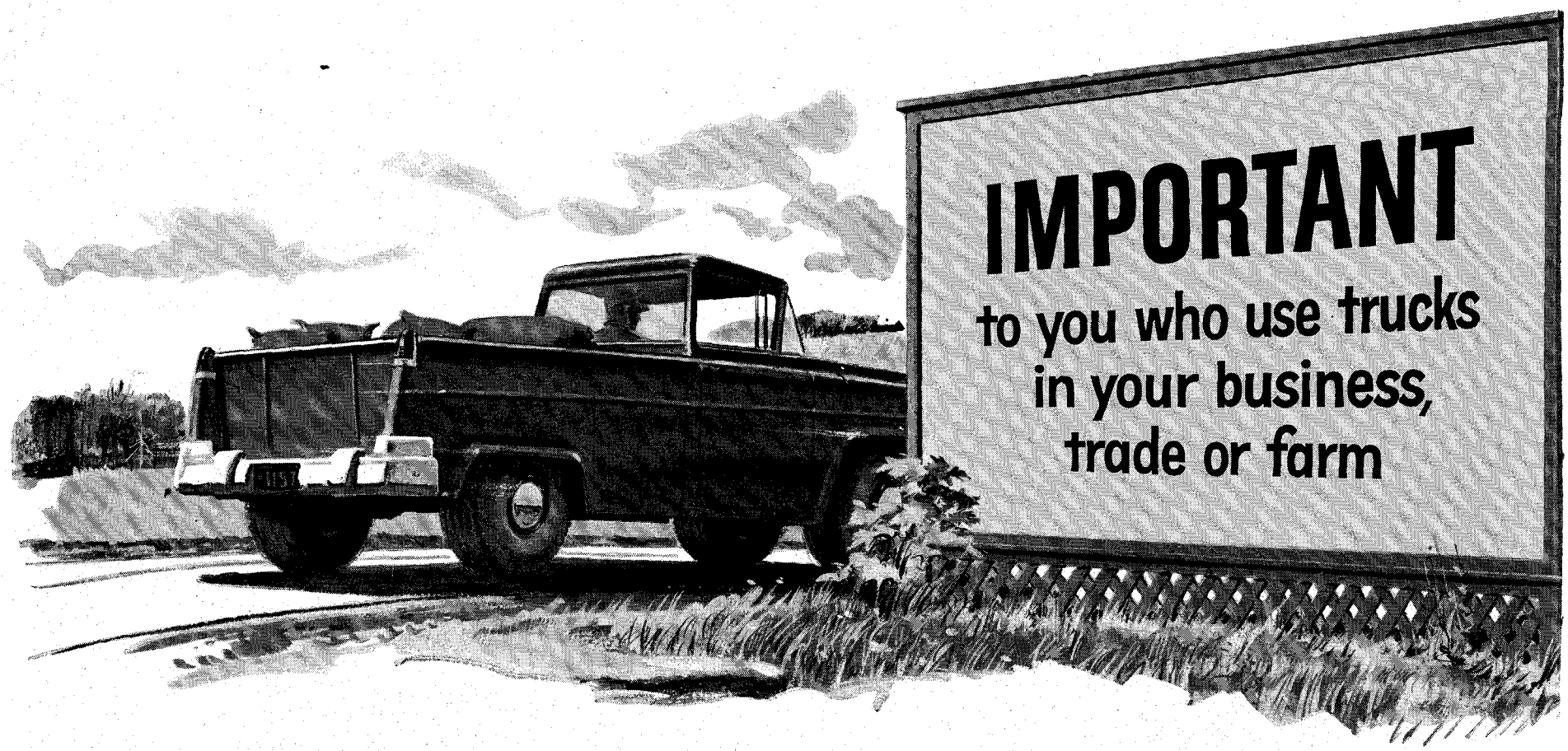

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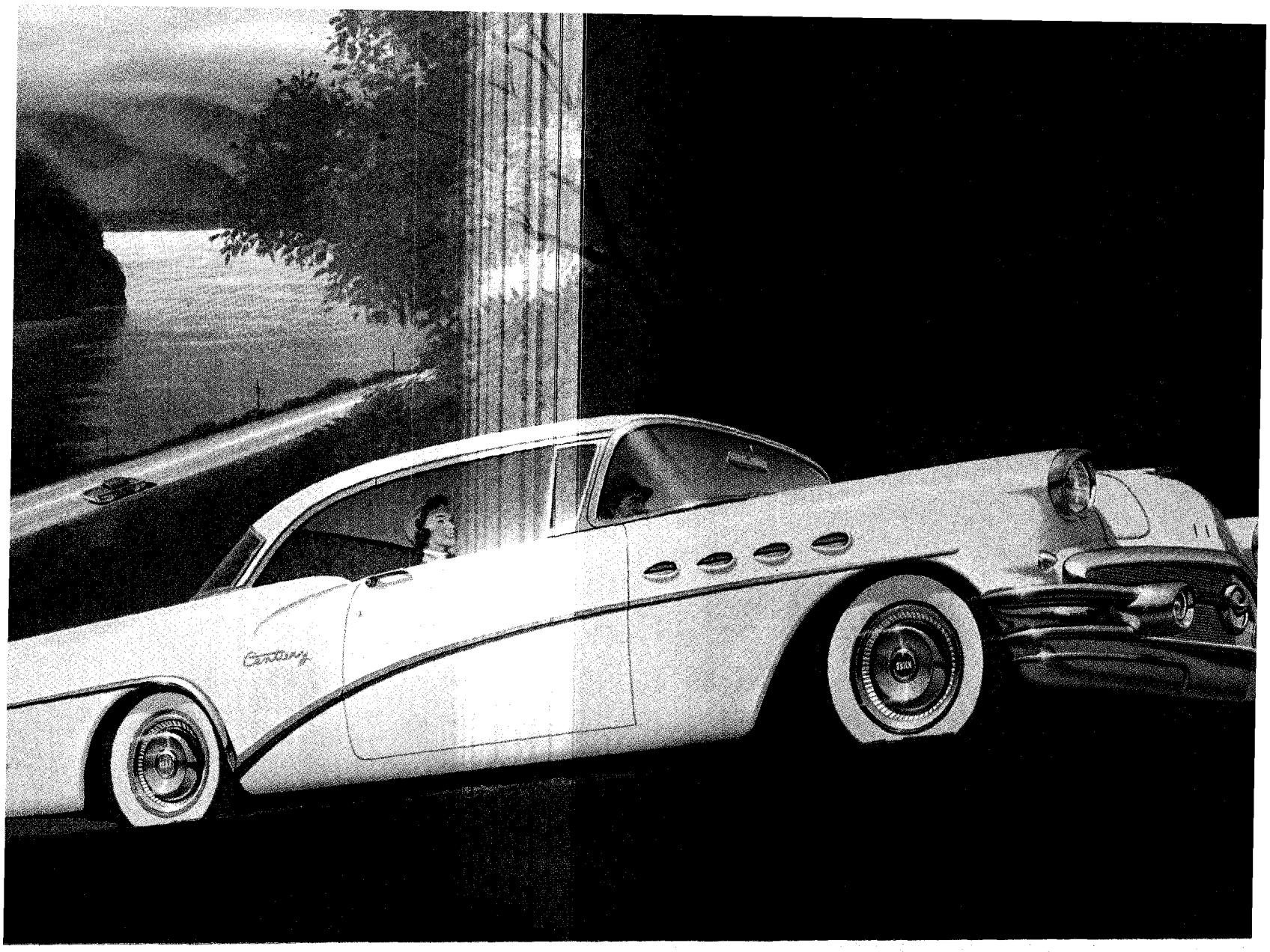

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So you dip the gas pedal of your new Buick to switch the pitch and — *zoom.* You're on your merry way, quick and sure as greased lightning with the chains off.

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So you owe it to yourself to call on your Buick dealer soon and try Dynaflow's new zoom service, new gas savings.

Try it, along with the mightiest V8 engine in Buick annals — 322 cubic inches of high-compression efficiency.

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Try Buick's rock-firm stability on curves — its "sense of direction" steering — its lighthearted handling—the full sweep of excitement awaiting you here.

When you do, you'll also learn that this best of all Buicks, this most beautiful of all Buicks, can be yours at a surprisingly low figure. And that, sir, is a promise.

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When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Best Buick yet

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(*Continued from Page 50*) you were in. I think you're utterly mad."

"Maybe I am," O'Brien said, "but, crazy or not, I'd better try to make you understand about Castro. He isn't a soldier at all, really. He's the head of the dictator's police when there isn't a war going. His officers are mostly thugs, like he is, and half of those lads shooting at us are paroled murderers and other choice types of felons from the government prison at San Juan. Do I have to spell it out for you, draw you a diagram of what'll happen if they find you here?"

"I'm not afraid of them," the woman said. "I'm an American citizen. They'd better leave me alone."

"I can just see them running when you wave your passport at them," O'Brien said, and he was too tired even to feel pity for her now. "All right, beauty. Stay. But don't say I didn't tell you."

He heard a sound behind him at that moment, and turned quickly, and saw Hilario Aguilar coming across the pitted floor of the church. Castro's riflemen fired at him as he came, but Hilario neither increased nor slackened the trot at which he moved. He was a bandy-legged, elderly man with a face as dark as mahogany, and an enormous white mustache that hung like a ragged fringe over his mouth. The target rifle, so deadly to Hilario's marksman's touch, looked absurdly small as he squatted down near O'Brien's old-fashioned canvas canteen.

"I regret," Hilario said in Spanish, "that I am completely without the ammunition at last. I put the one bullet that remained to me into the belly of that one who swore so many big oaths. I do not think I destroyed him, at such a range, but he will not blaspheme any more today. If I seemed slow to fire, it was because you yourself said that we must delay Castro every moment that we can."

"I sweat some big drops waiting for you to fire," O'Brien answered. "But you'd better get out now, Hilario. Castro's found someone who can silence the mines, and he must know by now that we can't hold him."

"I do not think I will," Hilario Aguilar said calmly. "There are small stones that I can throw, and I shall stay and fight with the weapons of David." He looked sideways at the woman then, and gave O'Brien a broken-toothed smile. "The lady looks very unhappy," Hilario said. "She is also marvelously dirty."

"The lady also understands your remarks," Natalie Thorne said in excellent Spanish. "She is dirty because she has no choice, and she is unhappy because an unkind fate has thrown her into the company of a man who is obviously mad. It is not a part of true valor to expose oneself needlessly to the fire of the enemy."

There was as much of grim humor as there was of anger in her voice when she spoke to Hilario, but the woman's tone was contemptuous as she turned to O'Brien. "Well, hero, what now?"

A half smile twitched at the tall man's cracked lips as he fumbled with the buttons of his torn shirt, stripped it from shoulders that were thick with muscle, and the color of saddle leather in the sun.

"I think maybe I am crazy, at that," O'Brien said to Hilario Aguilar. "Crazy enough to do something Miss Astorbilt suggested a while ago. Hand me that stick beside you, old one."

"This stick? You are perhaps going to hit the soldiers of Castro with the stick, while I slay them with small stones?"

"I'm going to run up a cozy little flag of truce," O'Brien said, and the taut smile on his lips was secretive now, like that of a man who tells only part of a joke. "I'm going to give Castro a chance to take his wounded away."

"Castro!" Hilario made the name an epithet, and spat upon the ground. "He would not care if those were his own brothers lying there, since wounded men cannot fight and they also require care. Please do not do this foolish thing."

"I've made up my mind," O'Brien said. "It may at least gain us a little more time. The stick, Uncle Hilario."

The old man sighed, and closed thick brown fingers about a jagged-edged, three-foot length of scantling that lay beside him. He tossed the splintered wood as though it were hot, and watched with a brooding look in his eyes as O'Brien knotted the ribbons of a shirt sleeve above the stick and thrust it over the rim of the sandbag parapet. The fluttering rags blew almost straight out in the wind.

A half dozen rifles spoke as O'Brien pulled himself to his feet. Bullets that fell short kicked up tiny plumes of dust in front of the sandbags, and one shot whined close to his head. There was silence after the small volley, and no movement anywhere among the buildings; even the wounded were momentarily quiet as O'Brien's filthy shirt flapped in the wind, and it was as though time stood still in the heat of the noon.

O'Brien had been aware enough of danger when he'd exposed himself to enemy fire a few minutes before, but that act had been one of calculated risk, and he'd thought that the mined buildings were secure, at least for the time being, against the advances of Castro's men. Hilario or Manny Gomez would have manned the machine gun if he himself had fallen, and the weapon would have continued to pose a threat to Castro's followers, who had no way of knowing that the barrel of the gun had burned out when their large-scale attack had been repelled in the early hours of the morning. Now, standing over the useless weapon with the stick in his hands, O'Brien knew a sharper sense of peril, and the imminence of defeat and death was like a bad taste in his mouth. He was surprised and angered, as fear and regret drove the weariness out of his mind, to find himself thinking about Natalie Thorne.

You're a fool, and always will be, O'Brien told himself wrathfully, *and a pretty face can turn you into an imbecile, even when you're as good as dead. She belongs to a class that you've always despised, and what do you care if she thinks you're just a vainglorious ape who fights for hire? She wouldn't understand the reasons and motives that brought you here, and it's no good telling yourself her obstinacy is a sign of character, instead of stupidity, or that a man could make her into something different from what she is.*

O'Brien told himself these things with his eyes on the palace, and as he stared through the glare a man came briskly out of one of the cool and cavernlike doors. Sunlight gleamed on polished black boots and glinted minutely on brass insignia pinned to an officer's tunic, and O'Brien saw that the man carried a stick to which a square of clean white cloth had been attached. The man's other hand was empty, lifted above his head to show that it held no weapon. He marched almost to the center of the plaza and halted.

O'Brien looked at Natalie Thorne, forcing a smile. "Willie evidently isn't coming any farther than that," he said, "and it's up to me to meet him halfway. I suppose I should have an exit line, shouldn't I?"

"If you want to remain in character," the woman said, but there was fear and anxiety in her gray eyes. "Something casually melodramatic, Mr. O'Brien. The proper soldier-of-fortune touch."

"I can't think of anything to say," O'Brien answered. "Except that you're the best-looking beat-up, insect-bitten woman I've ever seen."

"Don't do this thing, please," Hilario Aguilar said. "I have lived my life. Let me go in your place."

O'Brien spoke to Hilario over his shoulder, avoiding the old man's eyes. "Nurse the machine gun until I come back," he said. "Improve your time by telling the lady how to find the trail that leads to the island where Doctor Ortega is. And try to convince her that she must go."

He had difficulty in surmounting the sandbags with the stick in his hands, but he somehow cleared the barrier in a clumsy, floundering vault, and his feet clumped down hard in the dusty square. He forced himself not to look at the wounded, and tried not to hear them, as he walked toward the man who waited. The heat of the plaza ate through the soles of his boots, and sweat felt like damp paste on his naked chest.

The officer was a thickset man, with a cruel and arrogant face that might have been cast in bronze, and his jet-black eyes were sharp with wariness under the visor of his rakishly tilted cap. The holster on his hip was empty, but O'Brien saw the bulge that a pistol made, tucked into an armpit that had spread a black half-moon of sweat across the tight cloth of his tunic. O'Brien moved to within six paces of Castro's representative, halted so close to the man that he could smell him, and sniffed, without appreciation, an odor compounded of sweat and alcohol and cheap perfume.

The man cleared his throat noisily, and spoke in stilted but almost flawless English. "To you, General Castro offers no terms except surrender. Unconditional surrender."

"How very liberal of General Castro," O'Brien said. "But there isn't going to be any surrender, captain. I interrupted my siesta to give you a chance to remove your wounded. You've got my word that we'll hold our fire while you take them away."

The captain showed yellowed teeth in a mirthless smile. "It is touching," he said, "your solicitude for our wounded. But you must know that to care for them properly, we must have water. We have none, except what is carried from a spring nearly five miles behind our lines. This is made necessary because the rabble of Ortega have put much poison into the reservoir that supplies this town." The smile widened into a wolfish grin. "At least, this is what we tell our brave fellows."

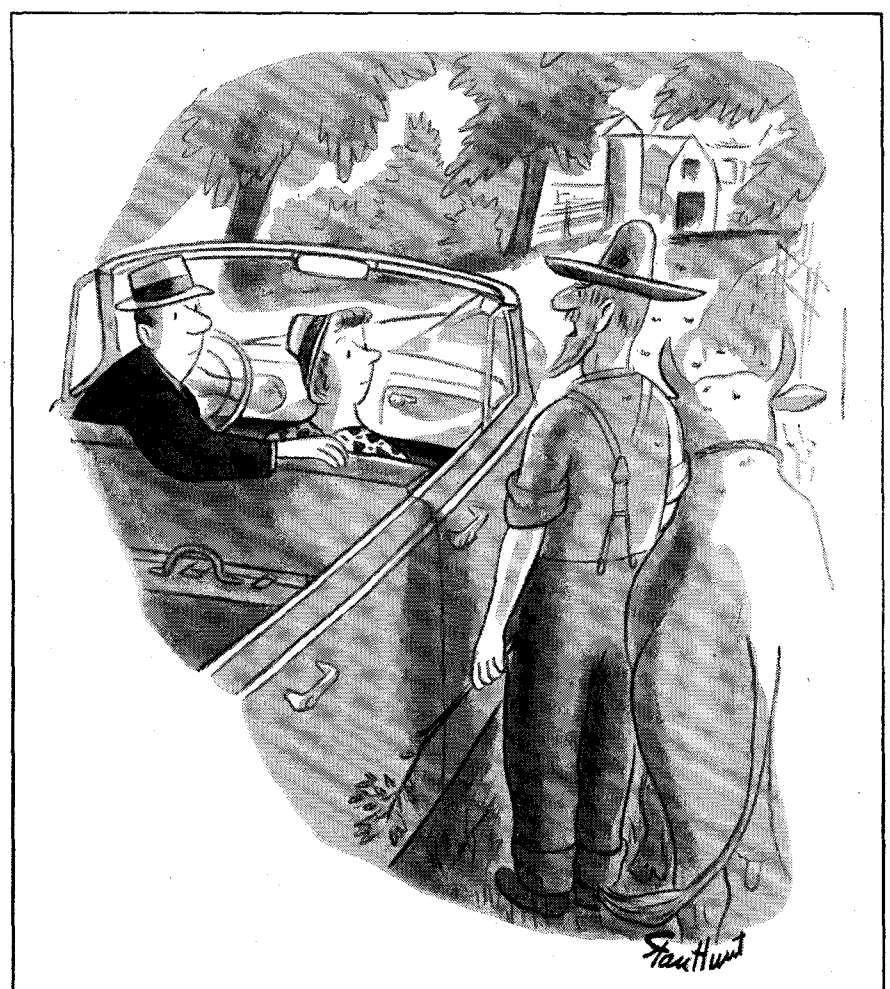
O'Brien, by a great effort, succeeded in concealing his hatred for the captain. "It's reasonable that you should tell your men such falsehoods, I suppose," he said. "You've got to make 'em hate us someway. And as long as Castro's got rum to feed them, what would they do with water? Still and all, judging from the performances I've seen, I wouldn't think that the army of General Castro, so-called, had stomach enough for strong drink."

"You must know that General Castro has taken this town with raw recruits," the officer retorted. "Without artillery, without even the use of his machine guns, he has taken this provincial capital."

"Correction," O'Brien said softly. "He hasn't taken it yet."

The captain shrugged. "It is a matter of minutes now," he said. "Reinforcements have arrived, veteran jungle fighters from San Carlos Province. Also, there will soon be ammunition that fits the machine guns and the cannon. There has been much confusion, and sabotage by traitors. But now, as the saying goes, we have the situation in hand."

O'Brien squatted down on his heels, like a man about to engage in a prolonged and amiable conversation. "In this country," he said, "the art of war is composed mainly of confusion. Do you know that when we took this town the first time—to get the artillery that was here—we found that none of (*Continued on Page 58*)



"Maybe I know the way to Watrusville and maybe I don't. You people Republicans or Democrats?"

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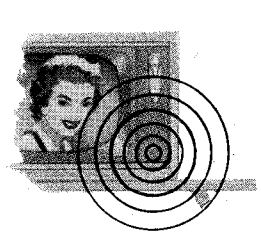

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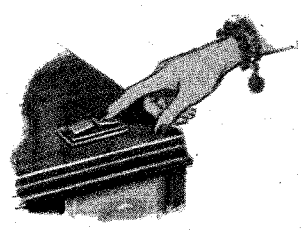

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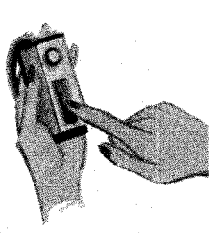

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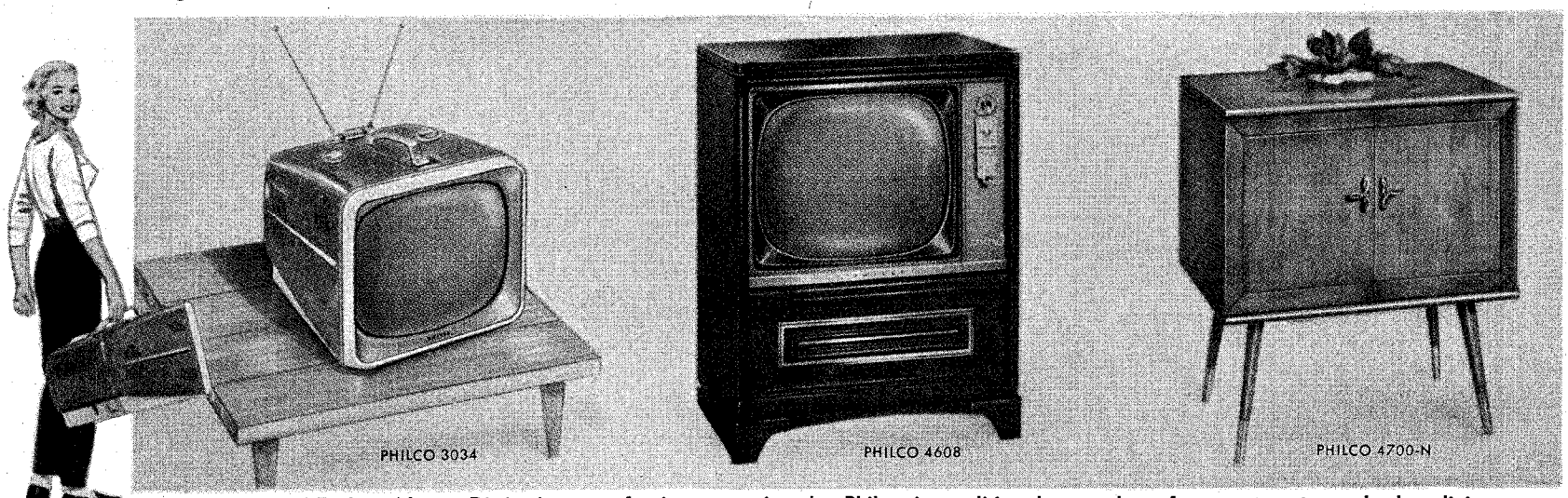

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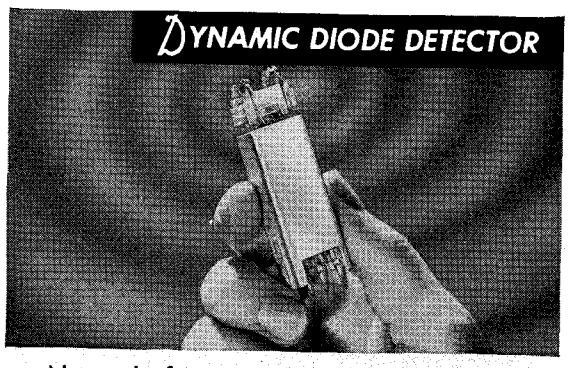

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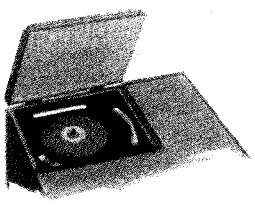

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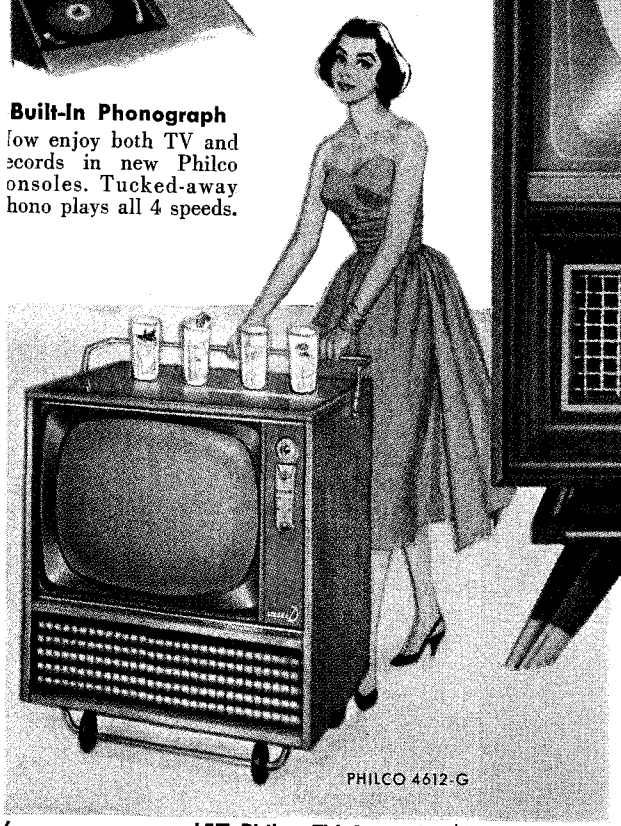

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(*Continued from Page 55*) the shells we captured fitted the guns? Shall I tell you what Doctor Ortega did about that?"

"I have no interest in anything that Ortega did," the captain answered.

"Ortega had the shells opened," O'Brien went on calmly, "and their contents formed part of the mines that blew up so many of your men yesterday. Do you think Castro can ever defeat a man as resourceful as Doctor Ortega?"

The captain wiped sweat from his dark face with the back of his free hand, and heaved out a contemptuous grunt. "All the world knows that Doctor Ortega has been defeated," he said. "It was so declared on the radio last night."

"By this time," O'Brien said, and hoped fervently that he was telling the truth, "Ortega has the ammunition he needs. When he comes back again, as he will soon, he will take this town and General Castro, and then nothing stands between him and the capitol. Meanwhile, we hold one end of the town. You have tried three times to take it, and you have failed. My offer of a chance to remove your wounded still stands."

"My ultimatum of the unconditional surrender stands also," the captain said. A cloud of dust rose as the captain stepped back, and the eyes were narrowed to slits in an impassive face. His voice, when he spoke again, was harsh. "Now listen to me, *gringo*, if you wish to stay alive."

"I'm all ears," O'Brien said.

"All those who follow Ortega are traitors," the captain said, "and they deserve to die. But I happen to know that General Castro is disposed to be lenient. The lives of the others who are with you will be spared, if they surrender at once. As for yourself, you are a foreigner, and ordinarily you would surely die. But I will make you a proposal. It is a matter of indifference to me whether one *gringo* mercenary escapes or not. So, go back and tell the others they live, provided they lay down their arms at once and come into the plaza with their hands in the air. I will give you five minutes in which to tell them this, ostensibly. You can use most of the five minutes in gaining a head start towards the swamps. It is either this or death, for you."

O'Brien was about to answer when the officer made an involuntary exclamation of surprise. His startled eyes went past the American, staring at the plaza behind him. O'Brien, relieved of the captain's scrutiny, cast a quick look over his own shoulder. What he saw turned him cold with fear and helpless anger.

Natalie Thorne was in the plaza. O'Brien saw that she had a wounded man's head propped against one of her thighs, and that she was holding the canteen to his lips. She was a considerable distance away from O'Brien.

O'Brien forced his eyes back to the captain's face, hoping the man was not aware that he had looked behind him. The officer's features were carefully blank when his dark gaze returned, and O'Brien knew that he was also pretending he had not seen the woman.

"I find your generous offer very tempting," O'Brien said, fighting to keep his voice under control. "I think I could consider it seriously, if I had a cigarette. I left mine by my gun."

The captain's free hand was inside his tunic now, making an elaborate pretense of scratching his chest as his fingers groped for the pistol.

"You insolent dog," the man rasped, "I bring you an ultimatum, not cigarettes. General Castro told me to parley with you for one minute, and no longer. Do you think our honor binds us not to fire upon a truce flag in the hands of a brigand?"

"There are certain amenities that are observed even in dealing with brigands," O'Brien said, still playing for time. "A condemned man is usually given a cigarette before he is executed. I would expect at least that much courtesy from an officer and gentleman."

The captain's yellowed teeth were bared in a snarl, but he removed his hand from the tunic, plucked a limp paper package of cigarettes from a pocket of the garment and tossed it into the dust at O'Brien's feet.

"Smoke, then!" the man spat contemptuously. "If you need a cigarette badly enough to beg one from an enemy!"

O'Brien twisted dry lips into a smile that he hoped would seem obsequious to the officer, and reached for the cigarettes. The captain's eyes were scornful, and he was disarmed enough by O'Brien's gesture so that he was slow in drawing the gun. O'Brien, even as his fingers closed about the cigarettes, threw the stick in the other hand as a man might throw a javelin, and hurled it with all his strength. He heard the wood splinter against the bones of the swarthy face in front of him, and, rising with the motion of his throw, drove his fist deep into the flabby bulge of the captain's stomach.

The perfumed officer made a sound that was half a sob and half a whistling scream, and doubled over. The pistol, a black automatic, shimmered in the sunlight, then plopped into the dust as O'Brien raised the fist that was clenched about the cigarettes, and brought it sledging down on the back of the man's head. The officer fell upon a bloodied face. O'Brien kicked the weapon out of reach. As he turned to run, he heard the delayed thunder of Castro's rifles.

He did not feel the bullet that plowed a shallow furrow along his right forearm or the one that grazed a leg. He ran towards Natalie as he had never run before, with his heart pounding and his ears filled with a drumming roar. O'Brien knew, from the number of dust clouds rising about the woman, that most of Castro's men were shooting at her, instead of at him, and he knew that he owed his life to the fact.

A wave of dizziness rolled over him as he ran through a resounding darkness in which he momentarily lost sight of her face. When he saw Natalie Thorne again, as his head cleared, she was in Hilario Aguilar's arms, and the old man was half carrying, half dragging her, towards the sandbags. O'Brien spent the last ounce of his strength helping Hilario lift her over the barricade. He could not have climbed the sandbags himself without aid. Although twice O'Brien's age and little more than half his size, Hilario caught him by the seat of his dungarees and somehow heaved him over the parapet.

The tall man sprawled on his face and lay momentarily half stunned by the hard earth. He smelled Natalie Thorne's perfume before his vision had cleared, and the woman's face was close to his own when O'Brien rolled over and sat up. He saw that there were tears running on her grimy cheeks, and she fought back a sob when she spoke. "I didn't think they'd fire! I thought it was safe to go out there—and I might have got you killed!"

O'Brien opened his mouth to answer her, but managed only a gasp; his lungs felt as though they were being slowly crushed, and his throat seemed to be clogged with hot sand. He leaned giddily against Natalie Thorne's shoulder, looked beyond it, watched two tall, moving shadows slow to a standstill and blend with the foreshortened patch of shade that Hilario's crouching body cast upon the ground. The powerful body of Manny Gomez was the hard substance that made one shadow, and the wiry figure beside Manny belonged to an Indian named Sixto Rojas, whom O'Brien knew to be a member of Doctor Ortega's personal guard. O'Brien was immensely gratified to see that Manny was holding an automatic rifle, and he took pleasure also in the sight of a brandy flask in Rojas' brown hand.

"So, we have come, Señor Obregon," the Indian said quietly. "At least I have arrived with one of the guns that fires many bullets, and this brandy. The doctor and the others, with ammunition enough, are close behind."

Natalie Thorne took the brandy from Sixto Rojas' hand, and O'Brien's teeth clattered against the neck of the flask as she lifted it shakily to his lips. The long drink he gulped cut through the thickness in his throat and spread its warmth quickly to a stomach that was still twisted into a cold, tight knot.

"You're a darned-fool woman," he said to Natalie Thorne, when he could finally speak. "Crying because you think you almost got me plugged! Don't you understand that if most of Castro's boys hadn't been shooting at you, they couldn't have all missed killing me at that range?"

The stuttering bark of the automatic rifle drowned out her answer, and he heard Manny Gomez raise a jubilant shout as the echoes of the weapon died away. O'Brien took another drink, and, looking at Natalie, saw that she was regarding him with a puzzled frown.

"The Indian called you 'Obregon'!" she exclaimed. "But you told me yourself, this morning, that your name is O'Brien. Obregon's the name of that creature who's dictator of this country."

"It's also what Latin Americans can make of a name like O'Brien, if given time," the tall man said. "You see," he went on, "once there were two wild-geese Irishmen—Pat and Dennis O'Brien, who came to Central America from Dublin in the sixties, and established a business here.

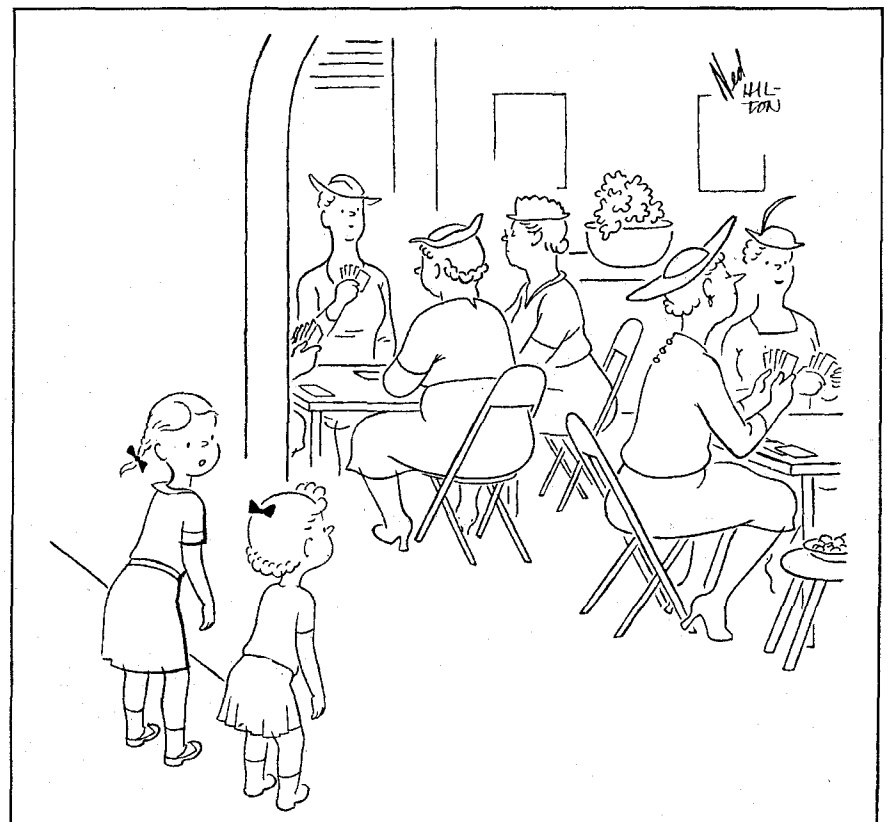
"One of them moved to New Orleans later, set up an American branch of the business, and founded an American line of the family. I happen to belong to it, although there's been frequent intermarriage between the two branches of the family, and my own grandmother was Doctor Ortega's sister. And who's got a better right than I have to cut Dictator Rodrigo Obregon down to size—considering the fact that he's also my third cousin?"

He was surprised to hear Natalie Thorne laughing, although the tears had not yet dried on her cheeks. "And I thought you were a mercenary!" she said. "Well, it may interest you to know that I might have possibly married another cousin of Obregon's. A José Ruiz. I met him in London last year when I was doing a play, and he talked me into coming down here to make a picture. I arrived to find that he'd run away the night the shooting war started. I appropriated a jeep he'd left on his ranch, headed for the border, and got mired in that swamp. A charming specimen, this José Ruiz."

"Pal José's a cousin of mine, too," O'Brien said. "A playing cousin. A *caballero* fond of the ladies, of dancing and light wines, but not fond of other forms of exertion. If you're inclined towards marrying someone with O'Brien blood, why not the only genuine article that's left? Then maybe I wouldn't be the last O'Brien, after all."

He heard the dreaded sound of the bugle again at that moment, but the discordant notes were half smothered by the yelling of Doctor Ortega's jungle fighters as they fanned out around the town. The smile that Natalie Thorne gave him almost made him forget the dislike that he felt for Castro's unseen musician. After all, O'Brien told himself, any sort of trumpet at all was still an instrument that remotely linked the age of chivalry to the brutal realities of modern war. Warmed mightily by the nearness of Natalie, and slightly by Sixto Rojas' brandy, O'Brien decided that Castro's butcher of music was not to be entirely despised. The bugler, he thought, was undoubtedly doing the best he could, considering the fact that he was sounding the retreat while running—and probably even faster than O'Brien had run a few minutes before.

THE END



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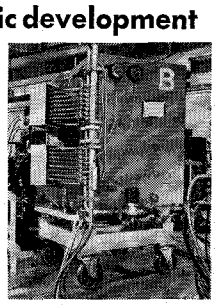

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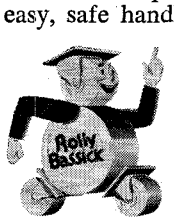

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Why Israel Will Survive

(Continued from Page 39)

Then, too, the war with the Arabs was only eight years ago, and it is remembered as though it had been yesterday. The Israeli Government has never issued so much as a good-conduct medal, but the heroes of the Arab war—Yigal Yadin and Moshe Dayan and Yigal Allon and all the others—have their military decorations in the common talk of their own people.

Heroes, indeed, are a much-favored topic in Israel. In a gathering of half a dozen quite ordinary persons, someone will perhaps remark that Saul Mayerov was the real founder of the Israeli underground, the famous *Haganah.* Another will take up the tale, telling how Mayerov's much-loved son entered the *Haganah* before his beard was grown; how the boy made such a name for bravery that his comrades called him "*Gur,*" which means "the Young Lion"; and how he was untimely killed in battle, when he was only seventeen, in the war of independence. Still another will recall that when victory was won, the father quietly retired to the withdrawn and self-denying life of his collective farm, making no single gesture of grief or pride except to take the sadly proud new Hebrew name of "*Avigur,*" which means "the Father of the Young Lion." And all will be pleased because the prime minister of Israel, David Ben-Gurion, still makes an annual pilgrimage to spend a day with his old friend, the now obscure collective farmer, Saul Avigur.

These recitals from the past have the special immediacy, the rich human quality which are the stuff of legends. Even today, moreover, Israel is still beleaguered by all her Arab neighbors, and so the market for heroism, as you might say, continues pretty buoyant. Yet there is another, deeper reason, too, I am sure, for this marked Israeli consciousness of heroes. The clue to it lies, I think, in something the famous art critic and historian, Bernhard Berenson, said to me a good many years ago.

The great old man—he was already past eighty and looked as exquisitely fragile as the finest Sung palace ware—had come back to see Paris again after the last war. The time was spring. Under the bright June sun, the city was all one silvery-golden glory. Stirred as one is always stirred by this marvelous spectacle of Paris in springtime, I asked what special quality made Paris so infinitely more beautiful than any other great city of the West.

Crisply, as though he had solved the problem long before and filed the solution for future reference, Berenson replied, "That's easy enough. Paris is so much more beautiful because Paris is the only great city that is still on a human scale."

The point is, of course, that Berenson's wonderfully perceptive remark about urban design also applies, in a somewhat different way, to the design of human societies. Nations that are on our vast American scale, even nations on the scale of Britain, inevitably tend to become dehumanized. If there are heroes, they are too often designated by the slick public-relations men and the smooth voices on the air. Except in moments of supreme crisis, the individual citizen, the common man of Henry Wallace's depressing phrase, feels no impulse of heroism. In prosperous times, he may well ask why his country is not doing more for him, but he does not ask what more he can do for his country. And this is understandable, for how can any puny individual hope to make a significant personal contribution to the gigantic and impersonal social machine that is modern America?

But Israel is not merely beleaguered; Israel is also poor and very small, with a population of only 1,700,000 and a territory you can traverse from north to south in one day's hard driving. In an extreme degree, Israel has not been dehumanized; and in Israel the individual is not lost in the mass. Indeed, there is the same intimacy, the same closeness of contact, the same true human interest in Israeli life that the life of the old Greek city states must also have had. So individual Israelis feel, more or less strongly and consciously, what their counterparts in Britain and America do not any longer feel. They feel that they themselves, with their own hands and minds and the sweat of their own brows, are helping to build Israel. They feel, too, that they can well be heroes if they have to; and many of them think they will have to, for they are almost too touchily ready to defend this Israel they are building against all threats and perils. And in this way they also remind you of Nehemiah's little band who "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a sword," to rebuild Jerusalem's fallen walls after the Babylonian captivity.

In part, of course, this intense, belligerent Israeli sense of citizenship—if that is the right phrase—is inspired by the cruel Jewish folk memory of suffering and injustice. The Romanov Czars with their pogroms, and Adolf Hitler with his Auschwitz were the real founders of Israel. "We did not do it," you find yourself silently protesting, but as one of the goyim, you cannot quite repress a twinge of guilt when a young Israeli says to you, as one said to me, "I once asked my father why he left comfort in Germany for hardship in Israel. He said he came for reasons that no Jew born in Israel would ever understand, and because he did not want me to understand. But I think I half understand, and I am grateful."

In part, too, all Israelis are inspired by the ancient religion of their race. To be sure, Israel is officially a lay state. To be sure, the ultra-orthodox believers, of Jerusalem's old Jewish quarter, with their flowing beards and plaited side-locks, their long *kaftans* and strange fur hats, and their rage against the modern world that leads them to stone any automobile entering their quarter on the Sabbath, are even more hostile to the state of Israel than Israel's remaining Arab minority. These ultra-orthodox Jews regard Israel as nothing less than an impious abomination, because they hold that it is given to the Messiah alone to gather in His chosen people to their Holy Land. So the members of this odd Jewish minority, like the Arab minority, are actually dispensed from serving in the Israeli army.

But go to see the old, beetle-browed Nehemiah brought up-to-date, David Ben-Gurion. Or catch the sudden, passionate note in the voice of that smooth, agnostic, brilliant, wholly modern man, former Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett, when he cuts off a highly practical discussion of Israel's border problems with the abrupt exclamation, "This is our land! For us alone, it is the mother!" Or listen for a while to Yigal Yadin, today one of the most distinguished Middle Eastern archaeologists while still in his thirties, and eight years ago, when he was hardly out of his twenties, the daring and resourceful general who led the arms of Israel to victory against heavy odds.

Hear Yadin describe how he patterned his strategy in the Arab war on the great Bible battles. Hear him roll on his tongue the old familiar names, Ashkelon and Gath, Moab and Beersheba, Esdraelon and Jericho, until they sound like drumbeats from the depths of the past. Hear him, too, reading from the Bible in his singing Hebrew the terrible antiphony between Joram and Jehu, while Prime Minister Ben-Gurion's genial, intelligent secretary, Edward Kollek, in turn intones the English translation—First poor King Joram's trembling question, "Is it peace?" And then, with the voice taking on a biting edge, the iron answer Jehu gave, "What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?"

When you have heard this, you can no longer doubt the strong grip of Judaism's heady, historic poetry on the hearts and minds of almost all Israelis, even if they be professed unbelievers and mockers of the law of Moses. Yet there is something deeper in this Israeli mystery than religion's inspiration or the lingering sting of remembered suffering. I found what it was, I believe, when I went to visit my friend, Lt. Col. Eliahu Zeira, who commands the most critical sector of the always-disturbed frontier between Israel and Egypt.

This sector that is held by Eli Zeira and his men is in the most barren and desolate part of the desolate desert of the lower Negev. The land itself, all rock and sand, is hostile. The brassy sun above is an open enemy. Even the rationed water tastes foul in the mouth, for the two poor wells are half poisoned by the salts in the desert soil. Here Eli and his soldiers have their permanent post, with no shelter but their foxholes and dugouts and a few worn tents, with no PX or USO to provide comfort or diversion, with no pastimes except manning their positions, carrying on their stern routine of daily training, and endlessly patrolling the frontier by night. Yet Eli's soldiers, far from deploring their hard lot, were always boasting of their outfit being chosen for a post of special honor. As for Eli, the idea of dependents is unknown in the Israeli army, so his pretty, newly married young wife has to stay behind in distant Tel Aviv, but his assignment in the grim lower Negev pleased Eli even better than his men.

He entered the *Haganah* at sixteen; at nineteen he was commanding a company in the war (*Continued on Page 64*)

Growing Daughters

By Maxine W. Kumin

Autumn's onus recommences
As I kneel to take the census.
Hems I find in full retreat
Above the knees they used
to meet.
So, armed with measure,
pins in lap,
An hour I squat to close
the gap.

While late my midnight
needle goes,
My lasses dream of tulle
trousseaus;
And Time, that uninvited
caller,
Whispers, *Even taller!*

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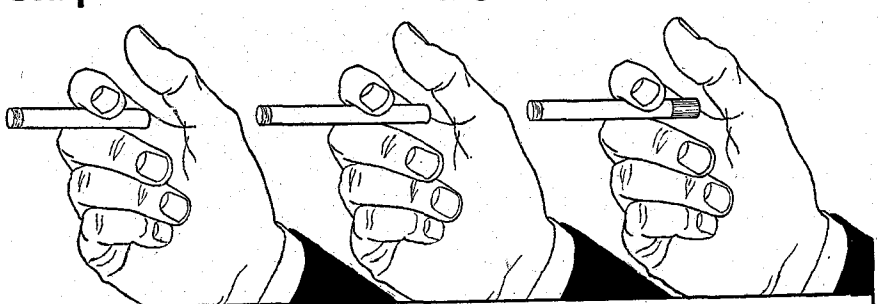
Mildness is a Pleasure

Compare PALL MALL for straight smoking pleasure . . .



with any Regular cigarette for extra mildness . . .	with any King Size cigarette for richer flavor . . .	with any Filter cigarette for greater satisfaction.

● Don't miss the *fun* of smoking. Mildness is something you enjoy . . . it's a *pleasure* with PALL MALL, because PALL MALL's natural filter —greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos— travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.

● So—get more *fun* out of smoking! Enjoy smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer. Buy PALL MALL in the distinguished red package today!

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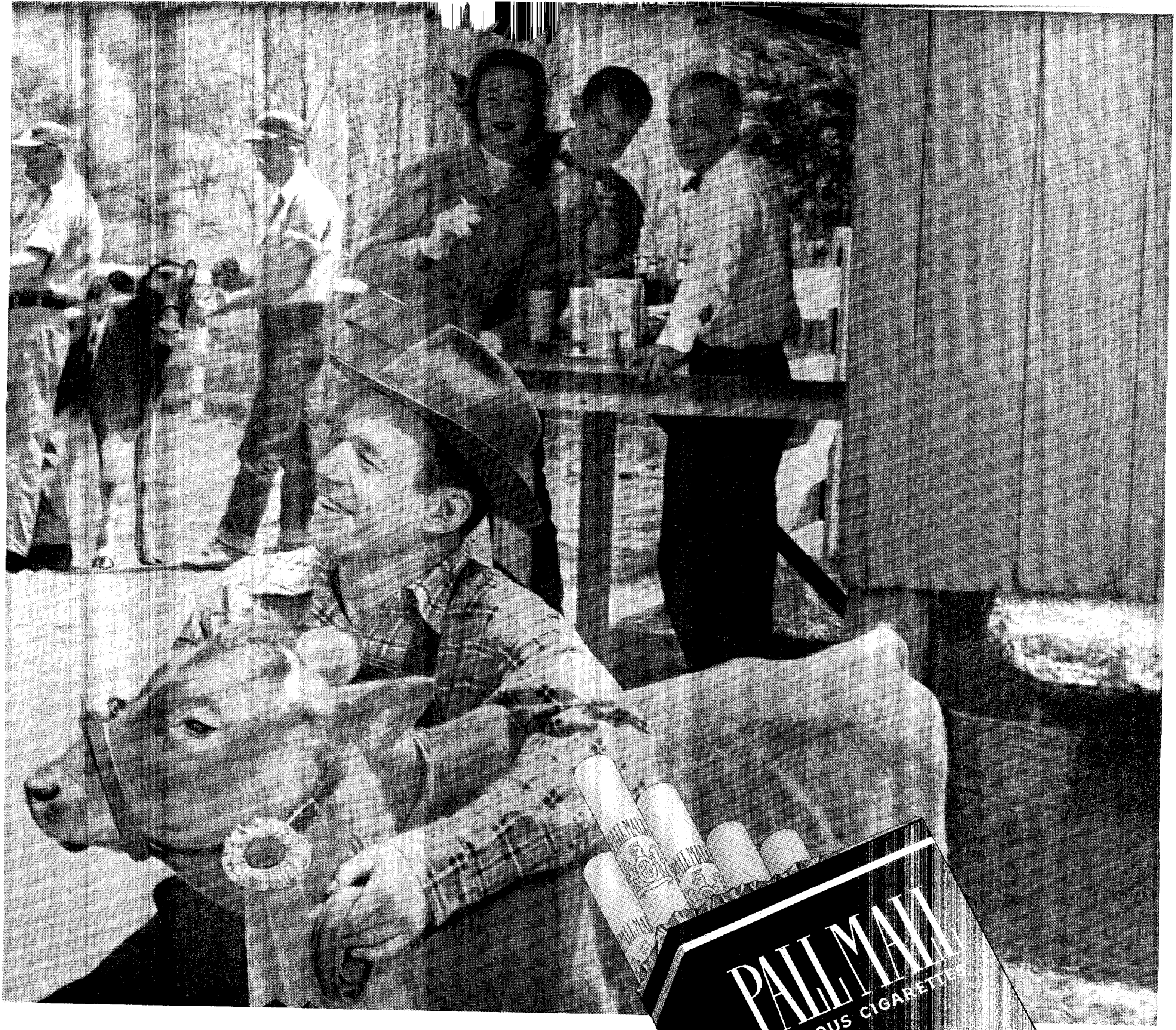

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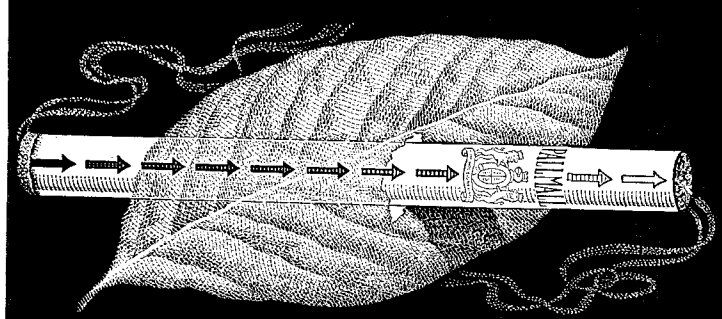

Fine Tobacco Filters Best

Outstanding

...and they are ***mild!***

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

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(*Continued from Page 60*) against the Arabs; and now, at twenty-eight, he is an intensely professional officer. After these sobering doses of danger and responsibility, you might suppose that he would be immune to youthful enthusiasm. But when my visit ended and Eli drove me northward to Beersheba, he was always gesturing with wild enthusiasm toward arid slopes mysteriously covered with ordered rows of low stone piles. These numerous stone-piled slopes of the Negev, he explained, had been good vineyards 1400 years ago. The stone piles were the strange mulch the vanished Negev folk heaped up around their vine stocks, in order to condense the desert's night dews on the thirsty roots beneath.

Once, too, he took the jeep off the road for a long, perilous career through heavy sand dunes, to show me the stony bones of a dead city of the desert. This Subeita, as the place was called, was an outpost of the early Byzantine empire until its people fled from Arab raiders, in the time of the first conquests of Islam. A lizard was the only living thing in this place where several thousand people once had lived, and to me the bones of Subeita seemed a sad monument to the fate that always overtakes the works of men. But to Eli, these empty ruins were solid proof of the bright promise of the future.

"You see, they lived here," he exclaimed. "What these people did, we can do. With much work, with a little water, Israel will make this Negev a good land again."

As we drove onward again through the always-barren desert, I found myself reflecting on the singularity of all the young Israelis like Eli and his men, with their unquenchable hopes for their country, and their cheerful, welcoming acceptance of tasks that young Americans or Englishmen or Frenchmen would try to flee from at all costs. And I reflected also on the singular character of daily life in Israel, which is outwardly drab, conspicuously pleasureless, and strictly limited in all its material rewards. At length, chiefly to tease Eli, I said that Israel seemed to demand very heavy sacrifices of its people and to offer no very rich returns.

Eli considered for a moment, and then answered in a wholly matter-of-fact tone, "All the same, it is quite good to be an Israeli nowadays—at least for one who wants to know why he lives."

There, surely, in that extraordinary, meaning-charged last clause, is the ultimate key of the Israeli mystery. Not only Eli but immense numbers of other Israelis "want to know why they live." They very consciously do know. Therefore they find it "quite good to be Israelis." And they are visibly willing and even eager to make heavy sacrifices and lay down their lives if need be, for this deep sense of living purpose that is Israel in their minds. There, surely, is the central thing—the sense of purpose Israel gives its people.

I do not mean for one moment that Israel does not have its ample ration of shirkers and self-servers, cowards and cheats. Certainly the streets of Tel Aviv, that most middle class of cities, are not gilded with any glow of supernal nobility. Certainly human nature is not automatically transmuted by transplantation to the soil of Palestine. Yet enough Israelis are filled with Israel's sense of purpose, and their influence and example are strong enough among all Israelis; and this, at bottom, is what makes the atmosphere of Israel so very different from more familiar political atmospheres.

If you doubt the difference, you need only inspect some of the more curious results. I think particularly of the Magal *kibbutz*, the "Sickle" collective farm, up on the Jordanian border. Israel's remarkable *kibbutz* movement has been losing ground of late. Nowadays, the rigorously planned collectives are breaking much less new ground than the admirable co-operative farming settlements and the straight private farmers. But the government is still planting *kibbutzim* along the borders, as potential defense posts. Volunteers to form each new *kibbutz* are still forthcoming. And the Magal *kibbutz* is one of these new establishments, originally formed about three years ago.

The site is lovely—an old, silvery-leaved olive grove on a high hill, whence you look across a valley, where there is often sniping on the border road, to a pretty little Jordan Arab village on the hill beyond. But the *kibbutz* buildings under the olive trees look rather like the buildings of the poorer sort of children's summer camp, and the place itself at first suggests an unsuccessful camp which has been abandoned by its counselors, leaving the young campers to shift for themselves.

In a way, the suggestion is not absolutely inaccurate. The Magal *kibbutzniks* were boys and girls together in the Israeli scout movement, and chose the *kibbutz* life together before they were out of high school. Therefore they joined the peculiar military-agricultural branch of the Israeli army, the *Nachal*. The *Nachal* settled them here on the Jordan border and did, in fact, provide them with the equivalent of camp counselors, to teach them the mysteries of farming, until their military service ended. For a year and a half, however, they have been wholly on their own, and they still seem very young and very inexperienced.

Itzi, the sturdy, humorous *kibbutz* secretary and leader, can hardly be twenty-two. Tall, slender Israel, Itzi's second in command, who looks much more like an urban Jewish intellectual than a hard-working farmer, is the *kibbutz's* only married man, and his gentle-eyed wife has just borne the first baby of the *kibbutz*, who is sadly in danger of being spoiled. Avram, whom they call "our general," is brisk enough in his direction of the extensive work of trenching, dug-out building and general fortification of the *kibbutz*, but even Avram is only twenty-three.

Thus early, they have embarked on a life of Spartan sharing of the harshest sort. They eat plainly—most people would say downright badly. They live plainly—only a few of them, as yet, even have rooms to themselves. Some of the girls may put on simple cotton dresses when the day's work is done, but all the rest wear only the plain khaki shirts and shorts that are the uniform of Israeli idealism. In truth the Magal *kibbutzniks* cannot escape from plain living; for Itzi, who rations their pocket money from the *kibbutz's* common fund, allows no one to draw more than about thirty dollars a year for his own use.

"Will it work?" you ask yourself, and at first you wonder. Raffi, who does not look out of his teens, and the ravishingly pretty Gila may make a charming evening scene in the simple sheepfold, feeding the jostling, baaing flock by lamplight. But Raffi hardly seems to be an experienced shepherd, and as for Gila, she has just left her rich family in Tel Aviv because she heard that "Magal was a young *kibbutz* one might like to join." All the same, there are the *kibbutz* fields, well tilled, well irrigated and constantly extending; and there are the well-cared-for tractors and the big combine in the machine shop; and in the big barn there is a fine wheat crop lying in rich golden heaps, waiting to be taken to market.

Will it work? On the barn wall, the same question is posed by a bright fresco of a wedding, now defaced by the words, "Gone over hill!" which are scrawled in Hebrew across the painted figures of the bride and groom. The fresco dates from the big party that was held for the *kibbutz's* very first wedding, even before Israel's. And the angry scrawl dates from the time when the newly married couple joined those who deserted the original Magal group in order to return to ordinary life outside. All the same, seek out Israel, the intellectual, who cannot much enjoy his long hours of back-breaking work in the fields. Ask him whether he means to spend his whole life here and to bring up his children here, far from the books and music and all the other things of the mind he so obviously cares about. And he answers, as though this were a foolish question, "Why not? This is our *kibbutz*."

Then, as you are driving away again down the border road, you ask your driver, who seems to know everyone in Israel, about the background of all these strange young people. "*Yashanim*," he replies with a grin, using the old Talmudic word for the well born, the children of noble rabbis, and explaining that Israel is the son of a supreme-court judge; Raffi, the son of a famous philosophy professor, while almost all the rest come from comfortable or distinguished families. "But will they really stick it out?" you ask again. Will they forever sacrifice the university educations and the professional careers and all the other good things they might all have had? And again the driver grins and shrugs his shoulders and says, "Some may leave, but others will replace them. No *kibbutz* in Israel has ever been dissolved, and here at Magal, a *kibbutz* is needed. You have seen yourself—this is a fortified *kibbutz*."

Once again, I do not mean for one moment to suggest that most Israelis resemble the young people whom I met at Magal. In the highest period of medieval Christianity, only a small minority entered the cloister; and in Israel today, only a very small minority are *kibbutz* volunteers. But the masons and the burghers who built Chartres Cathedral were not without faith because they did not take the vows of poverty; and in Israel today the vast mass of people who practice ordinary farming, or work in Israel's burgeoning industries, or serve in the army or the government, are not altogether lacking in the strong Israeli sense of purpose because they have not chosen the hard *kibbutz* life.

On the contrary, you catch the echo everywhere of this strong sense of purpose, of this Israeli feeling of having a job to do, not just for oneself but for Israel. I remember, for instance, when I was being shown the industrial development sponsored by the *Histadrut*, the Israeli labor federation, just outside Haifa. My guide was another friend of mine, David Hacohen, whom I met years ago when he was Israeli minister to Burma and the most usefully influential single foreigner in that charming, courageous, but sometimes puzzled little country. By turns violent or gay, brave as a lion or cunning as a fox, but always shrewd, kindly and full of the special Jewish gusto on which good Jewish jokes are based, David Hacohen is a remarkable experience in himself. The record suggests that he might have made a very great fortune, but he chose instead to serve the *Histadrut*, building a few thousand pounds from the *Histadrut* treasury into a $100,000,000 industrial empire, that now makes this Socialist labor organization the largest free-enterprising industrial combine in the whole Middle East. What David had to show me was also a remarkable experience; for here on Haifa's northern fringe there was nothing but empty swamp only thirty years ago, and now the reclaimed swamp is a continuous panorama of handsome workers' suburbs and busy, productive factories of every kind.

"Seems snug enough."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Yet what somehow gave its special point to the whole day was a trifling incident in the pipe-extrusion plant. A couple of years ago David had picked up the entire plant at a bargain price in the United States. All the elaborate machinery for this highly technical industrial process had arrived in Haifa in unnumbered, unmarked boxes, and it took a long time to get the complex, clangorous production line into working order. Even now there are occasional difficulties. At one point on the line, where something had gone wrong the day before, a small gang of men were still tidying up under the direction of a slender, long-locked Yemeni foreman. The Yemeni had come out of the ancient ghetto of Sana in that airlift of Arabian Jews who knew so little of the modern world that one party of them built a wood fire in the cabin, in order to roast a leg of mutton for a light in-plane lunch. Yet this Yemeni had taken so easily to the mechanic's trade that he was now one of the best (*Continued on Page 69*)

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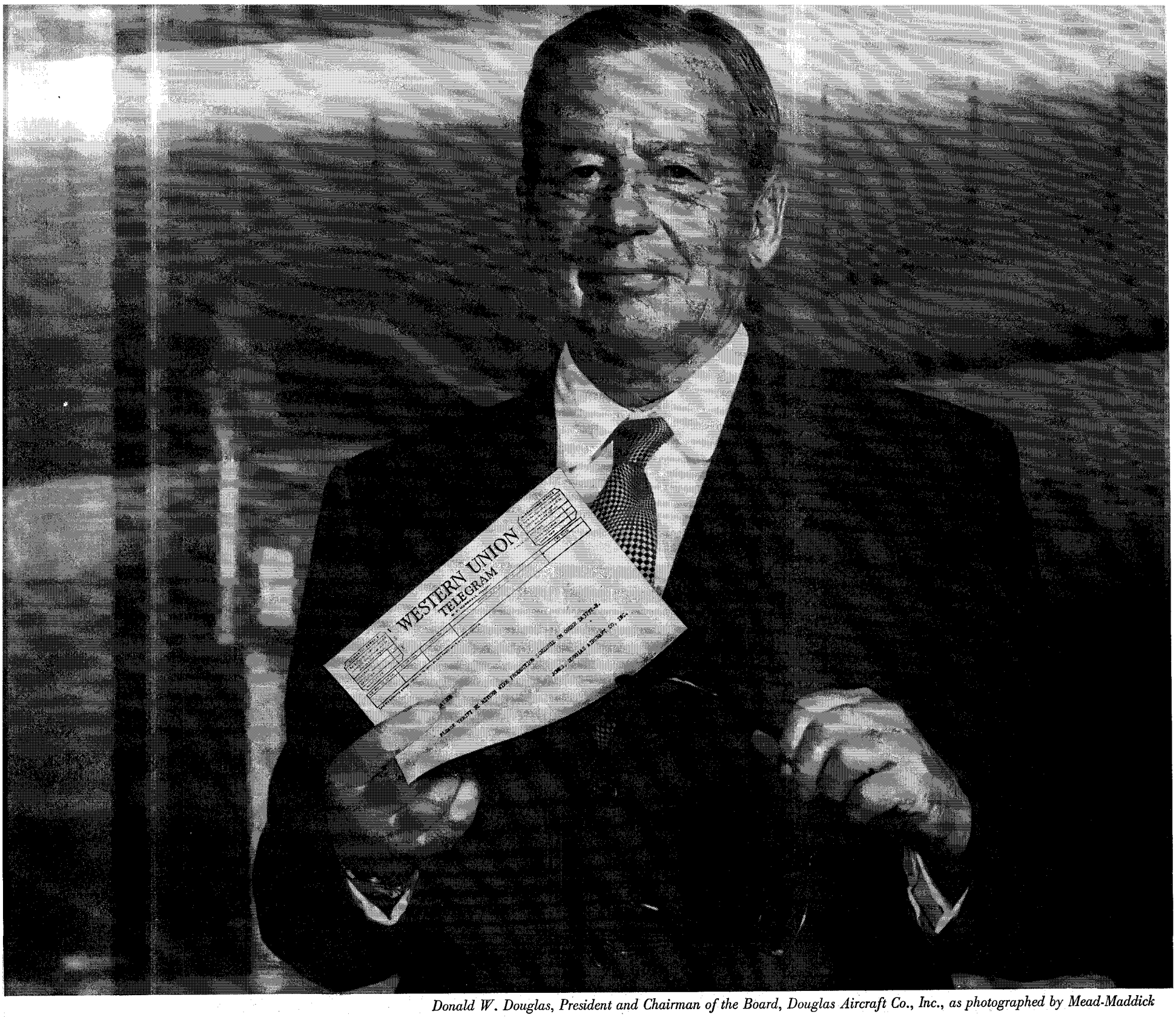

Donald W. Douglas, President and Chairman of the Board, Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc., as photographed by Mead-Maddick

Donald Douglas puts wings on his DC-8 jet transport with telegrams

"The age of commercial jet transport would be delayed years without telegrams," says Mr. Douglas. "In resolving problems of design, engineering, tooling, fabrication and procurement, wires daily save us weeks of precious time. For instance, six giant spar-cap blanks, backbone of the DC-8 wing, were ordered from the nation's largest hydraulic press. Telegrams straightened out a press scheduling error that might well have been disastrous, timewise."

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written word make the telegram essential to American business.

DO YOU KNOW about these other Western Union services? *Operator 25* tells prospective customers where to buy the things they see advertised nationally . . . *Ticket Fax:* duplicates of railroad tickets are flashed from Pullman and reserved seat centers to main and branch station ticket counters in just 8 seconds by facsimile machine.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION . . .

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!

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Experts say it's not only love

that's got this country bustin' out all over

It's also you—and your growing appetite for steel. That's what's behind all the interest in the steel industry's expansion.

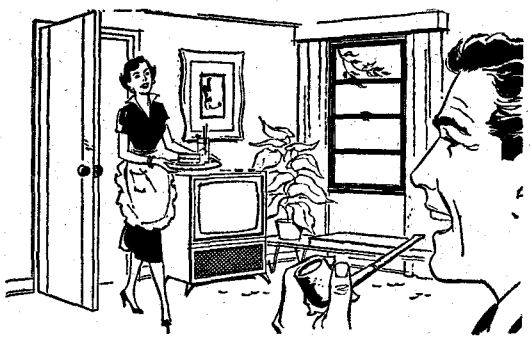
It may be news to you that as an average citizen, you use 1500 pounds of steel a year. By 1966 it is estimated that this per capita figure will be 1600 pounds a year. That's an additional 100 pounds.

How will you take yours? In some not-yet-invented wonder-working garden tool? In some sort of personal transportation for scooting to the store?

But your personal appetite for steel is only part of the problem. Our population is expected to increase by twenty-five million during the next ten years. And if we don't do anything to upset the period of peace WITH prosperity we now enjoy, the next ten years should continue to be the business boom for which we are all grateful.

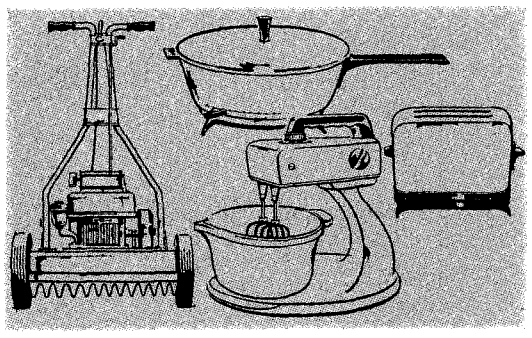
Republic's economists, researchers and engineers are busy *now* trying to figure out how much more steel, of what types, in what forms will be needed *years* from now—and how to get this additional steel for you despite rising costs of construction and operation.

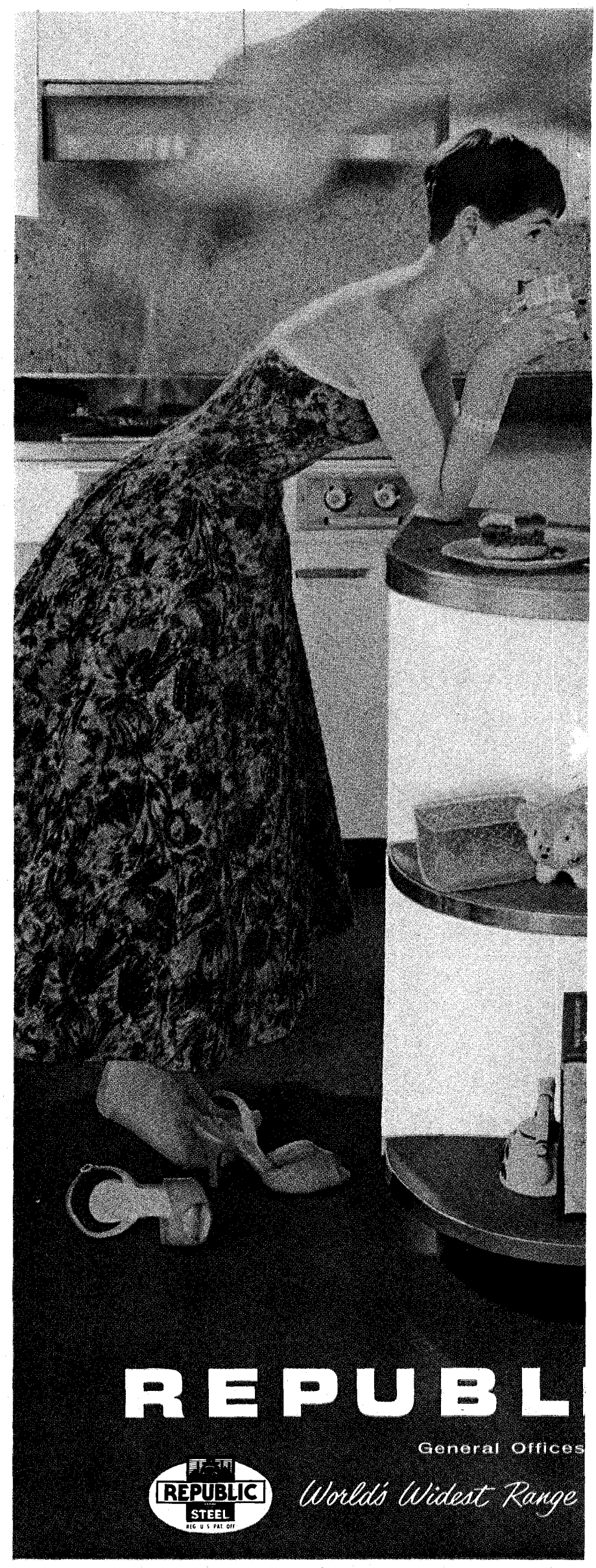
THE FUTURES OF TODAY'S DREAMY-EYED TEEN-AGERS ARE EASY to predict. They'll be the new homemakers. Besides wanting metal windows throughout their homes, these young folk will settle for nothing less modern than matching steel doors made by Republic's Truscon® Steel Division. The doors offer the same advantages as the windows—non-warping, nonsticking, fast to install and—they cost no more! So who wouldn't prefer them?



A REVOLUTION IN THE KITCHEN has been sweeping the country and will certainly continue to spread. The all-steel kitchen has practically become the hallmark of modern house design. What bride wouldn't plan for a Republic Steel Kitchen? Glamorous in Largo Yellow, Prelude Pink, Tempo Turquoise or glistening white; fast to install, which is a big factor in economy; easy as all get-out to clean, and offering a world of modern convenience. The kitchen's only one place in the house where steel is very rapidly taking over.

NEW HOUSES ONLY WHET THE APPETITE for an even larger feast of steel in and around the home. The stirring spoon, for instance, is rapidly being replaced by the electric mixer. A power lawnmower requires twice as much steel as the old push-it-yourself kind. Predictions are that ten years from now a homeowner would no more think of hand shoveling snow than his wife would think of hanging out laundry. Republic is very conscious of this trend around the house because Republic furnishes steel for automatic dishwashers, dryers, coffee-makers, power garden tools and scores of other devices for not-doing-it-yourself.





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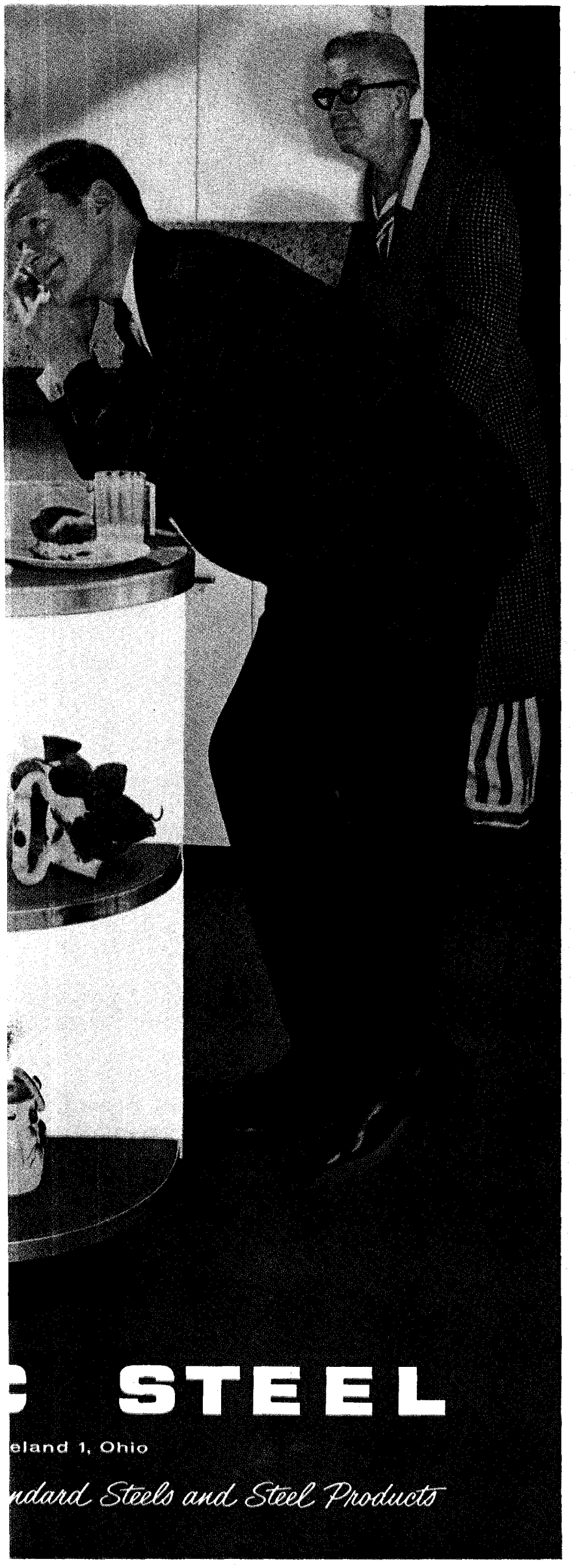
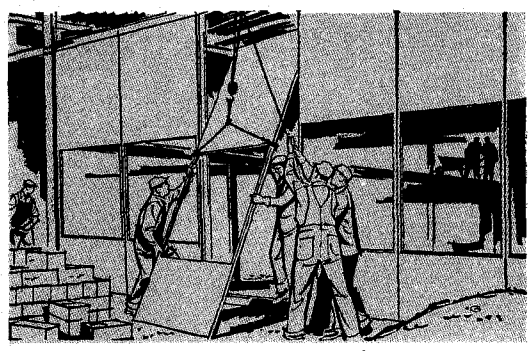
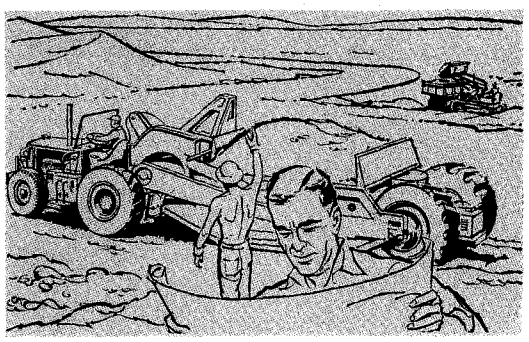


ANY LITTLE BIRD AND BEE CAN TELL YOU, rows of new homes soon face a shortage of hospitals, then schools. But Republic Steel has news for you.

Republic engineers have designed new building products which greatly reduce construction time. And time, don't forget, is the most expensive item in construction. Up to 47 square feet of wall space, for one example, can now be erected in a matter of minutes using Truscon Vision-Vent® Wall Panels. The panel comes complete with insulation and a window, and can be bolted in place by a small crew at great saving of field time. A whole chain of hospitals and literally dozens of schools have already been built with Truscon Vision-Vent Wall Panels. Fast, economical walls of steel are obviously going to be standard construction from now on.

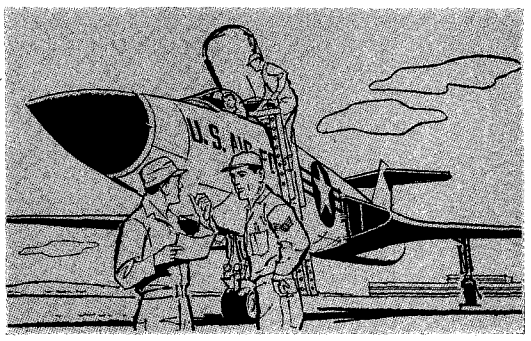


ANOTHER CHARACTERISTIC OF TODAY'S EXPANSION is the need to push earth around. We no longer build a road over a hill. We shove the hill into the valley to make a plateau. The enormous earthmovers that do this require tons of superior alloy steels strong enough and tough enough to handle hundreds of tons of rock and earth as a daily diet. Republic is tops in making these steels. It has more electric furnace capacity needed to produce the fine alloys than any other company.



THE VERY SPEED OF LIFE TODAY is increasing the demand for steel. Faster and ever faster flight, for instance, requires that the skins of airplanes be designed in stainless steel instead of metals which cannot withstand the high temperatures generated by air friction in supersonic flight. Also, the exciting new high-speed trains are being built of stainless because no other commercial metal combines so many qualities including high corrosion resistance and high strength in proportion to weight.

Incidentally, Republic Steel is the largest manufacturer of stainless and alloy steels, the nation's foremost supplier of aircraft quality steels.



THE PARADOX OF THE STEEL INDUSTRY'S OWN EXPANSION is one of the most engrossing aspects of America's expansion today. The steel industry itself needs more steel in order to create more steelmaking capacity. It has to eat more of its own cooking right at a time when every other industry in the country is hungry for it. Just how much more capacity to build is an intricate question. Generally speaking, a steel mill makes steel after it receives an order but the vast plant machinery for making steel must be built years in advance of demand.

Building a steel plant is expensive. To make a job for just one new employee at Republic requires $22,000 worth of equipment. Republic's present expansion program is costing well over $150,000,000.

The program surges forward, building for the future, because Republic Steel has faith in America's future; faith that the coming years will continue to be years of common sense, of prosperity—years of good government, good management, good human relationships. Faith that every American realizes business expansion is necessary to his future well-being and to the strength of our nation.

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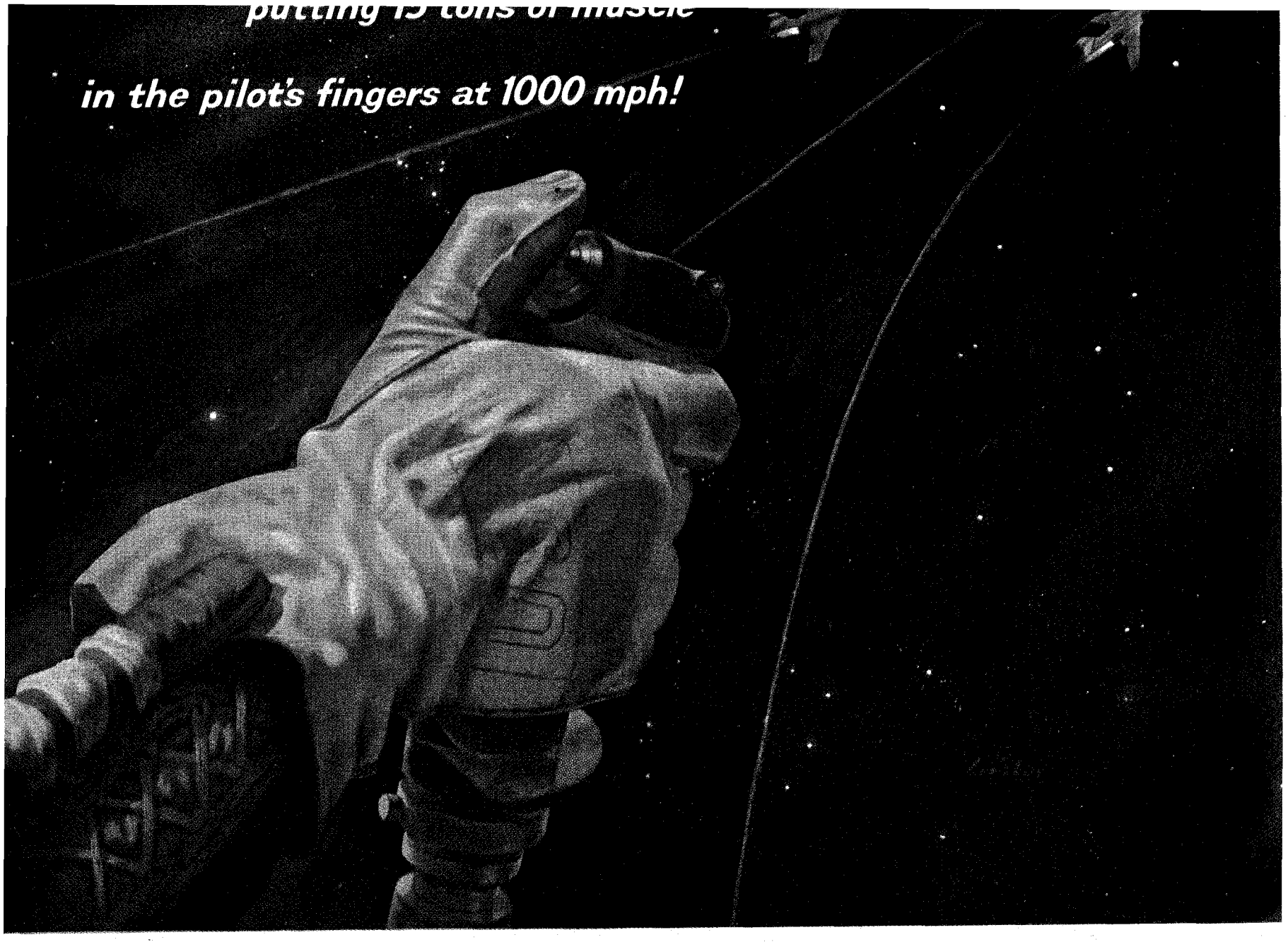

The Borg-Warner touch marks so many of today's exciting advances!

At top supersonic speeds, superhuman strength is needed to guide a jet plane. Its control surfaces are under such tremendous pressure that no pilot could budge them unaided.

So Borg-Warner gives him the extra "muscle" with tiny hydraulic mechanisms of tremendous power. In 5/1000 of a second, they multiply the pilot's ounces of touch into as much as 15 tons of push or pull . . . let him maneuver his plane accurately and safely at every level, every speed.

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The aircraft industry offers special challenge and opportunity. So, too, do the fields of nuclear power, electronics, chemicals. In all of them, Borg-Warner is actively engaged.

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ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION

Borg-Warner

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(*Continued from Page 64*) foremen in the pipe-extrusion plant; and he had worked all night to get the production line started again.

The plant manager thanked him, and he replied with a tired grin: "Oh, well, I got a letter last week from some of my people who are on the land. They were very angry because they were short of pipe for their new irrigation. And if we must have pipe in Israel—why, then we must produce pipe here."

Of such incidents as these I could recount a dozen more, mostly concerning the accidentally encountered hitchhikers that every privileged possessor of motor transport picks up in Israel. There was the old Jew from Kurdistan, a peddler by trade. All the way to Hadera among the citrus groves, he artlessly recounted the defeats and victories and final modest, solid success of his co-operative-farming settlement. Or there was the tall young paratrooper, strictly orthodox, but not an ultra, who looked so odd in his never-shaven silky beard. His parents ended in the Auschwitz gas ovens; he came out of Poland so full of enthusiasm for agriculture in the Negev that his story of growing desert crops lasted until we reached Jerusalem, and almost made me believe Eli might be right after all.

But there is no need to multiply such tales as these. Look at the young green forests climbing the steep slopes of Palestine's once-barren hills. Look at the old terraces, built by the Phoenicians, thrown down before the Romans came, and now rebuilt and fruitfully replanted. Go to Petah Tikva, see the broad fields and richly bearing orchards, and remember that here, in the beginning, many scores of Jewish pioneers died of the black malaria before the immemorial swamps were drained and the new fields bore their crops. Go also to see the new industry of Haifa and Tel Aviv, Jaffa, and Beersheba in the desert, and remember that Tel Aviv was a mere fishing village only four decades ago. Above all, remember the great dangers, the unremitting enmity, the many and powerful hostile forces that these Israelis had to overcome in order to gain and to transform this land of theirs. If you have seen all these things, and if you know what went before, you need no further proof. It is plainer than a dozen pikestaffs that all the millions of the European Rothschilds and of American Jewry, and all the Balfour declarations and MacDonald letters and U.N. maneuvers of President Truman, would have gone for nothing whatever, would have produced no serious result of any kind, if it were not for the deep sense of living purpose that informs the Israeli people.

"But can this sense of living purpose last forever?" you also ask yourself. If Israel ever attains real peace with her neighbors, if the great task of building Israel is ever finished, what, then, will happen to Israel's special atmosphere? These are troubling questions, and they trouble leading Israelis as much as they troubled me. Indeed it is fair to say that an actual majority of leading Israelis are not really very greatly distressed because Israel is now beleaguered. The ever-present danger of attack is usefully welding into a single nation all the varied tribes of the ingathering. It is making true Israelis of the Kurds and Iraqis, Moroccans and Cochinese from India and Eastern European refugees and all the rest of the assorted immigrants who have doubled Israel's population in the last eight years. To the Israeli leaders, therefore, the danger in which Israel always lives is by no means all bad; and I have no doubt that a good many of them will positively dislike that duller, more complacent, more comfortable Israel that may result if a true peace is made at last. But whatever may happen in the future, the Israeli sense of purpose is very strong and deep today. And as I fear the reader may have guessed too well by now, I was more than a little moved by this purposeful Israeli atmosphere, this prevalence of heroism in Israel which I have been trying to describe.

Yet I hope and think I was not moved so far that I have altogether lost such powers of independent judgment as I may still possess. I came into Israel straight from those cities of the living dead, those standing reproaches to Israel and Israel's friends, that are the Arab refugee camps. I lost friends in Israel because I could not accept the voluble Israeli arguments that the expulsion of the humble Arab peasantry of Palestine was somehow justified by the follies and ambitions of the Arab leaders, and I have not changed my mind about this. Perhaps it is the price the Israelis pay for their own purposefulness, for their own intense preoccupation with building their own country. But the fact remains that even the most idealistic and sensitive men in Israel are singularly callous to the fate of those who once occupied their land. Here again, one thinks of the old Greek city states, with their perfect carelessness of those beyond their narrow borders. Ancient Athens was truly represented, both by the high nobility of Pericles' last speech, and by the remorseless *Realpolitik* of the Melian debate; and although Israel is certainly no Athens, there is something of the same mingling in Israel.

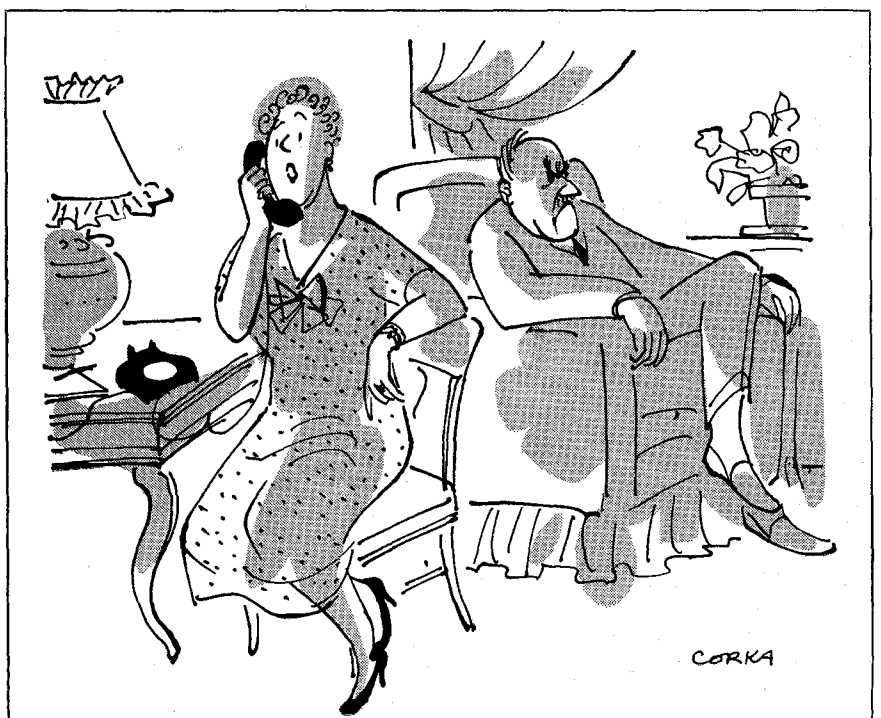
To be sure, our own forefathers were not exactly tender toward the former occupiers of our own American land. To be sure, the Americans who tricked and drove out and killed the Indians did not have the excuse of such memories as the Israelis have, of the Russian Cossacks with their whips and the German SS men with their sealed railroad cars marked with the Star of David. But the injustice to the Palestinian Arabs is not washed away because this more recent injustice only compounded another, more-long-standing injustice to the Jews of the Diaspora. Of this aspect of Israel, in truth, one can only say that here again the rule is proved, that although human affairs can often show evil unmixed with good, it is hardly within man's power to achieve good that is unmixed with evil.

Of Israel as a problem, I have not written, and although Israel is a very serious problem for the Western policy makers, I have only three short sentences to add to the debate. First, these Israelis are not the sort of people it pays to betray, if indeed betrayal is ever a paying proposition. Second, if it was not excusable to compound the first injustice to the Jews with a second injustice to the Arabs, then it will not be excusable, either, to try to compound this second injustice with still a third injustice to all the hundreds of thousands of men and women like the old Kurdish farmer and the paratrooper and Eli Zeira who have now made their lives in Israel and pinned their hopes on Israel. And third, let the errors of the past always be remembered in present policy making, but let no one try to repair those errors by the simple and idiotic act of turning them inside out.

Of Israel as an example, I should also like to write. For in our rich and powerful and comfortable America, who among us thinks, as Eli Zeira thinks, about "why we live"? Is the grand object of our lives to replace today's white bathtub with tomorrow's orchid-colored plumbing? Is it in order to rise from one-car-, to two-car-, to three-car-family status, and to have three TV's where there was one before, while our choked roads grow increasingly impassable and our children forget the very appearance of a book? Is it in order, at the end, to be able to pay the undertaker (now so delicately renamed mortician) a respectably enormous price for an airtight, decayproof, satin-quilted, copper-bronze coffin (which has also been renamed a casket to make it sound even more reposefully inviting)? And when it comes to that, have we settled in our own minds what is worth sacrificing and dying for if the need arises?

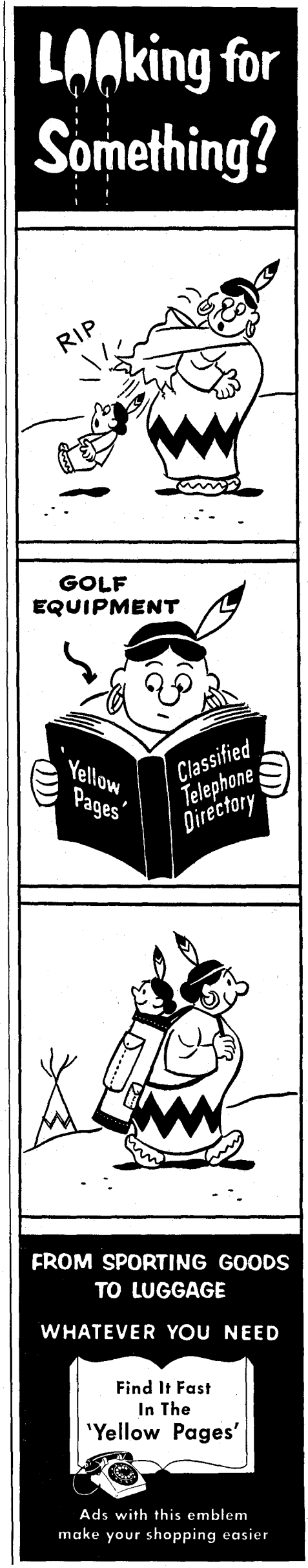
Is not this loss of sense of purpose general in the West? Has it not led President Eisenhower to call repeatedly for a renewal of religious faith? Has it not driven that altogether different man, Jean Paul Sartre, to proclaim that there is no purpose, and that mere existence is an end in itself? Has not this dreary doctrine gained a wide hold among us? And now that we are faced with a world challenge to our freedoms and our future, may not the West perhaps learn a little from Israel's living purposefulness?

But if I seek to answer these crowding questions, I shall be going too far in my violation of Brandegee's rule; and so I will end this essay. THE END



"It's nothing personal against you and George, Edith—it's just that Howard doesn't like anybody."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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What About the Polls This Year?

(Continued from Page 45)

Robinson, grosses another $1,000,000-plus a year, providing studies in industrial and public relations for more than 100 corporations.

"At a wild guess," George Gallup says, "I'd estimate Americans are spending two hundred million dollars a year on polling."

TV and radio stars rise and fall according to their Nielsen, Hooper, Trendex and other poll ratings, obtained by telephone calls to find out how many people are tuned in to which programs. Likes and dislikes uncovered by such outfits as Gallup's Audience Research, Inc., persuade newspaper and magazine publishers to alter their make-up, and cause movie producers and book publishers to change plots, endings and titles. Businessmen lean so heavily on the polls to find out what their customers and employees want that George Gallup can say grandly, "Every major management decision in American business involves some use of these democratic methods."

Now, once again, the pollsters are confidently reporting what the American people think about the candidates and issues of a forthcoming national election.

Yet in probing American opinions on everything from chewing gum to religion, for a total of more than 55,000 questions in twenty years, there remain two questions which George Gallup has never asked: "Do you understand how the polls work?" And: "Do you believe poll results?"

Gallup is convinced that he knows the answer to the first question. "The people don't understand the polls because they don't understand the laws of probability." As for the second, he and other pollsters have reason to believe that most Americans vaguely suspect the polls of being a fascinating hoax.

In the course of a lifetime, you are only a little more likely to be interviewed in a poll than to be struck by lightning. "Columnists say," muses Gallup, "that they have never heard of anybody who has ever heard of anybody who was interviewed in a Gallup poll." Even if his interviewers were to question 10,000 people a week—far more than they do question—it would take them 200 years to get around to every American adult.

In 1939, Huey Long's Louisiana political heirs were enraged by a Gallup poll's indication that their long-invincible machine was going to take a licking in the next election. They took heart when Gallup revealed that his interviewers had questioned only 2500 of Louisiana's 600,000 voters. ONLY ABOUT FOUR PEOPLE IN EVERY THOUSAND! trumpeted the Longsters' propaganda newspaper. "Basing a prediction of an election on what one out of 250 people think is the most preposterous jackassery we ever heard of." But Gallup turned out to be right.

Today, in an ordinary nationwide Gallup poll, only 1000 to 2000 of the 102,000,000 adult Americans are interviewed—fewer than one in 50,000.

"In retrospect," Gallup says, "our failure in 1948 was a good thing for all of us. It knocked the complacency out of us. It made us re-examine our methods and improve them. We've come a long way since then."

Has the science of opinion sampling come so far that Doctor Gallup would venture to state the odds that he will pick the winners of this year's political races correctly? "I certainly would not!" says he. "Those odds aren't calculable. One thing you can be dead sure of in this uncertain world is that someday the polls will be wrong again."

The puzzle of the polls is now complete. How is it possible for 1000 or 2000 people to represent the opinions of 100,000,000? If opinion sampling is truly scientific, why did the pollsters go wrong in 1948? If they have learned to avoid the mistakes they made then, why is Pollster Gallup certain that someday the polls will be wrong again? Just how far should a prudent citizen go in trusting poll figures?

A logical place to begin unraveling the puzzle of the polls is with the great shift from straw vote to opinion sampling in 1936. At that time the Literary Digest Poll was the most influential of some sixty straw-vote polls operating in the United States. Though far off the actual voting figures, it had correctly forecast the election of Hoover in 1928, and of Roosevelt in 1932. In 1936 the Digest mailed out 10,000,000 post-card ballots, tabulated the 2,700,000 which were mailed back, and forecast a 57 per cent popular-vote victory for Landon.

Before the ballots were mailed out, young George Gallup, an advertising man and ex-college professor with a Ph.D. in psychology from the state university of his native Iowa, predicted that the Digest Poll would be wrong. He also forecast within 1 per cent the size of the majority the Digest would show for Landon.

Why did the Digest go wrong? Gallup and Elmo Roper were ready with the answer. In 1932 and earlier years, Americans had tended to vote primarily according to where they lived. As long as each section of the country got plenty of Digest ballots, it had not mattered too much which voters got them. But by 1936 the New Deal had split the nation's voters along income lines. Mailing its ballots chiefly to telephone subscribers and automobile owners, the Digest had largely missed the poorer voters, who were overwhelmingly for Roosevelt.

Gallup anticipated the Digest results by taking his own poll of the "tel-auto" vote. For their own forecasts, he and Roper had been careful to include people on relief and other low-income voters.

The Digest had polled more than a thousand times as many voters as modern pollsters do, but the size of a polling sample is less important than its composition. A successful polling sample must be a true cross section, containing the same percentages of rich and poor, old and young, educated and uneducated, city folk and farmers, men and women, Easterners and Westerners, and all other major groups, as exist in the whole population. Further, the sampling pioneers had learned that poorer people are less likely to fill out mailed ballots than their richer fellows; so successful polling must be done by personal interview.

But in 1948, after profiting by these lessons for twelve increasingly complacent years, the scientific Messrs. Gallup, Roper, and Crossley marched into the same trap that had engulfed the Digest. Like the Digest publishers, they had overlooked a fundamental change in the American political situation.

They had concluded, as Gallup stated publicly in the summer of 1948, that the expensive hoopla of political campaigns is largely wasted effort. In campaign after campaign, said Gallup, he had taken polls at intervals and found that the votes at the end were about the same as voters' intentions at the beginning. Hence, when his survey of mid-October, 1948, showed Dewey with approximately the same substantial lead he had held throughout the campaign, Gallup decided that the election was as good as over, and stopped polling. Roper had taken his last election poll in August.

What the pollsters had overlooked was that in 1948 they were dealing for the first time with an election not dominated by the personality of Franklin D. Roosevelt. By 1936, the pollsters' first national election year, the minds of most voters had been made up for or against Mr. Roosevelt, and were not to be shifted by campaign speeches.

But 1948 was different. Mid-October polls indicated that about one in every seven prospective voters was undecided, nearly twice as many as had been undecided at the same point in the campaign of 1944. The pollsters rashly assumed that on Election Day, as in the past, these wavering citizens would divide in about the same proportions as those who had already decided how to vote.

Instead, while Dewey was coasting toward "certain" victory and Truman was continuing to "pour it on," about three out of four of October's undecided voters were making up their minds in favor of Truman. The last pre-election polls had also pointed to a prospective total of some 5,000,000 votes for the Progressive Party's Henry Wallace and the Dixiecrats' Strom Thurmond. Instead, they got only 2,300,000, and it is reasonable to assume that much of their following switched to Truman. Finally, of the 52,000,000 people who had been expected to vote, about 4,000,000 stayed home.

The pollsters' failure to anticipate these possibilities reflected on the soundness of their judgment and information, but not at all on the fundamental soundness of opinion sampling. The point which most of their post-election critics missed is that an election forecast is as different from an ordinary poll report as a weather forecast is from routine readings of temperature, humidity and atmospheric pressure.

The ordinary poll report simply tabulates what people said at the time the poll was taken. An election forecast attempts to predict what they will do on a specific day in the future. Hence, the forecasting pollster must make a number of informed guesses: how the undecided will divide, how many people will stick to their pre-election preferences, and, above all, how many who say they are going to vote will actually do so.

A special committee of the Social Science Research Council concluded in December, 1948, that the pollsters would need better judgment than they had recently displayed, and more and better information about voters. Clearly, campaigns may make a difference; the polling would have to continue right up to election eve. The pollsters would also have to delve deeply into group voting records, habits and intentions. But to begin with, the committee recommended a major technical change in the heart of the polling process—the selection of the sample.

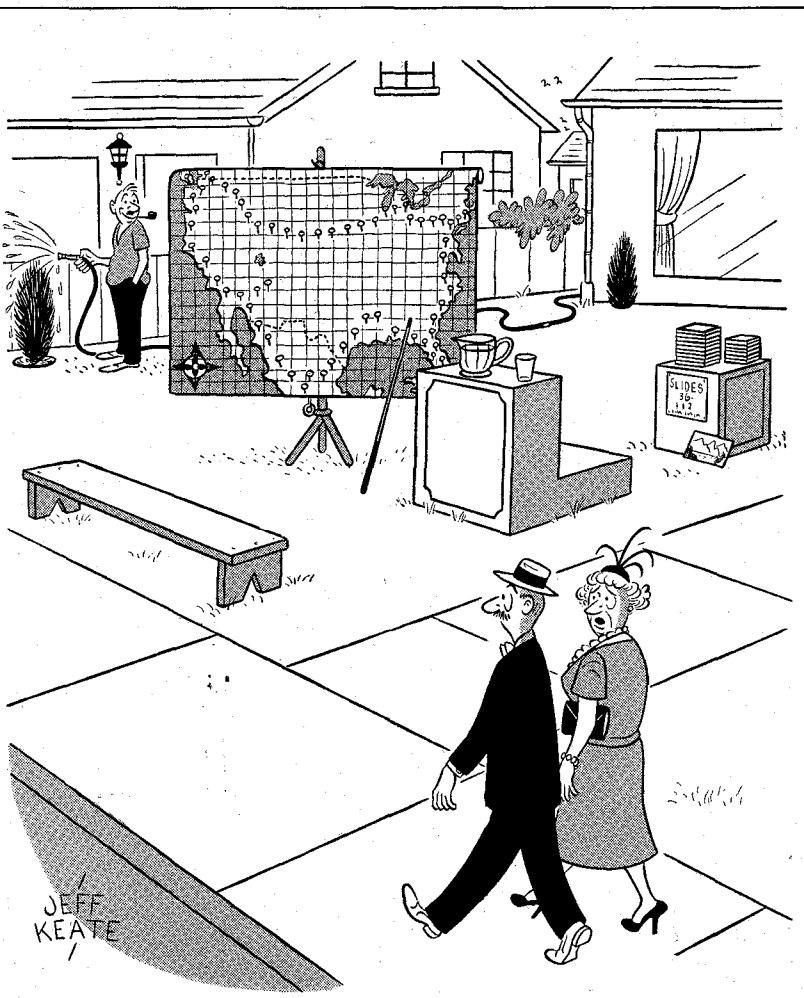
In 1948 the pollsters were still working mainly by a system called "quota sampling." From census figures and other data, they learned how adult Americans could be classified according to such opinion-influencing factors as age, sex, income, place of residence, education, occupation, race and religion. Interviewers throughout the country were then assigned to seek out a proportionate number of people in each group. The selection of individuals was left to the interviewers.

This convenient and inexpensive system had three major weaknesses.

First, the available group figures might be wrong. Many are only estimates, and soon become outdated in a growing country like the United States.

Second, people cannot be trusted to state their incomes accurately. And any estimate by an interviewer may be mistaken.

Third, nearly all interviewers—educated women mostly, working part time—were reluctant to visit city slums, small-town hovels and remote farmhouses. They easily persuaded themselves that people easy to get at and pleasant to visit were really (*Continued on Page 72*)



"For heaven's sake don't ask him about their trip."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TV ORIGINALS BY RCA VICTOR—
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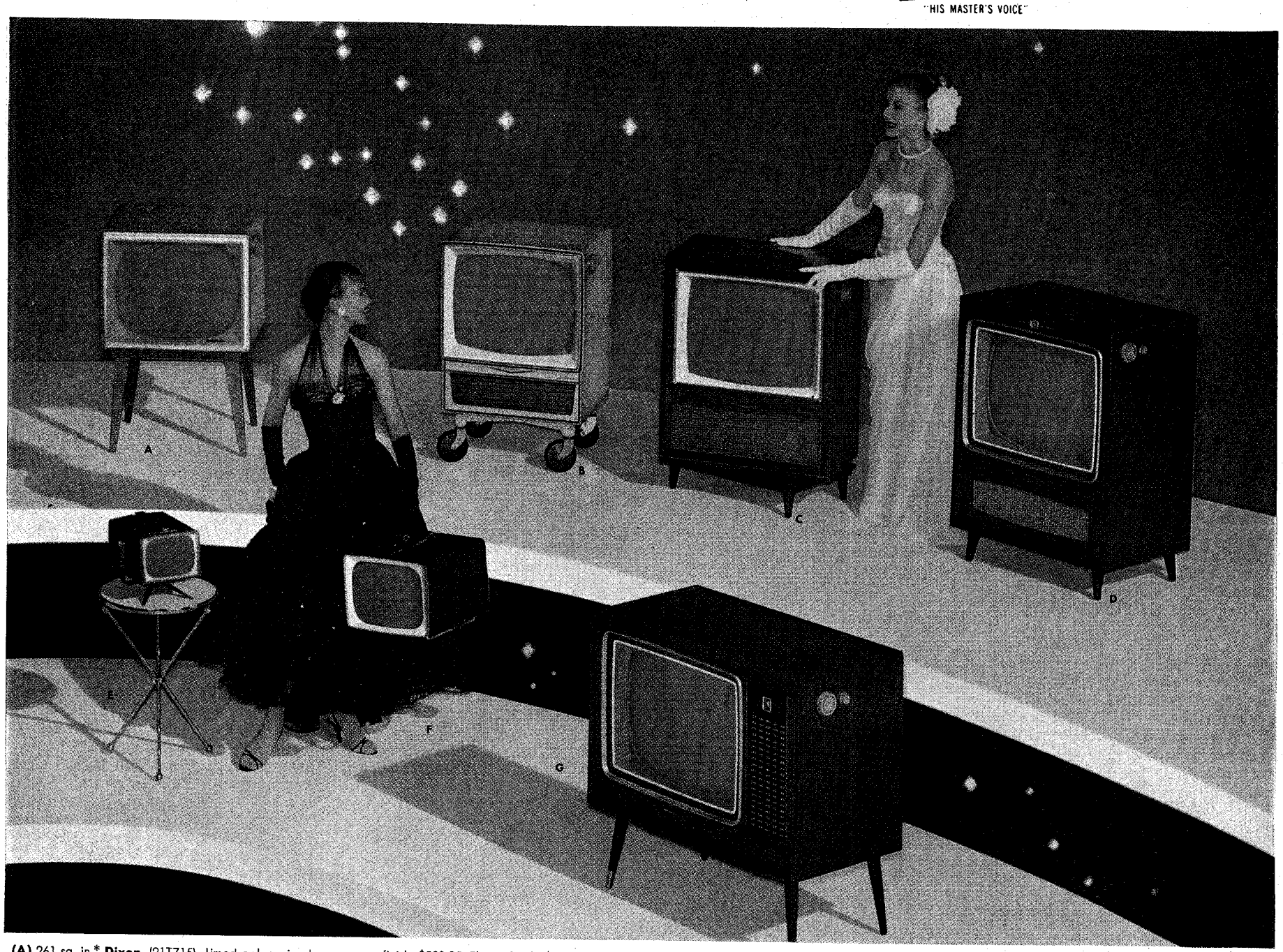
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



(A) 261 sq. in.* **Dixon** (21T715). Limed oak-grained or maroon finish, $209.95. Ebony finish, $199.95. Stand, optional, extra. **(B)** 261 sq. in.* **Ardmore Deluxe** (21D721). Limed oak-, walnut-, or mahogany-grained finish, $269.95. **(C)** 261 sq. in.* **Enfield** (21T738). Mahogany- or walnut-grained finish, $279.95. Limed oak-grained finish, $289.95. **(D)** 261 sq. in.* **Whitman Deluxe** (21D744). Mahogany- or walnut-grained finish, $339.95. Limed oak-grained finish, $349.95. **(E)** 36 sq. in.* ***"Personal"*** (8PT703). Ebony, red, gray, or ivory finish, $125. **(F)** 108 sq. in.* **Wayfarer** (14S707). Red, gray or ivory finish, $149.95. Not shown: 108 sq. in.* **Sportster** (14S705). Ebony finish, $129.95. **(G)** 261 sq. in.* **Markham Deluxe** (21D750). Mahogany or natural walnut finish; or blond tropical hardwood finish with walnut trim, $369.50.

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*Square inches of viewable picture area	36	108	254	261
Picture tube, overall diagonal or diam. (in.)	8"	14"	21"(diam.)	21"

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. Slightly higher in far West and South. UHF optional, extra (not available in "*Personal*"). Prices and specifications subject to change. Most models available in Canada.

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Continued from Page 70) "typical" voters. One result: even when indicating a Democratic victory, the polls consistently erred in overestimating the Republican vote and underestimating the Democratic.

To eliminate these errors, the committee and the pollsters agreed that, within each major area to be polled, the people to be interviewed should be chosen strictly at random. To a mathematician, "random" is by no means synonymous with "haphazard." The statistician goes about his random sampling in highly systematic fashion.

"The fundamental idea," explains the Gallup Poll's chief statistician, Paul Perry, "is to give every American of voting age an equal chance of being selected. We begin with lists of all the cities, towns, and nonurban townships in the nation, with the latest available population figures."

Voting records and public-opinion studies verify the common observation that Easterners, Midwesterners, Southerners, and so on, show different patterns of thinking and voting. And within each region there are group differences between city people, small-town people and country people. To make sure that each section and group will be properly represented, the poll statistician divides his lists of cities, towns and townships by sections of the country, and then divides each section's lists into the three population groups.

The pollster then selects a number at random—say 238—and on each list checks every 238th locality. The process is repeated with lists of each checked locality's wards, election districts or similar divisions. Then, with the aid of local maps, aerial photographs and the Census Bureau's lists of city blocks, a similar random selection is made of city blocks and rural segments, and finally of specific houses.

"We send each interviewer a map," says statistician Perry, "showing the exact houses to be visited. The whole process works entirely by chance. And yet, checking against the best available figures, we find that we get a very accurate distribution of people according to age, sex, income, education, occupation, and so forth."

For election-forecasting purposes, Gallup varies this random process slightly by selecting a precinct—or whatever the smallest voting district is called locally—as the final interviewing unit. The interviewer is then instructed to call at prescribed intervals throughout the precinct, perhaps at every tenth house or apartment. The pollster can learn the precinct's voting habits by studying its record in past elections. By polling each precinct twice, at the beginning of October and again at the end, he gets wind of late shifts in voting preferences and intentions.

But what if such a randomly selected precinct is completely untypical of its general area?

"You've got to take it," says Doctor Gallup. "During the 1952 campaign, right in the middle of Protestant, Anglo-Saxon Kansas, we wound up with a precinct full of Mexicans. When something like that happens, you just have to hope and expect that it will be balanced off by some other untypical precinct—one full of Protestants, say, in a Boston-Irish neighborhood. What we're after, of course, is a national cross-section."

To a nonmathematician, the process sounds crazy. How, going through the country blindly, guided only by the chance fall of random numbers, can you be sure of winding up with an accurate cross section of the American people? The answer lies in the laws of mathematical probability which govern a modern poll and which alone make possible its existence.

A basic law of probability might be crudely stated as follows: The average frequency with which any chance event will happen is in direct proportion to the numerical possibilities that it can happen. In other words, where human choice does not intervene, average possibility becomes average probability.

Imagine, for example, that you have two big bowls in front of you. One bowl is empty, and the other contains 100 white marbles and 100 black marbles thoroughly mixed together. Now blindfold yourself and, picking out one marble at a time, transfer half of them to the second bowl. How many of each color would you expect to find in the second bowl?

The laws of probability decree that you will probably find that the second bowl, like the first, now contains about half white and half black marbles. It is possible, though improbable, that you would have picked all marbles of one color. It is also improbable, though possible, that you would have picked exactly fifty white and fifty black marbles. But if you were to repeat the process over and over, your cumulative totals of each color would draw increasingly closer to an exact 50-50 split.

This, in essence, is how modern polling works. With the pollster blindfolded and the human marbles mixed by his system of random sampling, the laws of probability decree that he will pick the various "colors" of the population's chief groups in approximate proportion to each group's total numbers. Each person selected becomes in effect a spokesman for all his many "interest groups"—age group, income group, occupation group, and all the other groups whose combinations form public opinion.

The pollster knows that beyond a certain numerical point the increase in accuracy attained by increasing the number of picks, or "size of the sample," tapers off sharply. No two individuals are exactly alike, no two would agree on everything. But the possible number of effective opinions about broad issues of public policy is limited. Normally, there are only two, three or half a dozen different colors of opinion marbles in the national bowl.

"If you want to know what Americans as a whole think about something," Doctor Gallup says, "it doesn't pay to poll more than fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred people. Beyond that number the increase in accuracy is too slight to be worth while."

In 197 election predictions from 1935 to 1948, the Gallup poll missed the actual division of votes by an average error of 3.9 percentage points. In 1950, using its precinct samples for the first time on a large scale, the poll of the nationwide congressional vote missed dead center by only seven tenths of one percentage point.

In 1952, Gallup Poll figures showed Eisenhower clearly ahead. But Gallup cautiously refused to make any forecast, chiefly because so many undecided voters shared most of the group characteristics of those who said they were going to vote Democratic. If he had followed his precinct-sampling nose, using his 1950 methods, his error would have been only two tenths of one percentage point. In the 1954 elections he missed perfection by only 1.2 percentage points.

The margin of error never quite vanishes. The pollster is triumphant if he comes within two percentage points, plus or minus, of absolute accuracy. And in an election forecast there remain for the pollster the unpredictable hazards of election-day weather, local efforts to get out the vote, and dishonest election officials.

Election forecasting, as Gallup himself says, is the least useful function of the polls. Except to bettors, its only value is as a test and demonstration of polling techniques. The real political business of the polls is with matters in which a small error is not important. That business is to discover what the people know and think and want done about the issues of their common lives. Polls reveal the people's will more clearly, more frequently and on a wider variety of issues than elections ever can, with their inevitable confusion of issues, personalities and party loyalties.

But do the people really know what is good for them? Has time justified Jefferson's and Lincoln's democratic faith? Or is it true, as Walter Lippmann asserted last year in his book, The Public Philosophy, that American "public opinion has been destructively wrong at the critical junctures" of recent history?

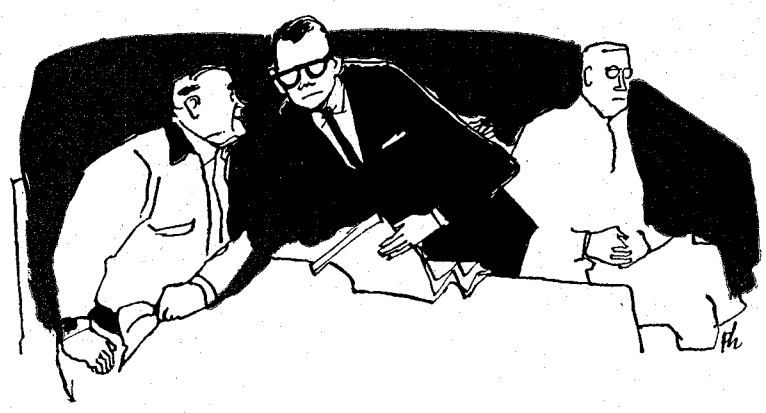
"The trouble with people like Mr. Lippmann," replies Doctor Gallup, pacing his office floor and churning the air with his fists, "is that they confuse Congress with public opinion. Congress is no good as a mirror of public opinion. Look at the years before we got in the last war, when Americans were supposed to be so isolationist. It was Congress that hung back, not the people. Congressmen were listening to the noisy minority of isolationists. Our polls showed that the people were ahead of Congress again and again: in favor of repealing the Neutrality Act embargo; in favor of a peacetime draft, of a bigger Army and Navy and Air Force—and of higher taxes to pay for them. And time and again when business, farm, labor, American Legion and other lobbyists have made selfish demands of Congress, our polls have shown that the rank and file of their own organizations were against them."

Sadly, Gallup concedes that the polls have also revealed Americans to be not nearly so well informed as they ought to be or as simultaneous polls have often shown Englishmen to be. Asked recently, for example, to identify ten such world-famous historical figures as Columbus, Shakespeare, Napoleon and Beethoven, men and women in England outscored Americans on every name except that of Columbus—and one American in ten had forgotten Columbus or never heard of him. An earlier Gallup poll found only 17 per cent of Americans reading any kind of book at the time, against 31 per cent of Britons.

"But on the issues which have been widely discussed," Gallup continues, "the American people are nearly always sound. And when they're wrong, it's up to the leaders to show them why they're wrong. But the leaders should know what the people think. European politicians are way ahead of ours in using polls for this purpose. And American businessmen are a full generation ahead of our political leaders."

The great lesson of twenty years of polling, George Gallup concludes, is that Walter Lippmann was right about the American people when he wrote in 1943:

"Every congressman and every newspaperman is like a doctor. He spends most of his time hearing from the people who have a pain, and if he is not on guard he is likely to think that the country consists entirely of people with a pain in the neck. He forgets how many people there are who do not have a pain in the neck or are disposed to grin and bear it if they have. That is why objective sampling of opinion . . . has so consistently shown that the American people are saner, more resolute and more enlightened than they are supposed to be." THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Having arranged with a contractor to put up a small building, Mr. Bates called in a young attorney to draw up a simple contract. The lawyer, very much impressed with his own importance, viewed every phase of the agreement with deep suspicion. He argued endlessly over a dozen minor points—always prefacing his remarks with the phrase "As I am representing my client's interest ——"

The contractor remained patient, agreeing whenever possible and carefully explaining his position when he disagreed. This simply made the young lawyer more dictatorial, and finally, fixing the contractor with a stern look, he said, "As I am representing my client's interest, I insist on knowing just when you plan to start work on this project."

"Well," the contractor said in a mild voice, "I figure we can start building just as soon as you get through representing."

Art Prichard

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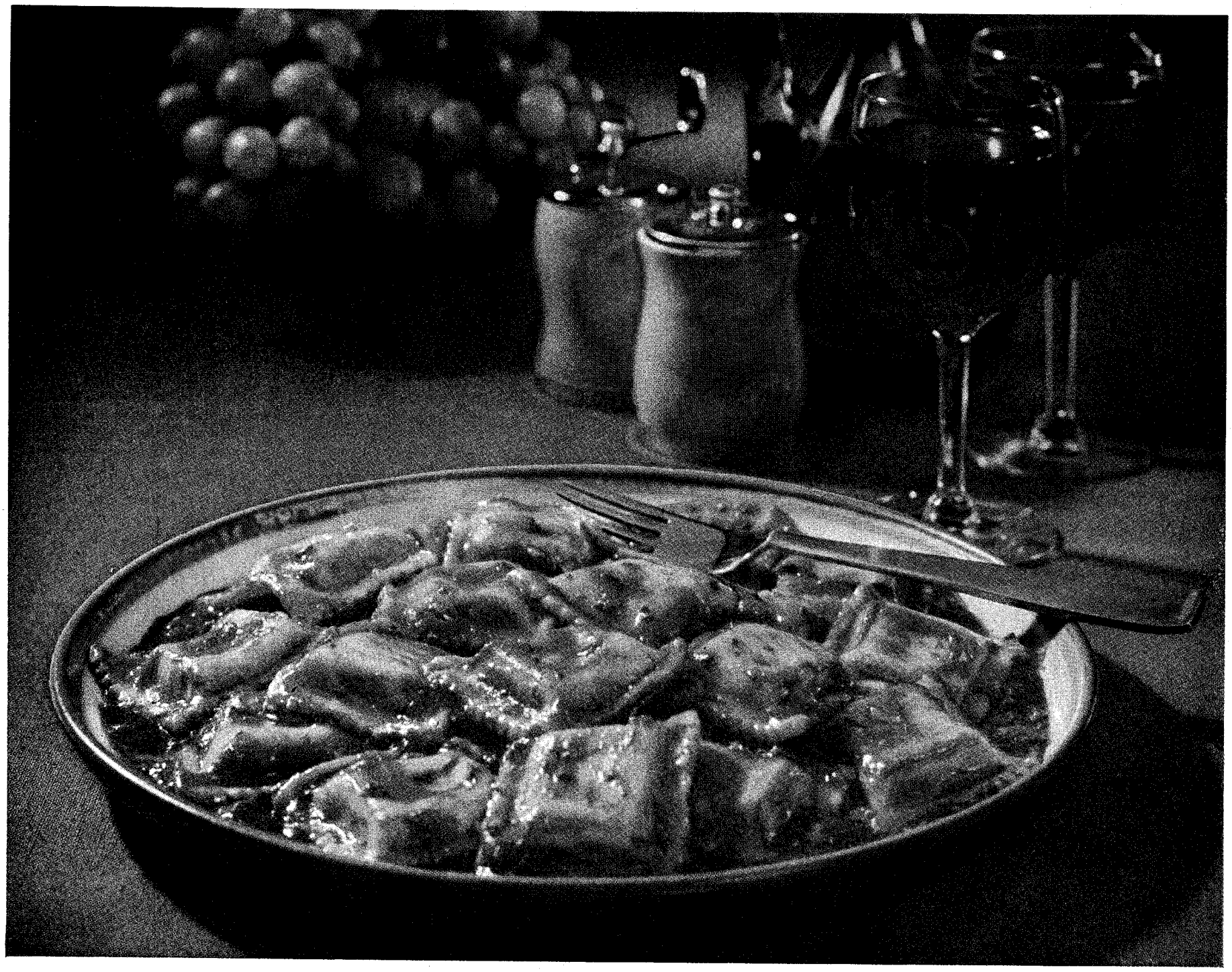
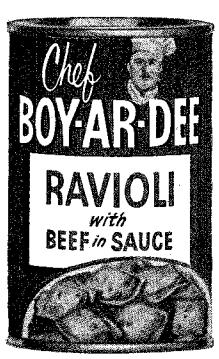


"When at home, eat as the Romans do"



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Getting hungry? Why not open up a can for lunch, for dinner, for an evening company snack. You'll find that everybody will eat it up—and come back for more. Fortunately, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli takes just seconds to heat and serve—and is just about 14¢ a serving.

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli comes in cans of two or five servings each. It's the easiest—and most economical—way to get to Rome! Try it today.

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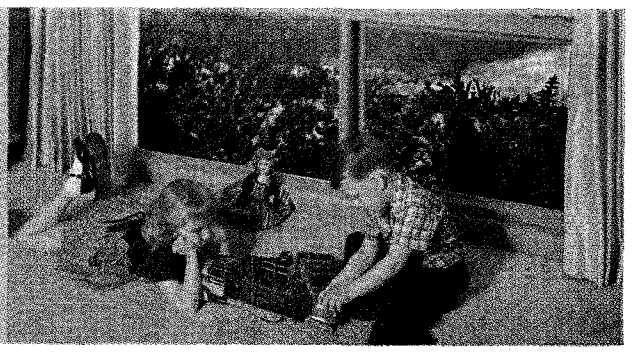

IN WARM WEATHER

In summer, also, the extraordinary insulating ability of Twindow seals out much of the outdoor heat which normally enters your rooms. What a relief to stay *indoors* on hot, sultry days!

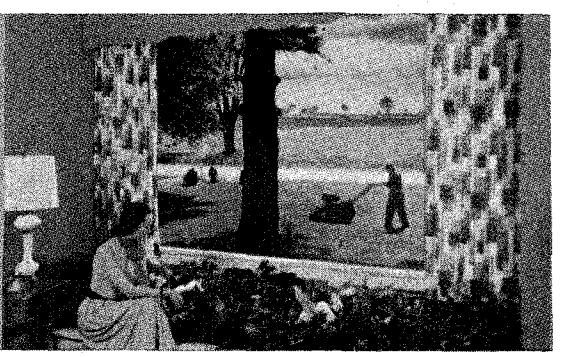

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Photo courtesy Place Homes, South Bend, Indiana

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• Serves as storm sash in permanent form
• Two types and many standard sizes to choose from

With Twindow—Pittsburgh's twin-glass windowpane with insulation built in—you experience a new and exciting feeling of "at-home" comfort and pleasure. For in picture windows, Twindow lets you enjoy fully the beauties of the outdoors from your easy chair. And in every room in your home, Twindow reduces cold air downdrafts which may affect your family's health.

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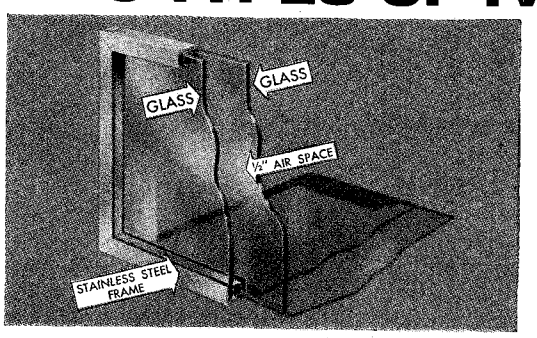
When you consider all of Twindow's advantages, it is a pleasant surprise to find that its cost is no more than that of single-pane windows plus storm sash. Consult your architect or builder about Twindow and the various types of sash in which it can be used.

TWO TYPES OF TWINDOW®



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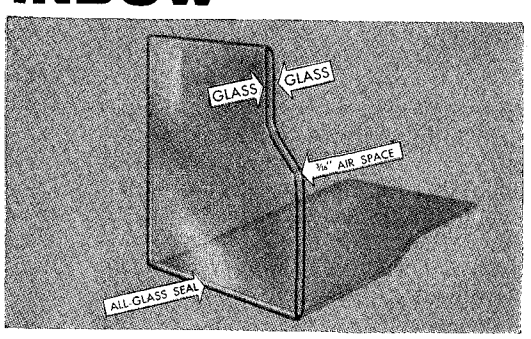

ALL-GLASS SEALED EDGE. Because of their precision fabrication, smooth, all-glass edge and high insulating value, these units are ideal for smaller window openings in every room. They are constructed of two panes of ⅛" Pennvernon—"the quality window glass"—with a 3/16" air-space between.

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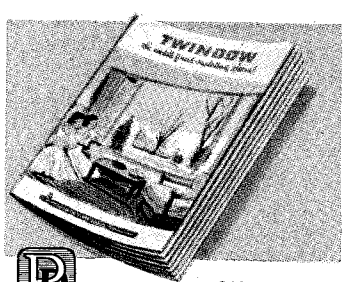

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New York's Toughest Cop (Continued from Page 25)

years later. During World War II he studied at the FBI Academy in Washington, and left behind a brilliant record. Back in New York, he became an acting captain and aide to Mayor LaGuardia, a job in which he was the mayor's liaison man with every city department. He was a long way from Greenpoint, but the fact that he had never finished high school haunted him.

So the police captain with a full-time job, a man in his late thirties supporting a family, went to high school at night. When he was graduated, he entered St. John's University. His wife went back to work to help pay tuition, and Steve Kennedy dug in for a regime of study which was to become famous in the department. When he rode to work in the morning, he studied on the train. At lunchtime he ate an apple and a bit of cheese at his desk—so he could study. He allowed himself no more than four hours of sleep a night—so he could study. In three years he won his bachelor's degree. Then he entered law school at New York University to get "a truer expression of my profession." In 1950, at the age of forty-four, he was graduated from law school, and two years later was admitted to the bar.

Meanwhile his police work was teaching him practical lessons in big-city politics. Corruption and crime on New York's docks were becoming notorious, and it was clear by 1949 that drastic action was needed. Kennedy was given a special command to patrol the city's 578 miles of water front. No racketeer was too big to ignore Kennedy's long reach, and he was equally tough on police officials, businessmen and union leaders who had been playing ball with the crooks.

Many powerful men were involved, but they couldn't make Kennedy ease up. He kept the pressure on. In fact, he did such a cleanup job and stepped on the toes of so many influential people that he was relieved of his command after twenty-two months, and buried behind the memos and obscurities of Civil Defense. And there he stayed for two years, until the police department again found itself in trouble.

Harry Gross, big-time bookmaker, had started to reveal how he had bought off dozens of New York policemen, especially in Brooklyn. As thousands of payoffs came to light, the reputation of the police department slumped to its lowest level in modern times. At last it became obvious that a cop of unimpeachable reputation had to step into Brooklyn and clean house.

The man chosen was Kennedy. It was the most disheartening assignment any policeman could take. Classmates from Police Academy days, men who had shared a squad car or a month-long stake-out, friends of twenty years—all were suspect. Everyone had to be investigated and many had to be punished. Kennedy did the lonely task so well that in eight months he earned the hatred of many brass hats in the department. Again he was exiled, this time to a Co-ordinating Council on Juvenile Delinquency, which one high-ranking officer described as "some damned thing, a pure boondoggle."

But a new day was at hand. Mayor Wagner decided to appoint Francis W. H. Adams, a lawyer and reformer, as police commissioner. Adams realized that his success would depend on whoever was chief inspector. This is the top uniformed job in the department, a post of immense power.

Searching for a policeman of proved integrity, Adams asked no advice from politicians or police brass. Instead, he talked to judges, a department-store owner, a shipping executive, law-enforcement organizations and independent civic leaders. On every list there was a man Adams had never heard of, an obscure inspector by the name of Kennedy. Adams sent for him one day; they talked for hours. They decided to meet again, and day after day Kennedy worked at his job and then spent the evenings at Adams' apartment, making secret plans to reform the police department.

On the day Adams was sworn in, Kennedy stood in a rear rank to hear the new commissioner announce a reform policy: "The restoration of this department to the dignity and respect it deserves." Six days later, Kennedy was appointed chief inspector.

Then began eighteen months of reform. Adams and Kennedy reorganized the department, jumping a group of young, eager and honest men over the heads of dozens of old-timers. The department got down to the business of fighting crime. To make sure that it fought vigorously, the chief inspector picked young men of exceptional training and character, and assigned them to investigations all over the city.

At any hour of the day or night, a member of the chief inspector's confidential squad might question a cop on the beat, look into a civilian complaint of a shakedown racket, check on the private life of a captain or investigate corruption without the precinct captain's knowledge. It was a nasty job, but a necessary one. The plain-clothes squad was just as quick to spot a good man as a bad one, but it was hated by the force just the same, and cursed in squad rooms as the shoofly squad, the Gestapo, or worse. Still, it enabled Adams and Kennedy to make lots of changes—to get rid of the captain who was taking money from bookies, to promote the lieutenant who was once a boozer, but was now on the wagon doing a fine job.

One change that Kennedy directed was popular with policemen around the world. For years, police officials had been saying that an increased crime rate could be checked by putting the cop back on the beat. Adams and Kennedy decided to test this theory. They threw an entire graduating class from the Police Academy into the city's toughest precinct, the Twenty-fifth in East Harlem, where Puerto Ricans, Negroes and whites live packed together in seething tension.

On August 31, 1954, the usual twenty-seven men turned out for the morning trick; the next morning there were ninety-nine at rollcall. After four months of fully manned patrols, the score was added up. It was amazing even to the old professional, Kennedy. Precinct records showed a 69.9 per cent decrease in grand larceny, 69.8 per cent fewer robberies, 69.2 per cent fewer cars stolen, a 66.7 per cent drop in burglaries. At the same time, arrests for narcotic violations were up 138.5 per cent, for possession of dangerous weapons 107.7 per cent and for disorderly conduct 129.9 per cent.

After a year and a half of experiment and reform, Adams decided to return to private law practice. He felt that a new climate of law and order had been created; that it was time for a professional police officer to finish the job. He wanted Kennedy as his successor.

He was the only one who did. Once again the boys close to City Hall tried to have Kennedy exiled to the sticks. Telephones in the mayor's office brought pleas of politicians who suggested someone else—anyone else—for the post. But Mayor Wagner told everyone that he was determined to have a nonpolitical police commissioner. He offered the job to J. Edgar Hoover. When Hoover declined, Wagner appointed Kennedy to finish out Adams' second year as commissioner. To his credit, he gave Kennedy free rein.

Kennedy turned in the uniform he had worn for twenty-seven years, took out a civilian's license to carry his pearl-handled .38, and pushed forward the job Adams had begun. "A police commissioner," he said, "must be a strong moral force. He must not bow to expediency or political considerations." Politicians shuddered.

Day or night, Kennedy may drop into a station house without warning. One Friday night recently I was invited to go along. The commissioner left Police Headquarters on Centre Street, where he had worked for twelve hours, and walked through Chinatown to the Fifth Precinct. He had worked that area as a detective less than ten years before, and as he strolled along he checked the men on their posts with a professional eye, noticed which bars were open and which were closed, eyed the young men on the sidewalks.

Just before nine he walked into Fifth Precinct headquarters. The sergeant on duty barked, "Tensh!" and the commissioner signed the log: "PC Kennedy visit." He glanced into the squad room, read the blotter and asked for the captain, noting how long it took to locate him by radio. He watched as a murder suspect was booked. After a talk with the captain, he picked up a member of his confidential squad and rode to another precinct in a plain black car.

On the way he relaxed enough to talk about how the city had changed since he had explored it on roller skates as a boy. But at the station house he was all business, noticing how a citizen with a complaint was treated, checking the time it took a radio car to move in and stop a fight, asking the lieutenant in charge seemingly casual questions. "Say, what detectives are on duty?"

At a precinct farther uptown Kennedy summoned a lieutenant of detectives and listened without comment as he reported how one murder had been solved and tried to explain why two others remained unsolved. At each station house the commissioner was checking by phone on a case in Brooklyn, where two captured burglars had accused a police officer of being their tipoff man. "If I go over there, they'll take an hour to brief me," the commissioner remarked. "I'll only slow things up. They can handle it." But still he checked up.

At the Sixteenth Precinct, which stretches westward from Radio City to the Hudson River docks, and north from honky-tonk 42nd Street to night-clubbing 52nd, Kennedy walked the streets with me, pointing out the problems in this area. Here there are 42,000 persons living in less than six tenths of a square mile, rubbing shoulders with more than 1,000,000 commuters daily. There are 371 bars and grills in the precinct, 260 buildings with furnished rooms, 100 jewelry stores—most of them in one block—51 cabarets, 15 dance halls, 37 legitimate theaters and 66 union headquarters, all presenting a variety of troubles to the cop on the beat.

Some of the bars and grills on Eighth Avenue were closed, although this was a Friday, the busiest night of the week. They had been shut down by a police technique of which Kennedy heartily approves, although it has no legal standing. When a bar becomes a breeding ground for crime, figuring in arrest after arrest, Kennedy stations patrolmen at the door and posts a large sign announcing: THIS IS A RAIDED PREMISE. Regular customers of such night spots don't like to drink under police supervision. Now most of the troublesome bars are out of business, and the crime rate on Eighth Avenue is down.

At midnight the commissioner inspected the men going on the late trick in the Sixteenth Precinct, gave them a pep talk about "developing sources of information," and finished with a flash of humor about "sharing the same affection for the crummy old building we both worked out of."

At another precinct house Kennedy brought out his thick notebook, which itemizes everything about the precinct he can record: the population and its racial background; the number of hotels, bars, churches, factories and rooming houses; the crime rate, past and present, with the type of crimes carefully noted; the number of men on duty, and what kind of duty.

By now the commissioner's voice was raspy after a day of chain smoking, and thick with weariness. He asked the captain what he thought about a manpower cut which his precinct had suffered.

The captain answered diplomatically, "You people at Headquarters know what the situation is."

Kennedy's eyes flashed. "You're the police chief here in your precinct, you and nobody else!" he roared. "You tell us what the situation is! Your job is to make your wants known! Maybe we can't give you what you need, but you tell us! Don't assume anyone at Headquarters has any brains!"

Later, the captain apologized for not having proper figures available for the commissioner on a previous visit. "They slipped down behind a board," he explained.

Kennedy said, "You didn't have 'em when I was here, that's all I know." Outside, however, he paid tribute to the captain as "an honest, straightforward policeman." But, he explained, "You have to sock it to them to get the old-timers to accept the new system."

Long after midnight the commissioner stopped in at a Harlem precinct, noted the prizes for school children piled in the captain's office, and laughed. "This guy's (*Continued on Page 79*)

Deep Hour

By Margaret McAndrew Dockry

When farmhouses stand stark
beneath the moon
And winds are black and silver
in secret places,
When trucks roar distantly upon
great hills
And many sleeping people wear
strange faces,
The labored huffing of the
burdened freight
Across the town fills wakened
boys with fever
In minds that disciplining
cannot reach,
And they desire escape forever
and ever.
The wailing of the engine at the
grade
Stirs sleepless farmstead girls to
gentle sorrow.
They feel the midnight world
slip by outside,
And bank their brilliant dreams
against the morrow.

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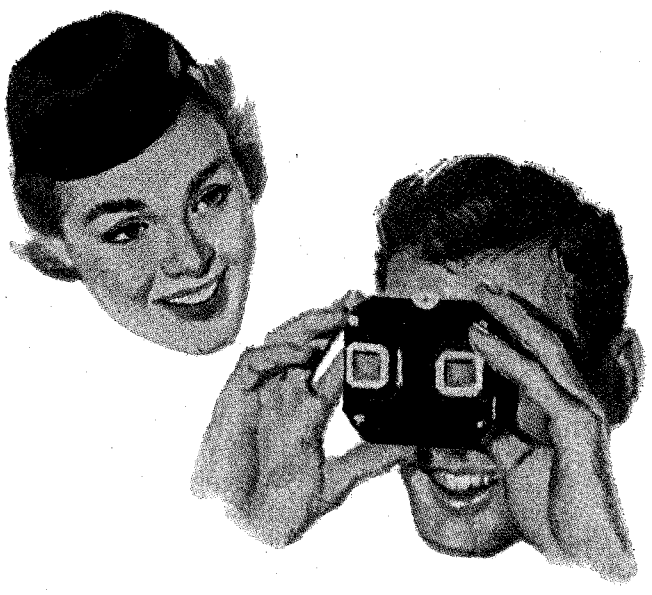

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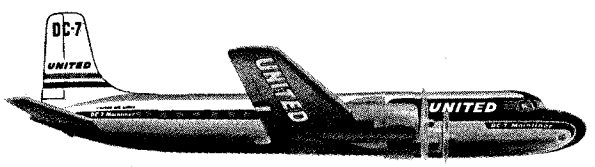

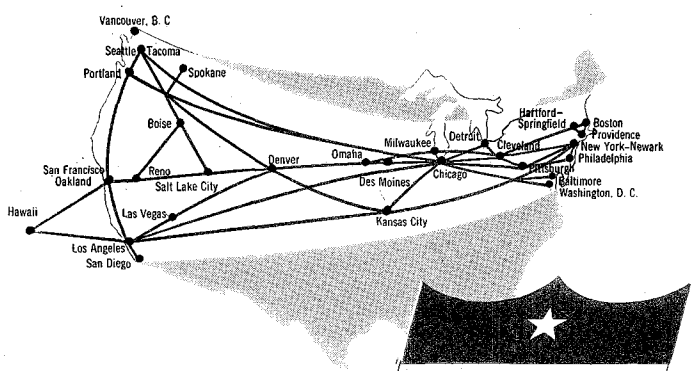

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(*Continued from Page 76*) a regular Rotarian." It was important, he said, in an area with a high crime rate and a touchy racial situation, to win the confidence of the people.

He phoned Brooklyn again. The patrolman hadn't been tabbed as guilty—yet—but he had broken strict department rules.

In a voice that sounded hurt, Commissioner Kennedy gave the order: "Suspend him."

"The biggest thing we have to fear is corruption," he remarked to me. "It's the cancer that can destroy a police department." Then he started home. It was now Saturday, almost three o'clock in the morning, and he had an appointment before ten A.M.

To understand Kennedy, you must see not only the disciplinarian but also the scholar who has raised standards at the Police Academy, even established a full college course in police science at the City College of New York. To the consternation of many an old sergeant, he likes to talk of the law-enforcement profession in the multisyllabic rhetoric of a social scientist. The boys have never heard anything like it.

"We live," he says, "in an extremely complex society under a form of government which provides the greatest latitude to the individual in the freedom of thought, expression and action, provided that he does not unduly interfere with the rights of his neighbor."

Kennedy rolls on: "The equilibrium between the rights of the individual and those of the community is at times in delicate balance, and is maintained by rules of conduct called laws, which we have a duty to enforce. We must be ever mindful that we are dealing with human beings of diverse origins, races, colors and creeds, made in the image of God and capable of rising to great heights of self-sacrifice and, on the other hand, capable of falling into the depths of despair and depravity. Man's aspirations and ambitions too often are in conflict with what the community has decreed to be the acceptable rule of conduct and the resulting frustrations all too frequently result in crimes against society. Our role is to protect him when he exercises those rights and privileges which are sanctioned by law, and to bring him to justice when he violates the code of good conduct."

Behind his sonorous phrases there is muscle and good common sense. Unmarked police cars hunt traffic violators, giving out tickets aplenty and cutting the accident rate. Café society's exclusive bottle clubs have been made to obey the same laws as Third Avenue bars. By keeping pressure on the Board of Estimate to appropriate money for more policemen, Kennedy has been able to extend the saturation experiment started in one precinct to all eighty-one patrol precincts.

In the few hours he isn't on the job, Kennedy may putter around the rosebushes in his tiny back yard, or read Shakespeare, or look at TV. Sometimes he goes to the ballet or the opera. Although he makes $25,000 a year, and has a pension of $12,000 assured for life, his social life is quietly focused on family, neighbors and old friends—an economist, a mechanic, a writer. The high point of an evening at home, when he and his wife may dance to the radio in the kitchen, comes after a few TV shows, when he asks, "Who's going to make the coffee?"

Away from home, Kennedy cannot relax. Even Christmas comes under his scrutiny. Last year he set up private telephone lines on which businessmen could report any policeman who hinted it was the season of giving.

"With the Christmas wrapping removed," Kennedy told his officers, "a gratuity is immediately revealed under its true name—graft." Then he turned his fire on the merchants. "If you give a gift to a police officer," he warned, "you are corrupting him."

A national authority on police administration has underlined the importance of Kennedy's work by saying, "If Steve can remain as commissioner in New York for five years, the laxness of the past may never return. The men down the line will at last have a recognized tradition of professional self-discipline."

A patrolman in a neighboring city put it differently. "We all stand a little straighter," he said, "because of the job Kennedy has been doing in New York."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Case of the Lucky Loser

(Continued from Page 43)

"Balfour?" Mason said. "That will be the uncle of young Ted Balfour, the defendant in this case. Looks like we're getting dragged into a vortex of events, Della. Tell long-distance you've located me and have her put her party on."

Della Street relayed the message into the telephone and a moment later nodded to Mason.

Mason picked up the telephone. A man's voice at the other end of the line, sounding rather distant and faint, was nevertheless filled with overtones of urgency.

"Is this Perry Mason, the lawyer?"

"That's right," Mason said.

The voice which came over the wire was indistinct, but sharp with excitement. "Mr. Mason, this is Guthrie Balfour. I have just returned from the Tarahumare Indian country and I must get back to my base camp. I've received disquieting news in the mail here at Chihuahua. It seems my nephew, Theodore Balfour, is accused of a hit-and-run death. You must know of me, Mr. Mason. I'm quite certain you know of the vast industrial empire of the Balfour Allied Associates. We have investments all over the world and ——"

"I've heard of you," Mason interrupted. "The case involving your nephew was tried today."

The voice sounded suddenly dispirited and dejected. "What was the verdict?"

"As far as I know, the jury is still out."

"It's too late to do anything now?"

"I think perhaps it will be a hung jury. Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Mason, this is important! This is important as the devil! My nephew must not be convicted of anything."

"He can probably get probation in case he's convicted," Mason said. "There are certain facts about the case that make it very peculiar. There are certain discrepancies and ——"

"Of course there are discrepancies! Can't you understand? The whole thing is a frame-up. It's brought for a specific purpose.... Mr. Mason, I can't get away. I'm down here on an archaeological expedition of the greatest importance. I'm encountering certain difficulties, certain hazards, but I'm playing for big stakes. I —— Look, Mr. Mason, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put my wife aboard the night plane tonight. She should be able to make connections at El Paso so that she'll be in your office the first thing in the morning. What time do you get to your office?"

"Sometime between nine and ten."

"Please, Mr. Mason, give my wife an appointment at nine o'clock in the morning. I'll see that you're amply compensated. I'll see that you ——"

"The attorney representing your nephew," Mason interrupted, "is Mortimer Dean Howland."

"Howland!" the voice said. "That browbeating, loudmouthed bag of wind! He's nothing but a medium-grade criminal attorney with a booming voice. This case is going to take brains, Mr. Mason. This —— I can't explain. Will you give my wife an appointment for tomorrow morning at nine o'clock?"

"All right," Mason said. "I may not be free to do what you want me to do, however."

"Why?"

"I have some other connections which may bring about a conflict," Mason said. "I can't tell you definitely, but —— Well, anyway, I'll talk with your wife."

"Thank you so much."

Mason hung up. 'Well," he said to Della Street, "we seem to be getting deeper and deeper into the frying pan."

"Right in the hot fat," Della observed. "I ——" She broke off as a nervous knock sounded on the door of Mason's private office.

Della crossed over and opened the door.

The young woman who had been seated next to Perry Mason in the courtroom entered the office.

"Well, good evening," Mason said. "You weren't very cordial to me earlier in the day."

"I—Mr. Mason, you—you've jockeyed me into a position—well, a position in which I didn't want to be placed."

"That's too bad," the lawyer said. "I was afraid you were going to put me in a position in which I didn't want to be placed."

"Well, you know who I am now."

"Sit down," Mason said. "By the way, just who are you—other than Cash?"

"My name is Marilyn Keith, but please don't make any further inquiries."

"Just what is your relationship to Myrtle Anne Haley?"

"Look here, Mr. Mason, you're cross-examining me. That's not what I wanted. I wanted certain information from you. I didn't want you even to know who I am."

"Why?"

"That's neither here nor there."

Mason said, "You're here and it's here. Now what's this all about?"

"I simply have to know the real truth—and that gets back to Myrtle Haley's testimony."

"Do you know the man who was killed?"

"No."

"Yet," Mason said, "you have parted with a hundred dollars of your money—money which, I take it, was withdrawn from a rainy-day fund—to retain me to listen to the case in court so you could ask me how I felt about the testimony of Myrtle Anne Haley?"

"That's right. Only the money came from —— Well, it was to have been my vacation fund."

"Vacation?"

"Mine comes next month," she said. "I let the other girls take theirs during the summer. I had intended to go to Acapulco. I will, anyway, but—well naturally I hated to draw against my vacation fund. However, that's all in the past now."

"You have the receipt?" Mason asked.

She opened her purse, took from it the receipt which Della Street had given the messenger and handed it to him.

Mason looked the young woman in the eyes. "I think Myrtle Haley was lying."

For a moment there was a flicker of expression on her face; then she regained her self-control. "Lying deliberately?"

Mason nodded. "Don't repeat my opinion to anyone else. To you, this is a privileged communication. If you repeat what I said to anyone, however, you could get into trouble."

"Can you—can you give me any reasons for your conclusions, Mr. Mason?"

"She wrote down the license number of the automobile," Mason said. "She wrote it down in her notebook in exactly the right place and ——"

"Yes, of course. I heard the argument of the defense attorney," Marilyn interrupted. "It sounds logical. But, on the other hand, suppose Myrtle did take her eyes off the road? That would only have been for a minute. She didn't have her eyes off the road all the time she was writing. She just glanced down at the notebook to make certain she had the right place and ——"

Mason picked up a pencil and a pad of paper.

"Write down the figure six," he instructed Marilyn Keith.

She wrote as he directed.

"Now," Mason said, "get up and walk around the room and write another six while you're walking. Now bring the paper here, and on your way write another six."

She did so, handed him the pad of paper with the three 6's on it.

"This is the six that you wrote while you were sitting down," Mason said. "You'll notice that the end of the line on the loop of the six comes back and joins the downstroke. Now look at the two figures that you made while you were walking. In one of them the loop of the six stops approximately a thirty-second of an inch before it comes to the downstroke, and on the second one the end of the loop goes completely through the downstroke and protrudes for probably a thirty-second of an inch on the other side.

"You try to write the figure six when you're riding in an automobile and you'll do one of two things—you'll either stop the end of the loop before you come to the downstroke or you'll go all the way through it. It's only when you're sitting perfectly still that you can bring the end of the six directly to the downstroke and then stop.

"Now, if you'll notice the figure Two-V-seven-nine-three-six-six that Myrtle Anne Haley claims she wrote while she was in a moving automobile, with one hand on the steering wheel, the other hand holding a fountain pen, writing in a notebook which was balanced on her lap, you'll note that both of the figures are perfect. The loops join the downstrokes, so that the loops are perfectly closed. The chances that that could have been done twice in succession by someone who was in a moving automobile, going over the road at a good rate of speed under the circumstances described by Myrtle Anne Haley, are just about one in a million."

"Why didn't the defense attorney bring that out?" she asked.

"Perhaps it didn't occur to him," Mason said. "Perhaps he didn't think he needed to."

She was silent for several seconds, then asked, "Is there anything else?"

"Lots of things," Mason said. "In addition to a sort of sixth sense which warns a lawyer when a witness is lying, there is the question of distance. If Mrs. Haley passed that car at the point she says she did, and then looked in the rear-view mirror as she says she did, she must have been crossing State Highway when she saw the light go out. She'd hardly have been looking in her rear-view mirror while she was crossing State Highway."

"Yes, I can see that," the young woman admitted. "That is, I can see it now that you've pointed it out."

Mason said, "Something caused you to become suspicious of Myrtle Haley's testimony in the first place. Do you want to tell me about it?"

She shook her head. "I can't."

"Well," Mason said, "you asked me for my opinion. You paid me a hundred dollars to sit in court and form that opinion. I have now given it to you."

She thought things over for a moment, then suddenly got up to give him her hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Mason. You're—you're everything that I expected."

"Don't you think you'd better give me your address now?" Mason said. "One that we can put on the books?"

"Mr. Mason, I can't! If anyone knew about my having been to you, I'd be ruined. Believe me, there are interests involved that are big and powerful and ruthless. I only hope I haven't gone so far as to get you in trouble."

Mason studied her anxious features. "Is there any reason, as far as you are concerned, why I can't interest myself in any phase of the case?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"I may have been approached by another potential client."

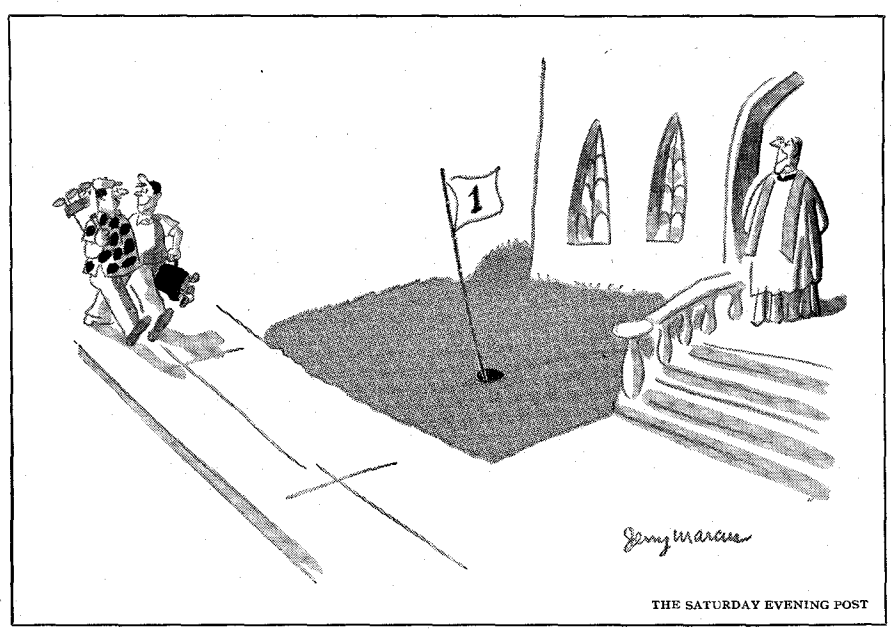
She thought that over. "Surely not Myrtle Haley!"

"No," Mason said. "I would be disqualified as far as she is concerned."

"Well, who is it?" she asked.

"I'm not free to tell you that. However, if there is any reason why I shouldn't represent anyone who is connected with the case in any way, please tell me."

She said, "I would love to know the real truth in this case. As far as I'm concerned, you are free to go ahead in any way, Mr. Mason. Good night."



Mason turned to Della Street. "Well?" he asked.

"She doesn't lie very well," Della said.

"Meaning what?"

"She didn't dig into her vacation money just to get your opinion of Myrtle's testimony."

"Then why did she do it?"

"I think," Della Street said, "she's in love, and I know she's frightened."

Perry Mason latchkeyed the door of his private office and hung up his hat.

Della Street, who was there before him, asked, "Have you seen the morning papers?" She indicated the papers on Mason's desk.

He shook his head.

"There was a hung jury in the case of People versus Ted Balfour. They were

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divided evenly—six for acquittal and six for conviction."

"So what happened?" Mason asked.

"Apparently Howland made a deal with the prosecutor. The court discharged the jury and asked counsel to agree on a new trial date. At that time Howland got up, said that he thought the case was costing the state altogether too much money in view of the issues involved. He stated that he would be willing to stipulate the case could be submitted to Judge Cadwell, sitting without a jury, on the same evidence which had been introduced in the jury trial.

"The prosecutor agreed to that. Judge Cadwell promptly announced that under those circumstances he would find the defendant guilty as charged, and Howland thereupon made a motion for suspended sentence. The prosecutor said that under the circumstances and in view of the money that the defendant had saved the state, he would not oppose such a motion, provided the defendant paid a fine. He said he would consent that the matter be heard immediately. Judge Cadwell stated that in view of the stipulation by the prosecutor, he would give the defendant a suspended jail sentence and impose a fine amounting to five hundred dollars."

"Well, that's interesting," Mason said. "It certainly disposed of the case of People versus Balfour in a hurry. . . . We haven't heard anything from our client of yesterday, have we, Della?"

"No, but our client of today is waiting in the office."

"You mean Mrs. Balfour?"

"That's right."

"How does she impress you, Della? Does she show signs of having been up all night?"

Della Street shook her head. "Fresh like a daisy. Groomed tastefully and expensively. Clad in raiment that didn't come out of a suitcase. She really set out to make an impression on Mr. Perry Mason. Apparently she chartered a plane out of Chihuahua, flew to El Paso in time to make connections with one of the luxury planes, arrived home, grabbed a little shut-eye, and then this morning started making herself very, very, very presentable."

"Good-looking?" Mason asked.

"A dish."

"How old?"

"She's in that deadly dangerous age between twenty-seven and thirty-two. That's about as close as I can place her."

"Features?" Mason asked.

"She has," Della Street said, "large, brown, expressive eyes, a mouth that smiles to show beautiful pearly teeth—in short, she's a regular millionaire's second wife, an expensive plaything."

"A thoroughly devoted wife," Mason said, smiling.

"Very, very devoted," Della Street said. "Not to Mr. Guthrie Balfour, but to Mrs. Guthrie Balfour. There's a woman who's exceedingly loyal to herself."

"Well, get her in," Mason said. "Let's have a look at her. Now, she's a second wife, so really she's no relation to young Ted Balfour."

"That's right. You'll think I'm catty," Della Street observed, "but I'll tell you something, Mr. Perry Mason."

"What?"

"You're going to fall for her like a ton of bricks. She's just your type."

"But not yours?" Mason asked.

Della Street's answer was to flash him a single glance.

"Well, bring her in," Mason said, smiling. "After this build-up, I'm bound to be disappointed."

"You won't be," she told him.

Della Street ushered Mrs. Guthrie Balfour into Mason's private office.

Mason arose, bowed, said, "Good morning, Mrs. Balfour. I'm afraid you've had rather a hard trip."

Her smile was radiant. "Not at all, Mr. Mason. In the first place, I was here at home by one-thirty this morning. In the second place, traveling on air-conditioned planes and sitting in sponge-rubber reclining seats is the height of luxury as compared with the things an archaeologist's wife has to contend with."

"Do sit down," Mason said. "Your husband seemed very much disturbed about the case against his nephew."

"That's putting it mildly."

"Well," Mason said, "apparently the young man's attorney worked out a deal with the prosecutor. . . . Did you read the morning paper?"

"Heavens, no! Was there something in there about the case?"

"Yes," Mason said. "Perhaps you'd like to read it for yourself." He folded the paper and handed it to her.

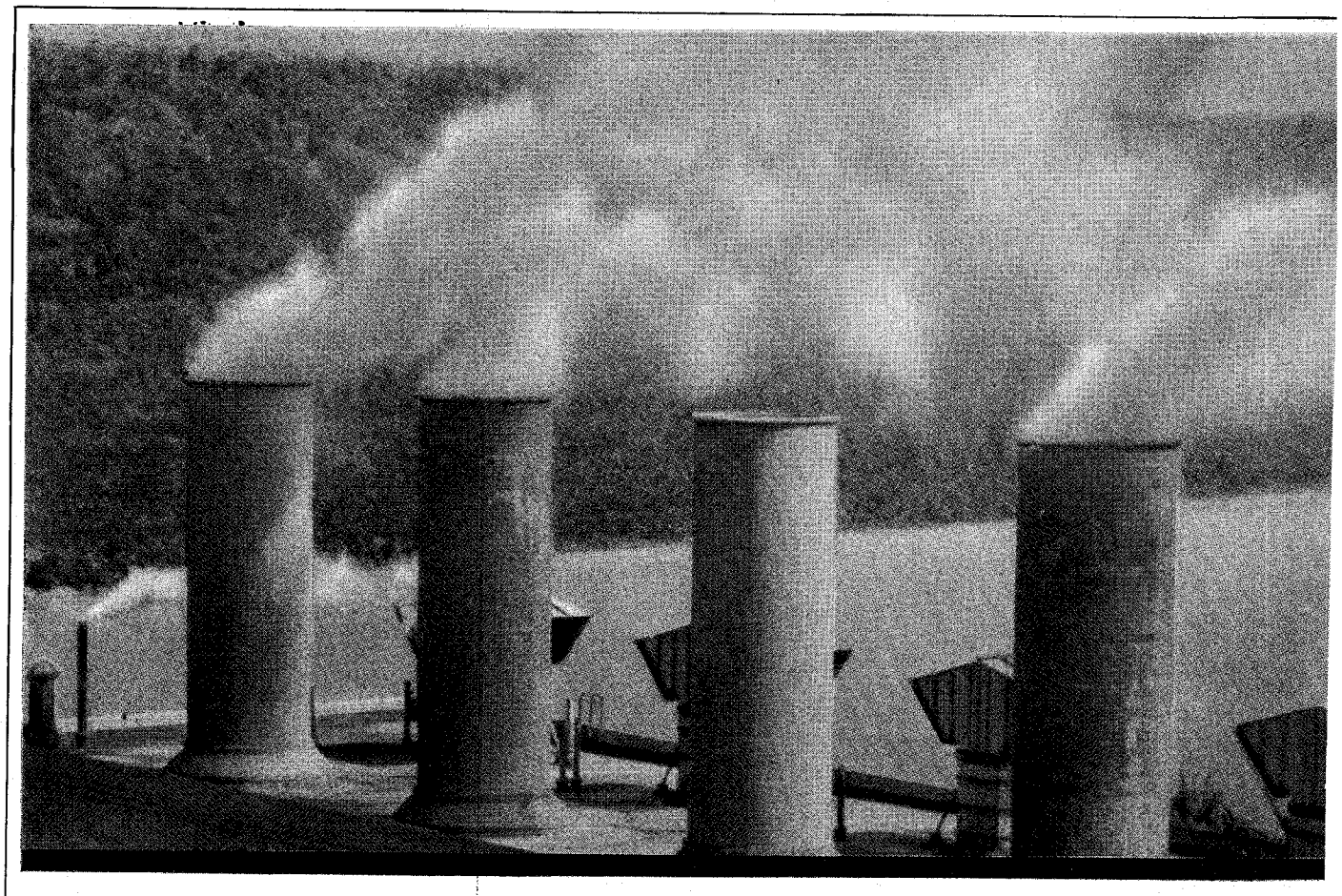
While she was reading the paper, Mason studied her carefully.

Suddenly Mrs. Balfour uttered an exclamation of annoyance, crumpled the paper into a ball, threw it to the floor, jumped from the chair, stamped a high-heeled shoe on the paper, then abruptly caught herself.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't realize."

She stepped carefully off the paper, disentangling her high heels, raising her skirts as she did so, so that she disclosed a neat pair of legs. Then, dropping to her knees, she started smoothing the paper.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Mason," she said contritely. "My temper got the best of me—that awful temper of mine."



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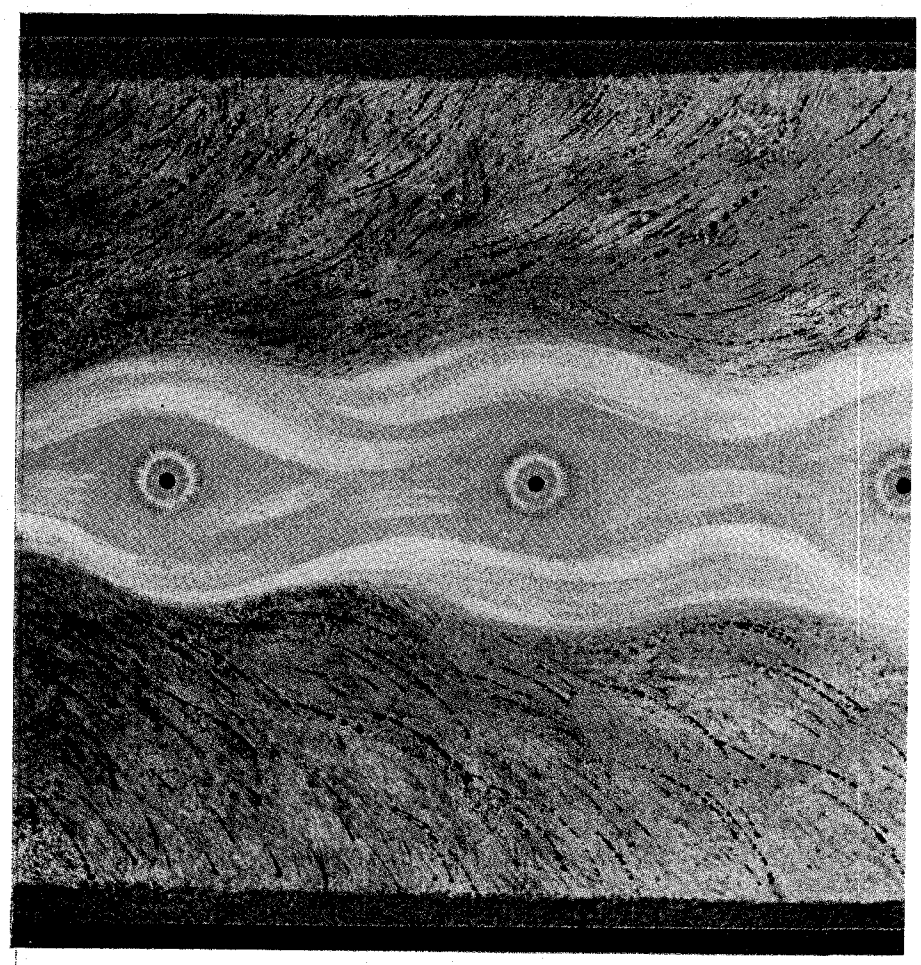

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"Don't bother about the paper," Mason said, glancing at Della Street. "There are plenty more down on the newsstand. Please don't give it another thought."

"No, no. I'm sorry. I —— Let me do penance, please, Mr. Mason."

She carefully smoothed out the paper, then arose with supple grace.

"What was there about the article that annoyed you?" Mason asked.

"The fool!" she said. "The absolute fool! Oh, they should never have let that braggart, that loudmouthed egoist handle the case—not for a minute!"

"Mortimer Dean Howland?" Mason asked.

"Mortimer Dean Howland!" she said, spitting out the words contemptuously. "Look what he's done!"

"Apparently," Mason said, "he's made a pretty good deal. In all probability, Mrs. Balfour, while the jury was out, Howland approached the prosecutor, suggested the possibility of a hung jury, and the prosecutor probably didn't care too much about retrying the case. So it was agreed that if there was a hung jury, the case could be submitted to Judge Cadwell on the evidence which had been introduced, which was, of course, equivalent to pleading the defendant guilty, only it saved him the stigma of such a plea.

"The prosecutor, for his side of the bargain, agreed that he would stipulate the judge could pass a suspended sentence and the case would be cleaned up. Of course, the trouble with a stipulation of that sort is that on occasion the judge won't ride along, but takes the bit in his teeth and insists on pronouncing sentence. Judge Cadwell, however, is known for his consideration of the practical problems of the practicing attorney. He virtually always rides along with a stipulation of that sort."

Mrs. Balfour followed Mason's explanation with intense interest, her large brown eyes showing the extent of her concentration.

When Mason had finished, she said simply, "There are some things that Ted Balfour doesn't know about. Therefore, his attorney could hardly be expected to know them. But they are vital."

"What, for instance?" Mason asked.

"Addison Balfour," she explained.

"What about him?" Mason asked.

"He's the wealthiest member of the family, and he's terribly prejudiced."

"I thought your husband was the wealthy one," Mason ventured.

"No. Guthrie is pretty well heeled, I guess. I don't know. I've never inquired into his financial status. Under the circumstances, my motives might have been misunderstood," she said, and laughed, a light, nervous laugh.

"Go on," Mason said.

"Addison Balfour is dying and knows it. Eighteen months ago the doctors gave him six months to live. Addison is really a remarkable character. He's wealthy, eccentric, strong-minded, obstinate and completely unpredictable. One thing I do know—if he ever learns that Ted Balfour has been convicted of killing a man with

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an automobile, Addison will disinherit Ted immediately."

"Ted is mentioned in his will?"

"I have reason to believe so. I think Ted is to receive a large chunk of property, but Addison is very much prejudiced against what he calls the helter-skelter attitude of the younger generation. You see, Ted took his military service. He's finished college and is now taking a six months' breathing spell before he plunges into the business of Balfour Associates.

"Ted had some money which was left him outright by his father. Addison didn't approve of that at all. There is also a fortune left Ted in trust. Ted bought one of these high-powered sports cars that will glide along the highway at one hundred and fifty miles an hour, and Addison had a fit when he learned of that. You see, my husband is childless, Addison is childless, and Ted represents the only one who can carry on the Balfour name and the Balfour traditions. Therefore, he's an important member of the family."

"Ted wasn't driving his sports car the night of the accident?" Mason asked.

"No, he was driving one of the big cars."

"There are several?"

"Yes."

"The same make?"

"No. My husband is restless. He's restless mentally as well as physically. Most people will buy one make of car. If they like it, they'll have all their cars of that make. Guthrie is completely different. If he buys one make today, he'll buy another make tomorrow, and another the next day. Then he'll get another different one for his next car, and so on down the line. I've only been married to him for two years, but I guess I've driven half a dozen makes of cars in that time."

"I see," Mason said. "Now, just what did you have in mind?"

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"In the first place," she said, "this man Howland must go. Do you have any idea how it happened that Ted went to him in the first place?"

Mason shook his head.

"You see, my husband and I left for Mexico the day of the accident. This happened the night we left. Ted was very careful that we didn't hear anything about it. We've been back in the wild *barranca* country. We came to Chihuahua for mail and supplies, and there was a letter there from the trustee of Ted's trust fund. Guthrie called you immediately after he'd read that letter. He simply had to return to base camp, and from there he's going out on a very dangerous but exciting expedition into very primitive country."

"You folks went by train?"

"Yes. My husband doesn't like airplanes. He says they're nothing but buses with wings. He likes to get in an air-conditioned train, get single occupancy of a drawing room, stretch out, relax and do his thinking. He says he does some of his best thinking and nearly all of his best sleeping on a train."

"Well," Mason said, "the case has been concluded. There's nothing for me or anyone else to do now."

"That's not the way my husband feels about it. Despite the court's decision, he'll want you to check on the evidence of the witnesses."

"What good would that do?"

"You could get the stipulation set aside and get a new trial."

"That would be difficult."

"Couldn't you do it if you could prove one of the main witnesses was lying?"

"Perhaps. Do you think one of the main witnesses was lying?"

"I'd want to have you investigate that and tell me."

"I couldn't do anything as long as Howland was representing Ted."

"He's finished now."

"Does he know that?"

"He will."

Mason said, "There's one other matter you should know about."

"What?"

"Without discussing details," Mason said, "I was retained to sit in court yesterday and listen to the evidence in the case."

"By whom?"

"I am not at liberty to disclose that. I'm not certain I know."

"But for heaven's sake, why should anyone ask you simply to sit in court and listen?"

"That," Mason said, "is something I've been asking myself. The point is that I did it. Now I don't want to have any misunderstandings about this. I have had one client who asked me to sit in court and listen."

"And you sat in court and listened?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of the case?"

"There again," Mason said, "is something I have to discuss cautiously. I came to the conclusion that one of the principal witnesses might not be telling the truth."

"A witness for the prosecution?"

"Yes. The defense put on no case."

"Well, is that going to disqualify you from doing what we want?"

"Not unless you think it does. It complicates the situation in that Howland will think I deliberately watched the trial in order to steal his client."

"Do you care what Howland thinks?"

"In a way, yes."

"But it's not going to be too important?"

"Not too important. I would like to have the matter adjusted so that Howland can understand the situation."

"You leave Howland to me," she said. "I'm going to talk with him, and when I get done telling him a few things, he'll know how my husband and I feel."

"After all," Mason said, "Ted is apparently the one who retained him, and Ted is over twenty-one and able to do as he pleases."

"Well, I am going to talk with Ted too."

"Do so," Mason said. "Get in touch with me after you have clarified the situation. I don't want to touch it while Howland is in the picture."

Mrs. Balfour whipped out a checkbook. "You are retained as of right now," she said.

She took a fountain pen, wrote out a check for a thousand dollars, signed it "Guthrie Balfour, per Dorla Balfour," and handed the oblong to Mason.

"I don't get it," the lawyer said. "Here's a case that's all tried and finished, and now you come along with a retainer."

"Your work will lie in convincing Addison that Ted wasn't really involved in that case," she said. "And there'll be plenty of work and responsibility, don't think there won't be. For one thing, you're going to have to reopen the case. Frankly, Mr. Mason, while Addison may blame Ted, he'll be furious at Guthrie for letting any such a situation develop. He thinks Guthrie puts in too much time on these expeditions. Just wait until you see what you're up against, and you'll understand what I mean.

"And now I must go see Ted, let Howland know he's fired and—well, I'm going to let you deal with Addison. When you see him, remember we've retained you to protect Ted's interests. Will you hold some time open for me later on today?" she asked.

Mason nodded.

"You'll hear from me," she promised, and walked out.

When the door had clicked shut, Mason turned to Della Street. "Well?"

Della Street motioned toward the crumpled newspaper. "An impulsive woman," she said.

"A very interesting woman," Mason said. "She's using her mind all the time. Did you notice the way she was concentrating when I was explaining what had happened in the case?"

"I noticed the way she was looking at you while you were talking," Della Street said.

"Her face was the picture of concentration. She is using her head all the time."

"I also noticed the way she walked out the door," Della Street said. "She may have been using her mind when she was looking at you, but she was using her hips when she knew you were looking at her."

Mason said, "You were also looking."

"Oh, she knew I'd be looking," Della Street said, "but the act was strictly for your benefit."

It was ten-thirty when Mason's unlisted phone rang. Since only Della Street and Paul Drake, head of the Drake Detective Agency, had the number of that telephone, Mason reached across the desk for it.

"I'll answer it," he said to Della, and then, picking up the receiver, said, "Hello, Paul."

Paul Drake's voice came over the wire with the toneless efficiency of an announcer giving statistical reports on an election night, compiling figures on the returns, and relaying factual information in a monotone.

"You're interested in the Ted Balfour case, Perry," he said. "There have been some developments in that case you ought to know about."

"In the first place, how did you know I am interested?" Mason asked.

"You were in court yesterday following the case."

"Who told you?"

"I get around," Drake said. "Listen. There's something funny in that case. It may have been a complete frame-up."

"Yes?" Mason asked. "What makes you think so?"

"The body's been identified," Drake said.

"And what does that have to do with it?" Mason asked.

"Quite a good deal."

"Give me the dope. Who is the man?"

"A fellow by the name of Jackson Eagan. At least that's the name he gave when he registered at the Sleepy Hollow Motel. It's also the name he gave when he rented a car from a drive-yourself agency earlier that day."

"Go on," Mason said.

"The people who rented the car made a recovery of the car within a day or two. It had been left standing in front of the motel. The management reported it; the car people assumed it was just one of those things that happen every so often when a man signs up for a car, then changes his mind about something and simply goes away without notifying the agency. Since the car people had a deposit of fifty dollars, they simply deducted rental for three days, set the balance in a credit fund, and said nothing about it. Therefore, the police didn't know that Jackson Eagan was missing. The motel people didn't care because Eagan had paid his rent in advance. So if it hadn't been for a fluke, police would never have discovered the identity of the body. The features were pretty well damaged, you remember."

"What was the fluke?" Mason asked.

"When the body was found there was nothing in the pockets except some odds and ends that offered no chance for an identification, some small coins and one key. The police paid but little attention to the key until someone in the police department happened to notice a code number on the key, to which no one had paid any particular attention. This man was in the traffic squad and he said the code number was that of a car-rental agency. So the police investigated, and, sure enough, this key was for the car that had been parked in front of the motel for a couple of days."

"When did they find out all this?" Mason asked.

"Yesterday morning while the case was being tried. They didn't get the dope to the prosecutor until after the arguments had started, but police knew about it as early as eight o'clock. The reason it didn't reach the prosecutor was on account of red tape in the D.A.'s office. The guy who handles that stuff decided it wouldn't make any difference in the trial, so he let it ride."

"That's most interesting," Mason said. "It may account for the sudden desire on the part of a lot of people to retain my services."

"O.K. I thought you'd be interested," Drake said. "Now here's something else. As soon as police started checking at the motel, they remembered someone had reported seeing some guy loading a body in a car. At the time, police had felt it was simply some guy getting a drunk taken home and put to bed. But when they looked up the report they found the date was September nineteenth, so they're doing a little poking. Will that mean anything to you?"

"It may," Mason said. "Keep an ear to the ground, Paul." He hung up the telephone and repeated the conversation to Della Street.

"Where does that leave you, chief?" she asked.

"Where I always am," Mason said, "right in the middle. There's something phony about this whole business. That Haley woman was reciting a whole synthetic lie there on the witness stand, and people don't lie like that unless there's a reason."

"And," Della Street said, "young women like Marilyn Keith don't give up their vacation to Acapulco unless there's a reason."

"Nor women like Mrs. Guthrie Balfour literally force retainers on reluctant attorneys," Mason said. "Stick around, Della. I think you'll see some action."

Della Street smiled sweetly at her employer. "I'm sticking," she announced simply.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Some birdcall, eh, Charlie!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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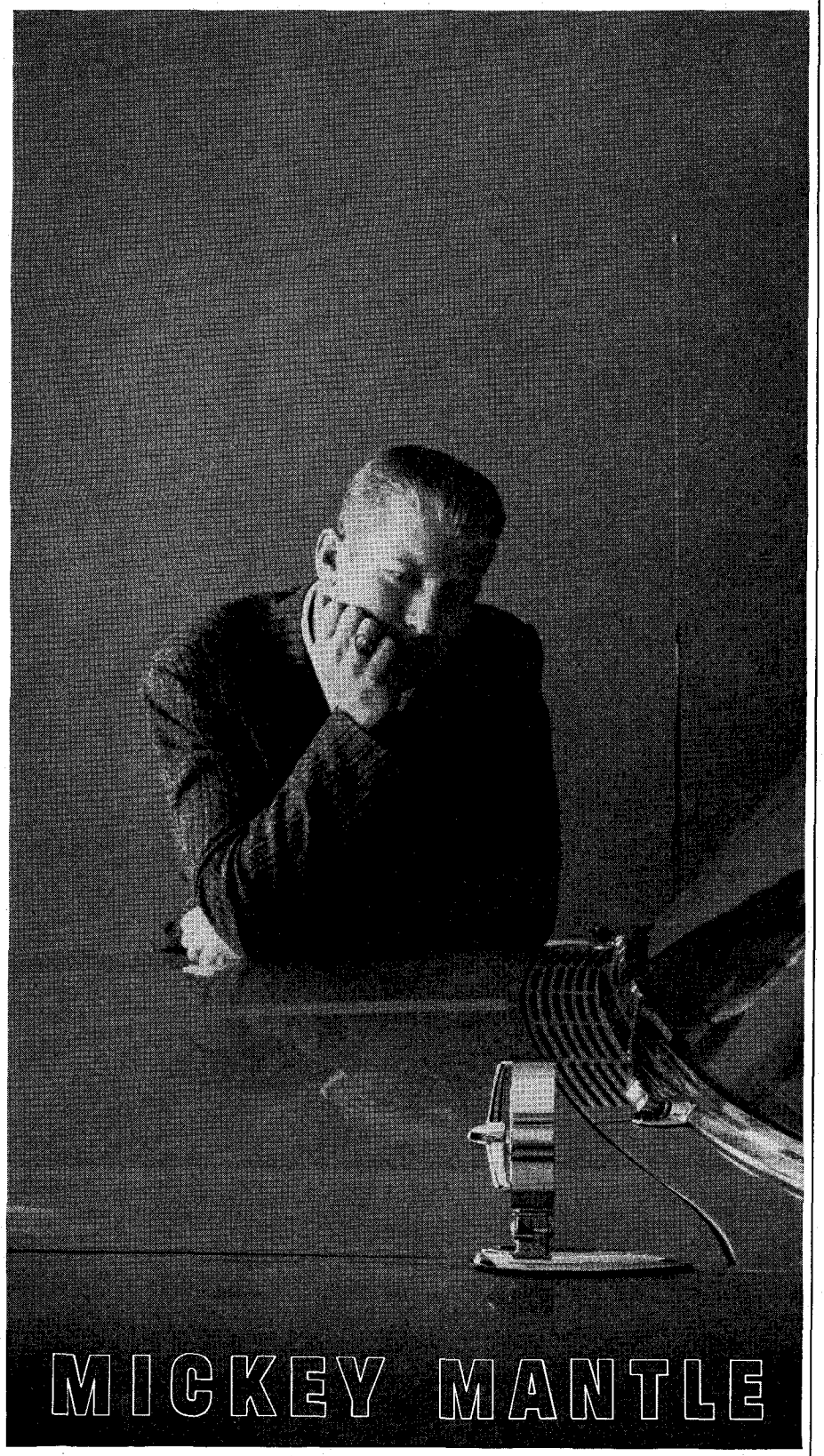

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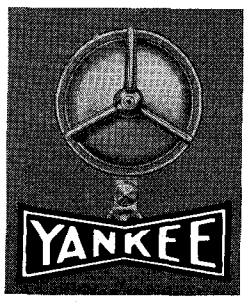

Put the Yankee Pacesetter Mirror on your Car Today

YANKEE METAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.

Reservation for Murder (Continued from Page 49)

"You check him, anyway? You find out a couple of things about him?"

"I tell you it wasn't the guy!" Cassidy insisted. "I'd know him, wouldn't I? He and his friend even put down a firm name in Buffalo, some rug company. I looked at the card."

"But maybe you're forgetting your kindergarten lessons," Hannegan told him impatiently. "Check your facts, Ray, check them again, and keep checking them until you've got the cover nailed on. A rug company has a phone, if it actually exists, and your long-distance operator can find that out for you in five minutes."

It was even less, as a matter of fact. It was not quite a quarter of eleven when Cassidy put down the phone and nodded slowly at Hannegan.

"So no rug company," Hannegan said. "O.K. That's your start. He gave you people a phony name and a phony address; so that means he's in here on phony business. You think he's still in his room?"

"That we'll find out," Cassidy said, putting his teeth together. "And right now." The operator came on again. "Twenty-two-thirty-nine," Cassidy told her. "And keep ringing."

They all waited then. Even Florence, on the other side of the desk, could hear the long buzz up there in 2239, the wait, the buzz again. The operator cut in finally, and said something.

"No answer?" Duval whispered. "Maybe they're just having a drink downstairs or something to eat. Why not, Cassidy?"

"Then they'd use the elevators!" Cassidy shouted at him. "Just figure it out. We'll have to get up there and check with the floor clerk—and right now."

Duval and Hannegan started off; he followed, then thought of something, and turned back quickly to Florence Savage.

"You want to help?" he demanded. "Because you could. There's only two of us in the whole place that would know this fellow on sight—you and me. So listen. Get a couple of clerks downstairs to stay with you, and start watching the elevators. O.K.?"

He raced out, not waiting for any answer from her, but thinking about her, back in his head somewhere. Now, at least, she knew the truth about him—the truth as he had been seeing it for the last couple of months, anyhow. What good was Ray Cassidy any more? Couldn't she understand that part? No good at all! Who wanted him? Not the police surgeons, and not Dottie McConnell, and not her. Because —— Then Twenty-two opened for them, and just in time. The floor clerk was behind the desk with her hat on and her coat over one arm. Just about eleven, Cassidy reminded himself, and so the floor clerks were going off duty now all over the Imperial.

"You got two men up here!" he informed her urgently. "Adjoining rooms—Twenty-two-thirty-nine and Twenty-two-forty-one. They checked in together about an hour ago. You notice them?"

"Of course," the floor clerk said, very much aware of Walter Duval's presence. "Why wouldn't I? That's my job, Cassidy."

"You see them go out again?"

"No," she said, after considering for a moment. "Not this way, at least."

"And you've been here all the time? Right here?"

"Every minute."

"You wait here," he instructed Walter Duval, his course of action outlining itself instantly. The thing to be proved here and now on 2239, beyond question, or else—or else nothing! "I got the passkeys, Mr. Duval, so me and Hannegan can take a look in those rooms of theirs. . . . No, just listen to me! All we need is half a minute in there, to make sure—but we need it! Hold them up, if you see them get off the elevator; tell them they got an important message downstairs, and start them asking the operator for it. But keep them out here. Because then we'll know—and then we can handle them. O.K., now. . . . You all set, Mickey?"

They went out to the Imperial corridor, Hannegan eying him with a rather quizzical sharpness.

"You know something?" Hannegan said. "That was Red Cassidy again, and one hundred per cent too. And you know why? You weren't moping around and thinking about yourself, and about Dottie McConnell—that's why. You've got something to do, and you're doing it. See what I mean?"

But Cassidy had no intention of arguing about it with anyone, not any more. Keeping Hannegan behind him this time, he slipped his passkey into the lock and eased open the door quickly and noiselessly.

Hall light streamed after him. It revealed the dark coat and the black hat on a candlewick spread, but no sudden activity at any point, and no occupants. Hannegan closed the door after them, snapped the lights on and picked up the overcoat. There was a letter in the breast pocket; a bill of some kind. It was addressed to Mr. Francis M. Janisek, East 85th Street, New York City.

"And that's just down the street from Emil Novak's boardinghouse," Hannegan told him. "It ain't just a coincidence, Ray. It means we got something."

There was a bag in the other room—a new suitcase, loaded down not with everyday clothing, however, but with a miscellaneous assortment of newspapers and magazines.

"I guess maybe it does," Cassidy said, grinning back tightly and exultantly at himself in the bureau mirror. "See the sales slip in here? He just bought this suitcase tonight, and then he came right back to the Imperial with it. Sure, Mickey. He's our boy, all right. He just has to be."

They went out and told Walter Duval about it.

"But where is he now?" Duval said. "That's the point, Cassidy."

"Let's figure it," Cassidy said, narrowing the blue eyes somewhat. "Why couldn't he be right on this floor, hah? I saw him up here at six o'clock, remember, him and Emil Novak; then he comes back here afterward—or this stooge of his—and fiddles around until the room clerk offers him something on Twenty-two. Now that's important. That means there's some kind of an angle up here."

"But what angle?" Duval asked; he had begun wringing his hands pathetically. "Just think of the people we have on this floor, Cassidy—Mrs. Henry McPherson King, and Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss, and the Abercrombies, and —— I don't know! How could they be mixed up in anything like this? It's not logical."

"The pocketbook wasn't logical either," Cassidy growled at him, "or the thing that happened to Charlie Mueller. So what? I'm still going on with it—and I'm still telling you that he's in one of the rooms on this floor, and right on the Park Avenue side."

"Why?" Hannegan demanded. "What makes you so sure?"

"The pocketbook!" Cassidy said. "It landed out front, didn't it? So it had to be dropped out of one of the front windows. Try using your brains for once!"

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"I'm telling you," Hannegan murmured. "The old Red."

Cassidy snarled at him; but he felt a lot better than he had in quite a while, for some reason. What reason? he asked himself. Because of that conversation with Florence Savage? Because he had been shown the actual truth there, even if he couldn't bring himself to agree with it, and so had got that Dottie McConnell off his back finally? He was not altogether sure, not yet, but if it was going to work itself out in that manner, he was entirely positive as to the one person responsible.

"Now we can handle this thing nice and quiet," he told Walter Duval tightly. "I and Hannegan take an end each, and work toward each other, or you go with Hannegan, maybe. You know the people up here where he doesn't—or most of them. Swell! Just tell them that you're looking for something; say that a guy dropped his camera upstairs, and that the strap caught on one of the window sills down here. But get into every room on this side; use your eyes and talk to the people. If there's anything wrong, then, you'll be able to spot it and call me."

"All right," Walter Duval said. "We can try, I suppose."

He mopped his face again, and went off with Hannegan, and Cassidy trotted off quickly to the far end of the corridor.

He began there at the end room, the one facing Park Avenue, and after he had rapped on that door he noticed two men walking toward him from the reception room. One he recognized as ex-Ambassador Lascoulie, a permanent guest upstairs in the Imperial Towers; and Ambassador Lascoulie, of course, was beyond question in whatever he did by any member of the Imperial staff. There was a small, fidgety man with him, and he was talking to Lascoulie and using his two hands vigorously. They stopped at 2234, Bishop Hruba's suite; the small man knocked there, and they went in.

Now the end room was opened to Cassidy.

"Yes?" a woman said. "What is it?"

He identified himself to her, and went in, too, after she had put on a bathrobe. She was an elderly and very sedate woman, nervous just now, but only nervous because of a male presence in here at this hour; and Cassidy spent no more time with her than was required to find out about that mythical camera. When he got back to the Imperial corridor, he glimpsed Hannegan and Walter Duval at the other end of it, and one room closer to him. It was about five minutes after eleven then; and Bishop Hruba's suite, midway along the building on the Park Avenue side, was about ten doors from him, and ten also from Hannegan, and from Walter Duval.

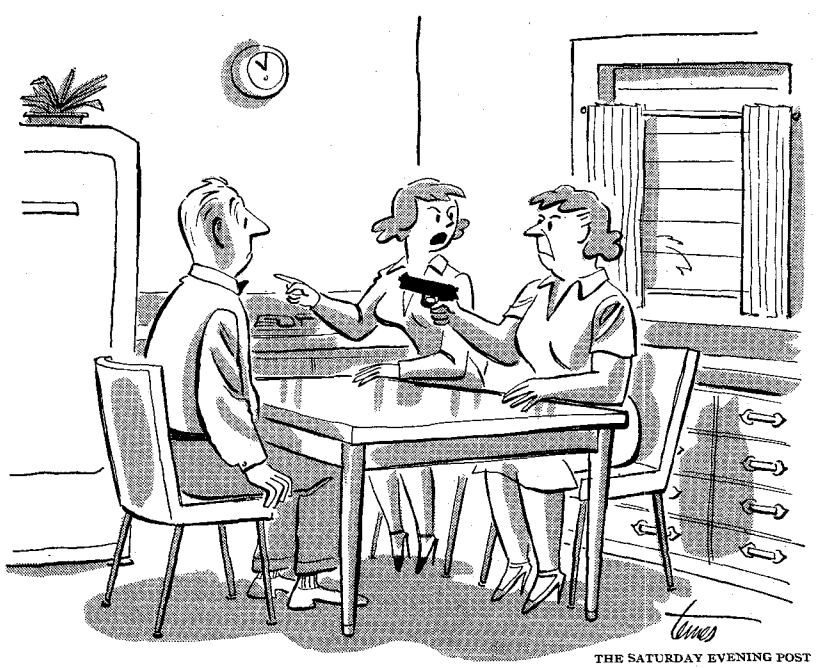
Quite a bit earlier than this, however, Cousin Josef had been all primed and ready for eleven o'clock down in Colonel Tedescu's bedroom. Everything had been arranged, then—or everything that Mr. Janisek could think of, at any rate. The farmer's mustache on Cousin Josef had been shaved off—might never have existed, indeed—the gray locks had been brushed up and back in a stiff, old-country pompadour; and he wore now black shoes and socks, a sash and a black cassock. The dark glasses, still in evidence, accentuated his usual worn pallor, and threw into relief the hollow in each cheek, the bony temples and the wasted physical sharpness of chin and mouth. He stood just as slight and fragile as the bishop, as erect, too, as gently and sadly quiet; and Mr. Janisek, after one final stroke of the brush, had moved back two or three steps and then motioned at Colonel Tedescu to admire his handiwork.

"You see now that it is the man himself!" he announced triumphantly, walking one way around Cousin Josef, then the other. "I was trying for something of the same general effect, to be quite truthful, but my hopes are surpassed. Only observe! The hair, so, the identical poise of the head, the hands clasped piously, the whole attitude."

He felt exceedingly pleased with himself—so pleased, in fact, that he did not bother to notice Cousin Josef unclasping the hands and wiping them on the cassock, and then clenching them.

"But there are still difficulties!" Colonel Tedescu objected. He had been out twice already to the brandy bottle, and he seemed a bit flushed now, a bit surly and resentful in attitude. "There will be more to this than a simple physical resemblance, Janisek. Suppose they talk to him of old friends? What then? How will he be able to answer intelligently?"

"Oh, I quite agree," said Mr. Janisek—at the same time, however, sweeping the objection aside with a wave of the hand and a manner of tolerant and reassuring indulgence. "There will be many difficulties—if we do not avoid them. But we should not forget that it is Colonel Tedescu who will admit our distinguished



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Suppose we handle this my way, mother!"

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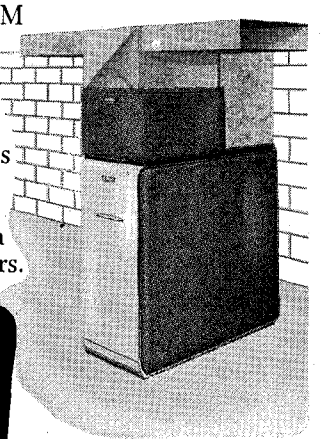

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visitors, and who, consequently, will have the opportunity to explain to them how very nervous His Excellency is, how his memory plays tricks on him these days, and how his thoughts wander. There are not so many people who have actually seen the results of this so-called brainwashing, Tedescu; and so your Ambassador Lascoulie can be prepared by you, and quite easily, to accept anything. You will make sure of a dramatic entrance, of course. Whisper your information to them, watching the bedroom door anxiously, and afterward lead His Excellency out to them with the most tender solicitude. Oh, believe me, you will have nothing at all to worry about!"

"Yes, believe you," Colonel Tedescu muttered. Perhaps an inner nervousness made him irritable now; he scowled blackly and lit one of his Turkish cigarettes. "There is something very odd here, to my mind. Do you know what it is, Janisek? Earlier tonight Emil Novak had to go downstairs for you, to that office. Now it is I who must receive the ambassador and Theodore Victor, and it is the creature there who must persuade them to believe in what he appears to be. But what is the Janisek part in all this—if one is permitted to inquire, naturally? When does the great Janisek reveal and commit himself?"

"Do not be so absurd," Mr. Janisek advised, staring him up and down coldly. "Is there one of us who must stay in the other bedroom with the old man, to make sure that he does not wake up again and spoil everything? That is Janisek's part. If you manage yours half as competently, my friend, there will be very little for us to feel anxious about. And as for our Excellency here ——" He changed tune, clapping an affable and encouraging palm on Cousin Josef's shoulder. "How do you shake hands tonight, Excellency? In what way do you announce yourself to Mr. Ambassador?"

There appeared to be no change at all in Cousin Josef's expression, but, if one had occurred, the dark glasses would have concealed it adequately enough. He gave that small, timid smile of his.

"No, no!" Mr. Janisek warned him, his tone hardening immediately; he knew when, and how, to take the whip to such miserable ones. "Not the specimen you are, imbecile; not at the moment. I am your old friend, you understand; I am Edward J. M. Lascoulie. Well? You greet me, I suppose? You come forward? You have something to say?"

Cousin Josef glanced at himself in the bureau mirror, and away quickly; then at Colonel Tedescu, but no help there either. He hesitated.

"But I have asked you something!" Mr. Janisek went on, lowering his head a bit and smiling darkly and ominously. "And remember, idiot; I want no nonsense from you. I am Edward Lascoulie. Well?"

Cousin Josef bowed at him—a quick, jerky bow. He fiddled a moment with the dark glasses; then gripped Mr. Janisek's hand between both of his.

"Much better," Mr. Janisek approved; "almost convincing. It must appear, however, that you are greatly affected; beyond words for the first moment or two. Try again now, clasping with a little more strength, blockhead, as if you can only express yourself in that way. . . . Good! Now I think you are beginning to get it. Afterward you may take out your handkerchief if you want to; twist it around to relieve yourself; and put in a word or two—just short, vague sentences—when either of them appears to be waiting for you to speak.

"Do not, however, volunteer any information at all about your prison experience; there may be traps waiting in that direction, if unintended traps. The subject is simply too distressing for you; turn away from it. But how are you feeling, for instance? They will ask you that, surely. And how have you been instructed to answer them?"

"I am not myself," Cousin Josef repeated obediently, using the thin, monotonous voice that Mr. Janisek had impressed on him during the past week. "Perhaps you will understand, gentlemen, that my nervous condition ——"

"Good, good!" Mr. Janisek encouraged. He rubbed his hands briskly. "Then I would lower my eyes and twist the handkerchief. I do not believe that they will persist in any bothersome questions, but, if they do, be properly absent-minded, do not understand them immediately; then put your hand to your head, and ask Tedescu for a glass of water or perhaps for your nerve medicine. And, above all, do not forget for one instant that they cannot possibly be suspicious of you. Then afterward ——" He indicated the brandy bottle with a kind of good-natured and condescending playfulness. "A free hand at the schnapps, Josef. Oh, yes, all you can drink."

Cousin Josef smiled vaguely, remembering how he had looked in the bureau mirror: the cassock, the sash, the face that was not his face, the manner that was not his manner. He said quietly to himself, not to them, "Yes, I have to remember the schnapps. May God forgive me."

It was a different declaration this time, not Mr. Janisek's, and it had a different effect. Even Tedescu was impressed by it. He looked around at Mr. Janisek, who spread his palms out and shrugged in the most casual fashion. "Leave him to me," the shrug signified; "trust Janisek in all this; do not concern yourself." Then the phone rang outside, in the sitting room, and Tedescu answered it.

"I have been waiting," he said, clearing his throat effortfully. "Yes, Mr. Victor. Of course. I have just been speaking to him. And he will be most happy to receive you whenever —— Good, then. In five minutes? He will be quite prepared."

He replaced the phone. "You see?" Mr. Janisek demanded, deepening his voice meaningfully. "How simple it all is? And how well you handled yourself? Now I think we should make sure of the old man, Tedescu. He is our one possible danger."

They looked in at him. A bit restless, Mr. Janisek thought; quiet for a moment or two; then one of the arms moving, as if he wanted to brush at something; then a deep, troubled sigh, a few whispered words, and flushed quietness again. But just that other pillow over the face, Mr. Janisek comforted himself; just the pressure of one's hands and one's upper body. Simple, quick, painless, but then, after all, one had the responsibilities of a civilized and humane being. And what would the old man know about it? What would he feel, even? Make sure that Cousin Josef had been accepted outside—that first—then get rid of Lascoulie and Theodore Victor; and then, since the thing was inevitable, since the old man had to vanish, and vanish permanently, if Mr. Janisek were to be protected afterward, it would become necessary to finish the job in here. Well —— He went out of the bedroom, meditating on those matters, but Colonel Tedescu followed him only part way.

"Janisek," Colonel Tedescu said then, stopping himself in the bedroom doorway, and smiling tightly and maliciously there. "You have no doubts about this interview? Not one?"

"Not even half a one," Mr. Janisek replied solemnly. "But why do you smile like that? There is something amusing you?"

"But then it would go off for you too," Tedescu said. The smile broadened. "Let Janisek admit them; let Janisek prepare the entrance; he is the clever one. I? I have been called downstairs on some errand or other, and His Excellency has asked you in to look over that speech of his. That is all plausible enough, I think. Eh?"

Mr. Janisek became aware of a slow, queasy stir somewhere inside.

"But we have already decided, Tedescu. I remain in the bedroom; that part is my responsibility."

"Now we have decided otherwise," Tedescu said. He showed his teeth unpleasantly. "And do you know why? Because this time it is Anton Tedescu who is careful enough to watch out for his own interest. And you did not consider that point, did you, Mr. Clever Janisek?"

Mr. Janisek gaped at him, raising one arm slowly, but just then Theodore Victor announced his presence in the Imperial corridor by three hard raps, briskly authoritative. Mr. Janisek glanced around at that summons, then back. But Tedescu had vanished meanwhile, the bedroom door had been closed noiselessly after him. Now it was Francis Janisek who stood alone in the sitting room at 2234. Absolutely alone! He stood motionless, but it also seemed to him that he staggered a bit, lurched, jerked out of himself, and back again, in some very odd manner. There was another tap—a whole series of them. The knob rattled impatiently. So he opened the door then. What else? He stood over to one side of it.

"Please," Theodore Victor said, indicating the way with a graceful flourish of the right hand. "After you, Mr. Ambassador." He bowed once, gallantly and with Old World courtliness, and followed in from the corridor a tall, elderly man with gray hair and lean, distinguished-looking features. "Colonel," Theodore Victor announced importantly, "may I have the honor of ——"

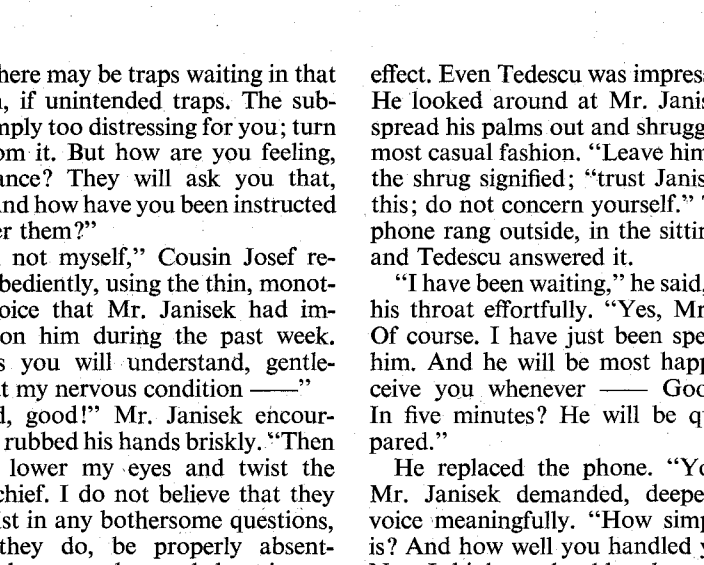
But then he recognized Mr. Janisek standing before him, thick lips aquiver, perhaps trying to smile, but eyes downcast, and arms straight at his sides in the military fashion.

"What?" Theodore Victor cried out, as if altogether astounded by this development. "Janisek?" He drew himself up immediately. "So," he went on; "so it is you who are admitted here, and Theodore Victor who is required to cool his heels in a public lobby! Well! That is a new way of doing things! Very fine! But I think that I would explain myself, Janisek—and at once! What are you doing in this room? Who wanted you?"

Mr. Janisek raised his dark eyes slowly, like a man lifting himself through sheer will power from the depths of some private and secret anguish.

"But I have just arrived," he said. "This moment."

"So you have just arrived," Theodore Victor repeated after him, and with a hard, menacing inflection. "Only this moment! Fancy that now! But who requested your (*Continued on Page 90*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

There's an old saying that anything is possible in baseball. But here is a play that is impossible.

Let's assume the Redlegs are at the bat in the ninth inning of a 2–2 tie game in Philadelphia. Johnny Temple leads off with a base hit. Frank Robinson's single sends Temple to third. Gus Bell is walked, loading the bases.

Now Ted Kluszewski hits a lightning grounder to third. The Phils' third baseman, Willie Jones, pulls in the ball. In the same instant, he touches both the base and Temple, who is standing on the base.

Jones throws to second, but too late to catch Bell. Kluszewski reaches first safely. Robinson is out, of course, on the force play at third.

But what about Temple? If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

See page 90 for answer

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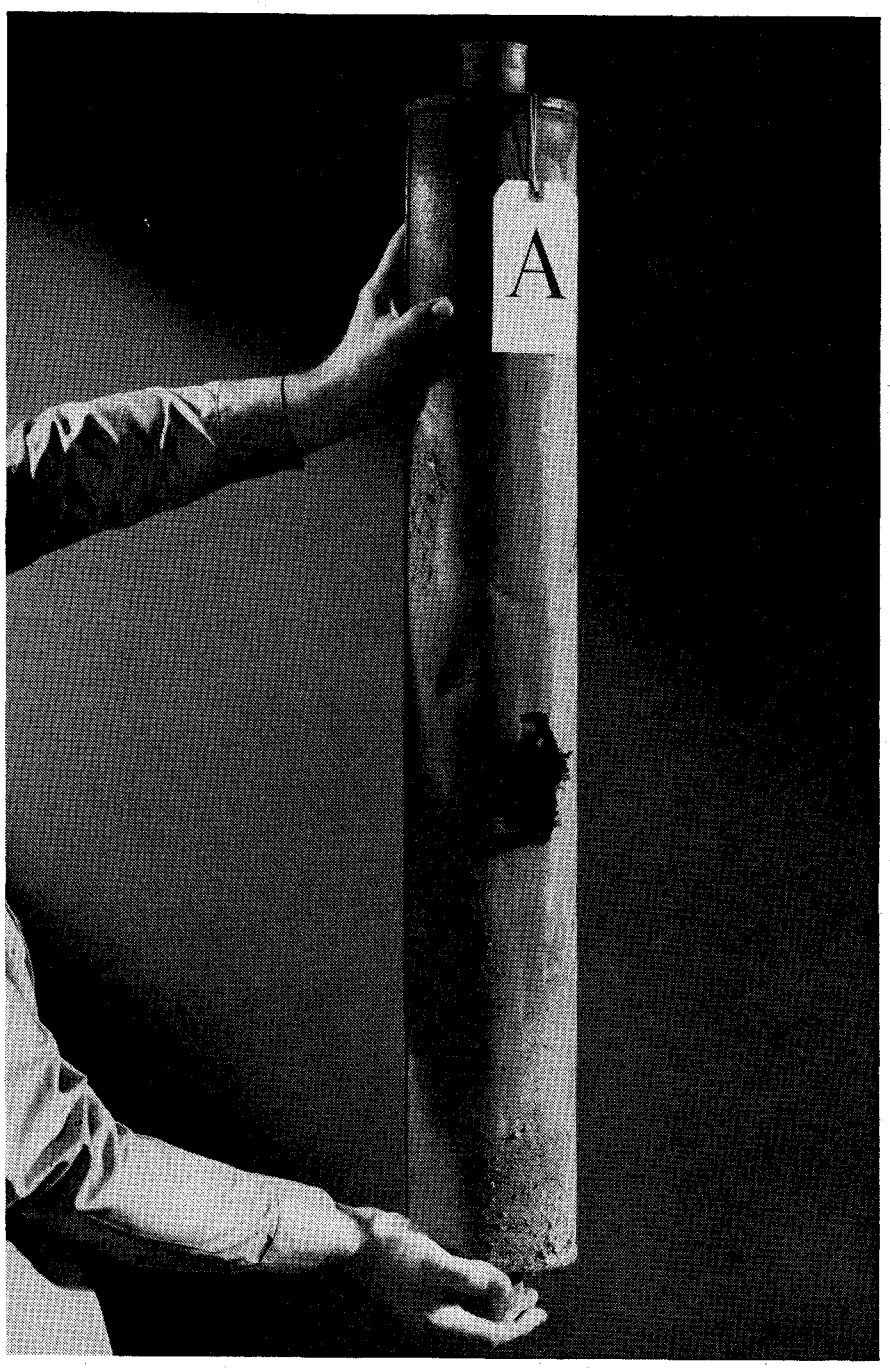

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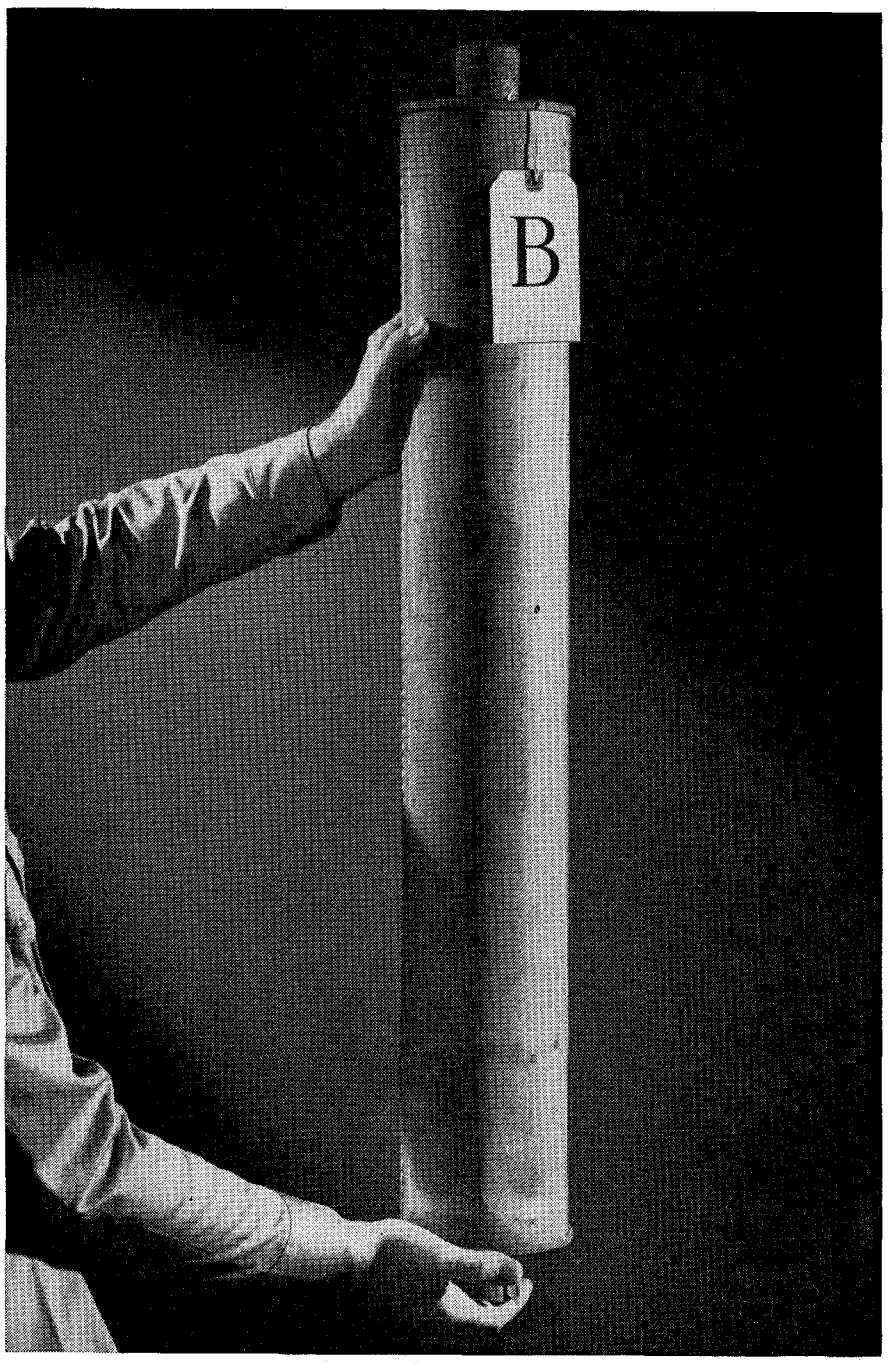

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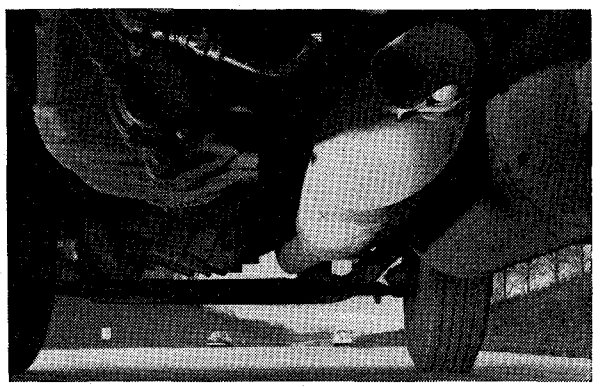
• • •

MUFFLERS OF ARMCO ALUMINIZED STEEL were installed on 140 trucks of the Super Service Motor Freight Company, Nashville, Tennessee, in 1954. On December 1, 1955, 101 mufflers still in service had averaged 180,000 miles. Even the 39 that had been replaced averaged 131,000 miles—*more than three times* the mileage averaged with ordinary steel mufflers.



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(*Continued from Page 88*) presence here? Why was it necessary for you to intrude yourself at this time?" His head turned to Edward Lascoulie. "One of my newspaper people," he explained breathlessly. "Not of importance to anyone, so do not concern yourself. But this—this is intolerable! I to be put off time after time; and a café lounger such as Francis Janisek to be permitted in here the moment he shows himself! Where is Colonel Tedescu?"

"The speech," Mr. Janisek announced huskily, that idea at least coming back to him. "They phoned me tonight, Mr. Victor, when you had already left the office. His Excellency was kind enough to remember me from London, from the interview we had there; and he thought that perhaps I could be of some assistance in—in formulating his thoughts for tomorrow night. That is all. And you would want me to help, naturally?"

"Oh, yes, you are a very good helper," Theodore Victor put in, tapping one foot menacingly. "An indefatigable worker, as is well known by all who have had even the least contact with you. Well, where is Colonel Tedescu? I was assured that he would be expecting us at this time."

"There was—there was a visitor downstairs," stuttered Mr. Janisek. "Some ecclesiastic, I believe. But—but the colonel did not want you to be disturbed up here, not with His Excellency; so he has received the other gentleman in the lobby. He may be down there for some time, I'm afraid. He is very sorry about it."

"And we are to wait again?" Theodore Victor demanded. "No! This is really too much! All day I have been put off, and put off, and put off, until now —— Which is His Excellency's bedroom? Answer me, Janisek."

"He will be out at once," Mr. Janisek declared, feeling now as if a steel band had been tightened all around his skull. No escape here; not with Theodore Victor in this mood. "If you would sit down, please! If you would only make yourself comfortable for half a moment!"

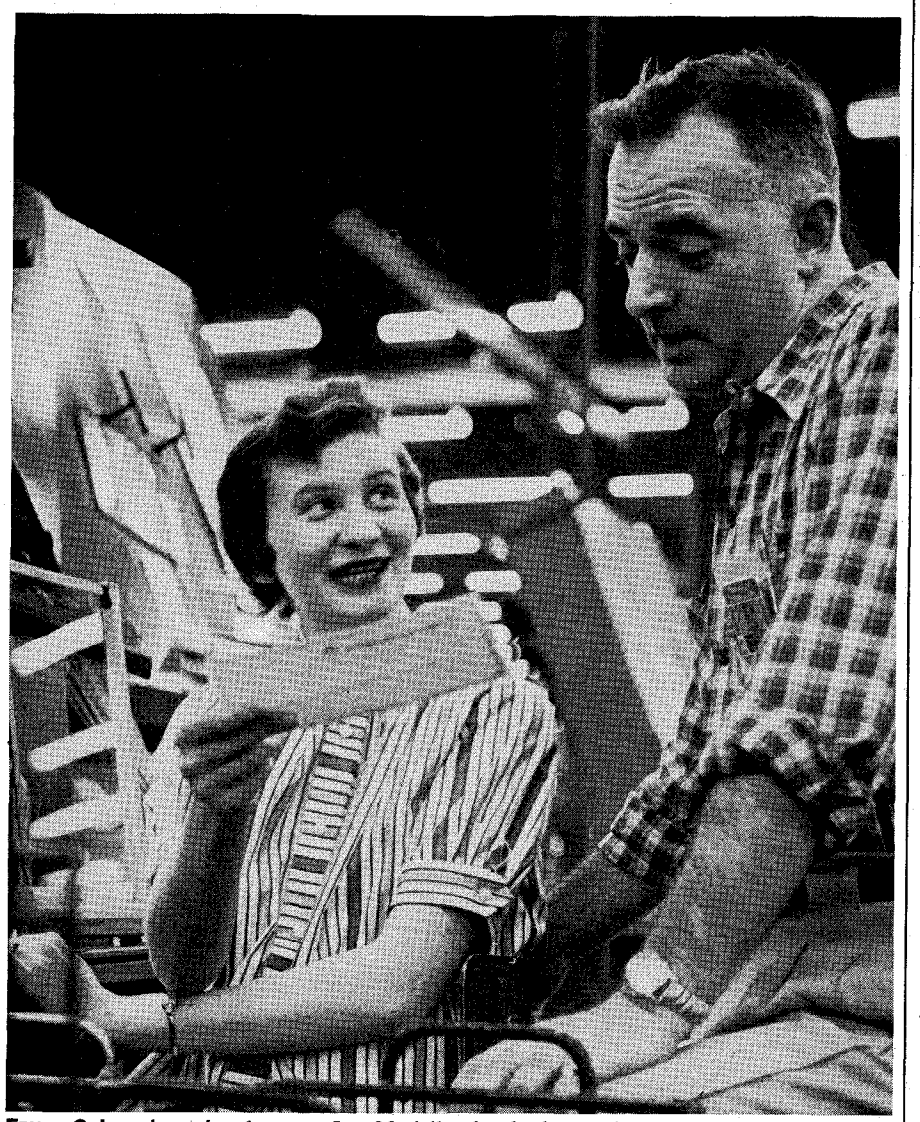
Janisek found his thoughts buzzing around foolishly. Nothing was done as he had instructed Colonel Tedescu to do it. He forgot his lines, stumbled over his own feet and almost backed clumsily into the gray sofa; then got around it somehow or other to Colonel Tedescu's bedroom. He tapped there.

"Excellency!" he said.

He went in. Once in, he supported himself against the dresser, and began to shudder too—long, trembling breaths, his plump belly heaving under them, his mouth open. Presently he recovered himself somewhat. Then he took hold of Cousin Josef, shook him, glared wildly at him, and pointed at the door without uttering a word. No preparation, he was warning himself, and no chance of any; no gravely subdued whisper out there as to Bishop Hruba's nervousness, of his inability to concentrate, of how they should not mention certain delicate matters to him. All now depended on a miserable vagabond. All! Because Tedescu —— *I will kill him*, Mr. Janisek decided suddenly and very quietly. *I will pay him for this.* And the idea must have strengthened him in some manner. He steadied himself, smiled quickly and rather horribly, testing, then shuddered again, threw back his shoulders and walked out into the sitting room with Cousin Josef.

And that, of course, was the really desperate moment; yet the one that had to be got over one way or another, and before either he or the imbecile could start thinking about it in cold blood. So he moved ahead, smiling fixedly, and presenting his arm meanwhile to Cousin Josef; and the two men who were waiting for them got up. Edward Lascoulie coming forward a few steps, and Theodore Victor dropping his Homburg nervously.

Thompson employee uses nail polish to win $6,592 and help speed jet production



Emma Gabor shows her foreman, Lou Masiello, the check for $6,592 which she won with her "nail polish" suggestion. Thompson's employee suggestion program has produced many improvements in operations and materials, and has been an important factor in Thompson's manufacturing efficiency.

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 88

Call Temple safe at third. Baseball rules do not recognize dead heats. Therefore it is not possible for Jones to have touched both Temple and the base simultaneously. One or the other must come first.

An ancient, unwritten law of umpiring is: "In case of a tie, favor the runner." Under that, the umpire must assume that Jones touched the base first, then Temple. The base having been touched first, Temple was no longer subject to a force play. The base is his again.

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No, Mr. Janisek told himself, now feeling an almost fantastic calmness; it was not possible. At this step or the next, there would be an abrupt and horrified change in Edward Lascoulie; the eyes so intent now with concern and sympathy would change expression, widen and then harden. He would stop short; he would give Mr. Janisek one look; and he would turn his head and cry out the truth to Theodore Victor. What then? Accusation, exposure, punishment! How had Francis Janisek ever dared to imagine —— Insane! Insane!

He closed his eyes there; found it necessary. But did he hear voices addressing each other—Lascoulie's first, then the imbecile's hurried and flustered answer? He heard a loud buzzing anyway; hundreds of bees somewhere. In his head only? Then he opened his eyes, and Cousin Josef was still speaking, and perhaps still repeating himself, "——very sorry. You must forgive me. But all this ——"

And no outcry as yet; no change in Edward Lascoulie's expression, either; not the slightest. Could it be that the imbecile had actually accomplished the miracle, or at least the beginning of it? Bracing himself, and now daring to let out his breath gradually, Mr. Janisek got a chair into position.

"Excellency," he murmured, managing the word all right, but finding his mouth a little too full of saliva for true comfort. "Please. You must not exert yourself."

"I am very late," Edward Lascoulie said. Now, and altogether incredibly, he also was assisting Cousin Josef—taking his other arm, seating him, and looking down afterward at that tired and worn old face not with suspicion or even uncertainty, but —and exactly as Mr. Janisek had desired it!—with evident and, of course, helpless distress. What was he thinking about? The changes here? The ravages of time and of ill treatment?

"Unpardonable," Lascoulie went on, arranging a pillow hurriedly for the imbecile. "You must forgive me, but Mr. Victor insisted on it. I understood that you were most anxious to see me."

"But I thought ——" Theodore Victor babbled. "I hoped, Excellency ——"

Mr. Janisek, extending an arm, thrust aside Theodore Victor then, and without any kind of apology. Things were happening very fast now, but in the right way, however; and it seemed to him that he had gained the aplomb and authority which Theodore Victor had just lost, and gained them instantly. The first leap was behind them, and the most dangerous! What now? Now boldness, of course; barefaced audacity. He bustled about, pouring a glass of water for Cousin Josef and securing another chair for Mr. Ambassador, but Theodore Victor he allowed to hover meekly and apologetically in the near background.

"Not myself," Cousin Josef droned. Perhaps that was all he remembered at this moment, but then, with Mr. Janisek again in complete charge of things, it was all that was necessary.

"Perhaps a very brief interview," Mr. Janisek suggested now, murmuring the words in a careful and extremely deferential aside to Edward Lascoulie. "You understand, sir. He will never think of himself, not that man. He should be resting now; he simply exhausted himself over that speech for tomorrow night."

And he clasped his hands sorrowfully, shook his head, and uttered a deep sigh. The imbecile, eyes lowered, feet gathered together under him, got out his handkerchief and began twisting at it.

"Yes," Edward Lascoulie said. He looked anxiously distraught now. "I quite understand all that. Quite."

Another miracle, Mr. Janisek realized. Here, suddenly, it was Edward Lascoulie who had to brace himself; to stop, to start over again and to catch himself up several times before he could put a proper appearance on things.

"I am only here," Mr. Ambassador went on, but addressing himself to Cousin Josef this time, "to extend my deep personal concern and sympathy, Your Excellency. I have inquired for you very often through such channels of information as remain open to us these days, but you will understand that it was very difficult to get any news over here. Then your escape, of course, was the best possible word. And your letter last week from London—it was so good of you to remember me."

Letter? Mr. Janisek felt ice in him. What letter? Get around that obstacle, and before —— He presented Theodore Victor now as the quickest and most effective interruption.

"And Mr. Theodore Victor," he announced. "The chairman for tomorrow night, Excellency; the gentleman who has been so helpful in arranging matters for you."

And it was that simple.

"A great honor," Theodore Victor mumbled, again dropping the Homburg, and without being conscious of it this time. "I have looked forward to this meeting, Excellency—and with so much anxiety! You must realize that to all our countrymen here you have become a truly heroic figure. Oh, yes! The one man who dared to lift up his voice at those people; to stand firm against them."

Cousin Josef made a shyly embarrassed motion of the head, to deprecate all that. "I?" he said.

The vague smile came back again, helplessly. But it was all right this time; it was just about perfect; not even Mr. Janisek could have improved on that expression of simple and very genuine personal humility.

"I think that is something which you must learn to accept from now on," Edward Lascoulie said, placing his hand earnestly on Cousin Josef's kneecap. "Your importance these days as a public figure; as a symbol, really. It is not what you desire for yourself. Oh, we know that! But there is no denying the fact that the thing has happened. You have endured many hardships, and endured them courageously; and now, I think, there will be a new and even greater responsibility for you."

"You have been chosen," Theodore Victor exclaimed dramatically. "Chosen, Excellency."

Even Mr. Janisek thought it advisable there to murmur something or other, putting himself in that way on the side of the angels. But the imbecile would only keep his head lowered, not answering them, and making a small, wretched gesture with the handkerchief. But perfect, perfect! Again it was not a drunkard's abashed timidity, but true meekness and gentleness of the spirit, the modesty of a really good man; and Mr. Janisek's heart, which had been pounding rapidly through all this, began to catch up with itself little by little. Now the thing was developing of its own momentum. Just smashing ahead!

"I wish you would believe me," Edward Lascoulie said, exchanging a quick glance with Theodore Victor, as if he had to bring out something important now; something, perhaps, that they had been discussing upstairs. Mr. Janisek's nostrils flared out slightly. What? "I have been talking to Mr. Victor about your letter, and I took the liberty of informing him that you appeared to feel—well, a little unsure and uncertain about yourself. But I do not think that you have considered it in the right way, Your Excellency. You stood up to them for two years; that is what they remember about you. And, of course, you have been under a great strain; which is what they intended, I would say. Mr. Victor entirely agrees with me."

It was almost touching. Theodore Victor wiped his eyes covertly, much affected; and the imbecile twisted the handkerchief again, protesting now with a miserable shake of the head, and protesting uselessly. Perhaps, Mr. Janisek reflected with grim irony—perhaps he was beginning to believe that all this consideration was intended for him. Undoubtedly there was a certain effect being produced by all these compliments, a stirring-up inside somewhere, because the dark glasses shifted toward Mr. Janisek, and then shifted away; but with what expression behind them? It was rather difficult to be sure just at this moment.

Then there was another rap at the hall door. *Who?* Mr. Janisek demanded worriedly of himself. He had no idea, and no intention, either, of taking any chances on it.

He murmured, "Your medicine, Excellency. It is past time," and headed for Colonel Tedescu's bedroom.

"The door!" Theodore Victor called irritably. "Janisek!"

But Mr. Janisek only closed the bedroom door after himself. At this hour? Who could possibly —— He peered out through an inch opening, but could observe only the nearer part of the room, nothing else; just the imbecile, the gray sofa, the fireplace, the heavy draperies. It must have been Theodore Victor who opened the outside door then. A chair

"Besides that, what else did you do when you were a small boy?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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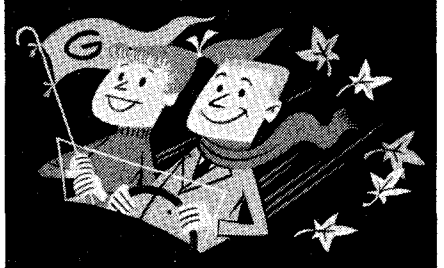

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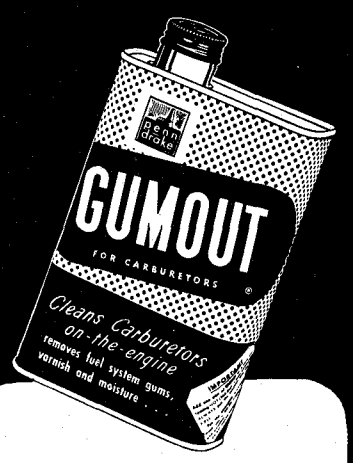

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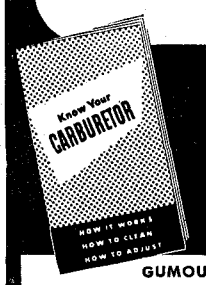

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creaked. Had Mr. Ambassador turned, himself?

"Who?" Lascoulie said. "Oh, Cassidy. Come in; come in. What's the trouble?"

Cassidy. It was a name that Mr. Janisek remembered. He made a quick, flurried motion of his two hands, and then stepped back nervously. Why was Cassidy here, and what was he looking for? Mr. Janisek hit a chair, grabbed desperately at it, caught it and froze to it. What were they talking about out there? A camera? A camera?

A window was opened, and then closed.

"Perhaps one of the other rooms," Edward Lascoulie said. "Look around, Cassidy. It's all right."

Mr. Janisek was on his knees then. He released the chair, got an automatic from his back pocket, and with both hands, in a frenzied and almost prayerful gesture, pointed that weapon at the bedroom door. How could Cassidy have become suspicious? Impossible! And yet —— Had something gone wrong? Again there was that humming in him; his ears rang from it, his head felt as if it had been hollowed out fantastically.

"I guess not," Cassidy said. "I looked all the way along, Mr. Lascoulie. It's not out there." But had he hesitated for a second or two? And was it only the presence of Edward Lascoulie out in the sitting room that reassured him about whatever he had been after in Suite 2234? "Sorry to have bothered you."

"That's all right," Mr. Ambassador said. "Don't worry about it. Good night, Cassidy."

Mr. Janisek had to rest himself on both forearms. Don't worry about it! But what was happening in this place? And why was he being persecuted in this way, time after time, by sudden and almost overwhelming emotional crises? Emi, hours ago; then the coat-and-hat business; then the dreadful moment when Tedescu had forced him to walk out into the sitting room with Cousin Josef; and now this!

Cassidy had left now, and the imbecile had begun to mumble something or other. What was he saying? Would he blurt out the truth here? Without Mr. Janisek's guiding presence, would he seize the opportunity to pour out the whole story at Mr. Ambassador? Nothing else for it! Up again, if very shakily; and, of course, out again, the light blinding him.

"Excellency!" he babbled. "I was unable to find the medicine anywhere. Did the colonel put it away for you?"

But it appeared that nothing important had transpired. Edward Lascoulie was listening to the imbecile, and nodding at him, and, of course, being properly impressed by the cassock, the gray hair and the worn features. Worn by dissipation in Cousin Josef's case, and not asceticism, but what reason was there for Mr. Ambassador to suspect anything of the kind? No reason, apparently. He interrupted the imbecile now, but very gently.

"No," he said. "You must not question yourself. Never, Excellency. Because I have noticed that good men appear to have a certain design to their lives; it appears to be shaped out for each of them in some fashion. They have higher and harder obstacles than the rest of us, and yet they are never defeated by them, not finally. I am putting it in rather a crude way, I'm afraid, but when I received that letter from you, and understood in some small manner the doubts you had concerning yourself, I wanted to talk to you about these things. Perhaps it will help somewhat."

"There are people who are beginning to think of you as one of God's own messengers," Theodore Victor put in, again very emotional. But genuinely so? Mr. Janisek knew better than that; never fear! "And you must not turn your back on them, Excellency. They are lost, and they want leadership; they have little faith these days, and that little must be nourished and strengthened. It is as Mr. Ambassador has just said. A great work has been entrusted to you, and you will carry it through now, with God's help. I tell you, you have been chosen."

Sickening, Mr. Janisek whispered soundlessly to himself. *The whole stupid lot of them.* "*A great work.*" "*Entrusted to you.*" "*Chosen.*" Well, they would never find out how chosen the imbecile had been, nor who had chosen him, for that matter. And thank heaven, again and again, for the dark glasses. The imbecile must have been quite prepared to swallow every least bit of this. He looked from Edward Lascoulie to Theodore Victor. He had forgotten the handkerchief.

"But I did not know," he said quietly. "I did not suppose that anything of this sort was expected of me."

Mr. Janisek almost ground his teeth. Now they had everything in their hands, the imbecile accepted and even condescended to—and the imbecile arguing about it! He moved himself forward with reserved dignity.

"Excellency," he said, "I believe you have begun to tire yourself. Do you think perhaps that the gentlemen would be willing to excuse you now?"

"Of course, of course," Edward Lascoulie said. He got up at once. "We have kept you like this when you need your rest. But if there is anything I can do, Your Excellency, anything at all, you have only to let me know. I think you understand that."

But even then the imbecile would not bow, murmur a few words and ease them out, despite the most positive earlier instructions. And, of course, Mr. Janisek could do nothing but smile tightly and fixedly at the fireplace mirror; on sufferance here, and with no respectable standing in this company.

"It is not a burden that you would have chosen for yourself," Edward Lascoulie went on, still very gentle with him. "But it is a burden that you will carry on to the end now, and I am confident of it. Because you have already been tested, Your Excellency; and as one always is—

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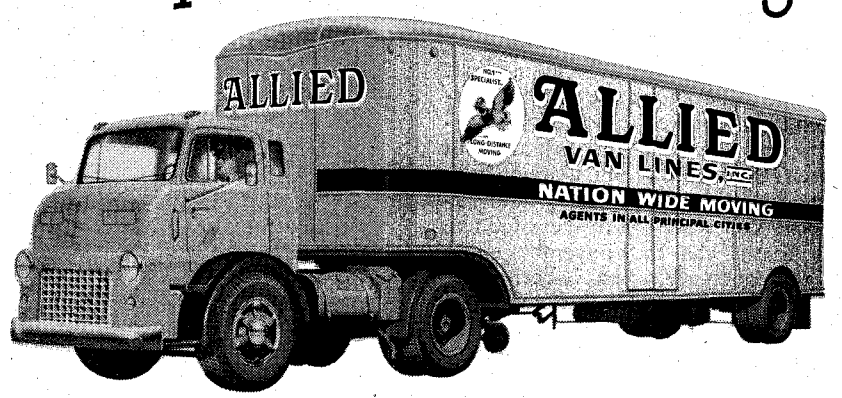

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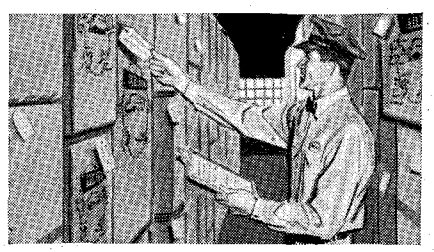

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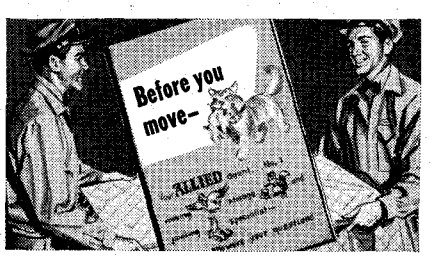

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in the night of the soul, in one's own heart."

Cousin Josef clutched the handkerchief nervously; then—the second time—looked over at Mr. Janisek for advice and assistance. "No," he said. "Please. You must not talk to me of such matters."

Mr. Janisek's smile wavered the least bit. The fool! Would he continue to argue about it? Would he spoil everything now?

"But we must!" Theodore Victor exclaimed, clasping his two hands theatrically. "You must lead your people, Excellency, or they have no leader. And what happens then? To our culture, to our faith also, and to our oppressed fatherland?"

The imbecile got up then, finally thinking of it, and moved his hands on the refectory table, as if becoming distracted with all this. He said breathlessly, "I am very tired; I cannot talk to you any more. You will excuse me now?"

"Please," Theodore Victor said, surprising Mr. Janisek again by his expression of devout and apparently unaffected humility. "Please, Your Excellency. If you would give me your blessing first."

He knelt, and Mr. Janisek drew in a long but altogether inaudible breath. Now, and just as Francis Janisek had anticipated! The hand upraised and the words muttered; the thing done! He waited, lowering his eyelids with sober and sanctimonious hypocrisy, but nothing at all happened. Theodore Victor had rested his hand on the refectory table, his forehead against the knuckles, but the imbecile was only staring down at him with a troubled and rather curious expression. Presently he moved away, much agitated; and behind Theodore Victor, behind Edward Lascoulie, Mr. Janisek made a ferocious and commanding gesture at him. The imbecile inclined his head nervously, lifted his right hand a mere inch—and then stopped it in that position.

"No," he said, in a different tone from any he had used yet, and also, if one could have conceived of it in such a creature, with a kind of pathetic or even oddly agonized dignity. "Get up, please. I bless no one. I am not a good man; I am not worthy. Do not kneel to me."

It was like a blow back of the skull for Mr. Janisek. What—what? He could do nothing, however, but continue to smile thickly and rather apishly, with explanations for such an action, hurried and desperate excuses, darting in and out of his head with the speed of lightning flashes. They were not necessary.

Cousin Josef crossed in front of them to Tedescu's bedroom, and Edward Lascoulie commented grimly, while looking after him, "That's the very queer thing, do you know? It's always the good people who torment themselves about goodness; not our kind. You should have read that letter of his, both of you. Accusing himself, mind you; his weakness, his cowardice, his lack of faith. Well, after two years in a communist prison, I suppose, it is not the easiest thing in the world to adjust oneself."

"Scoundrels!" Mr. Janisek announced loudly and vigorously there, somewhat relieving himself in that manner. "Contemptible brutes!" But it appeared that there was something watching over him, after all; the letter was not a danger then, but an unexpected and providential safeguard.

He mopped his neck, very warm suddenly. Later on, of course, there would have to be a word or two with the imbecile in private, a proper and lasting acknowledgment, this time, of who was master here, and who was man; and yet, all in all, one was almost inclined to congratulate him. Trials Mr. Janisek had been prepared for, tensions of one kind or another, brief and yet agonizing indecisions; but now, perversely, the imbecile appeared to have identified himself as the old man in the very act of attempting to deny himself. Out of control, was he? Well, they would find out about that, and as soon as ——

"You will remain here with Excellency?" Theodore Victor demanded. "Until the colonel gets back?"

"But of course," Mr. Janisek promised him, hurrying forward now and throwing open the hall door. "That is understood, naturally. Because if he can be useful in any way, Mr. Victor, in any possible way, depend on Janisek."

And that assurance was the most beautifully ironic touch of all, in Mr. Janisek's considered opinion. That was the supreme moment for Mr. Janisek, because he had done then, and despite odds and difficulties, the thing that he had intended to do. He had won over Edward Lascoulie, the one serious threat to them. Where was a further obstacle?

"Tedescu!" he cried out. "Tedescu!"

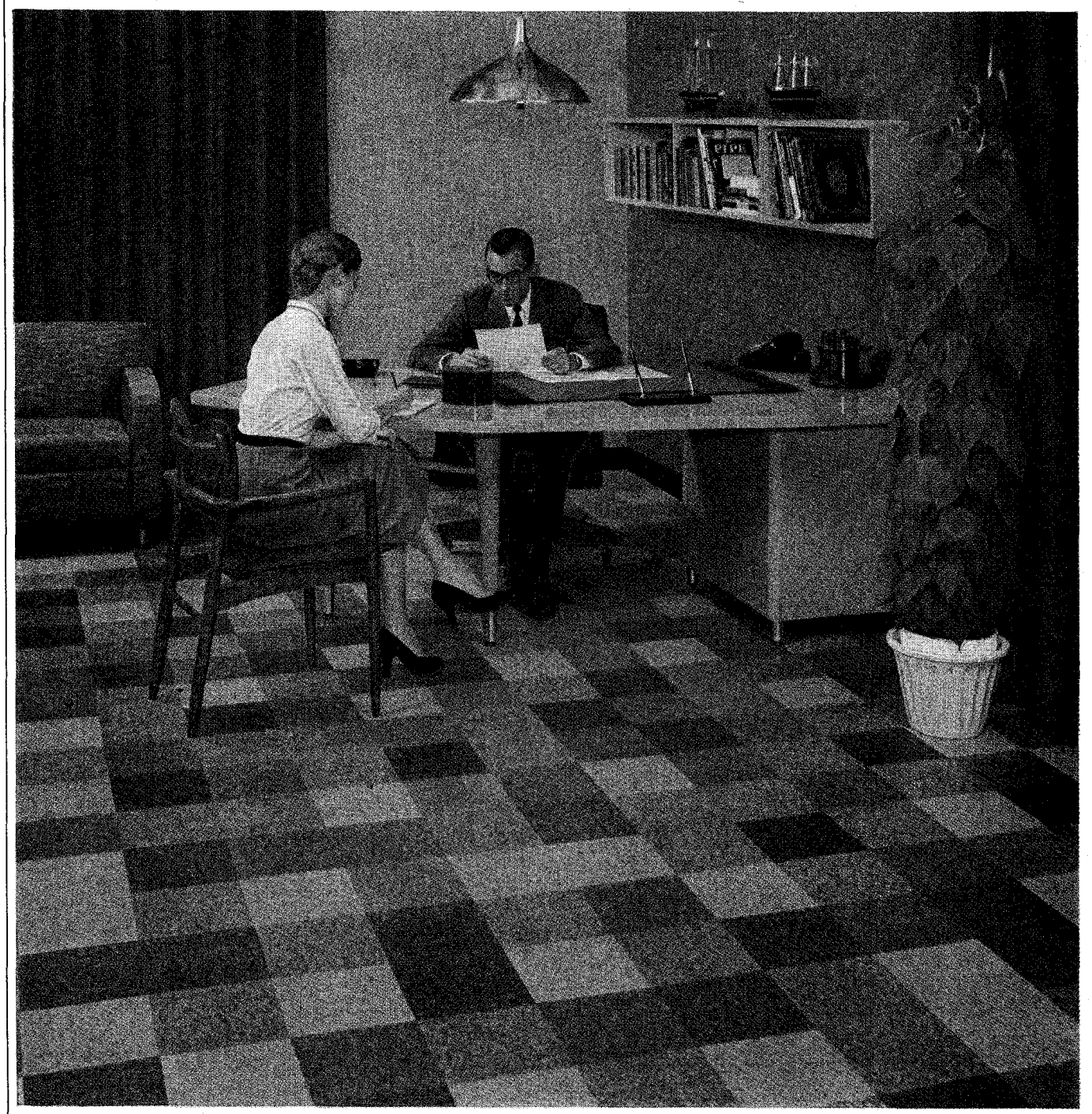
Tedescu appeared.

"Did you see?" Mr. Janisek exclaimed boisterously, throwing up both arms at him. "Did you observe how it all went off out here? How well I managed it?"

But Tedescu had made an urgent and very quick warning gesture, disregarding the other thing.

"The old man," Tedescu whispered. "Be quiet, can you? The sedative has worn off on him. And I think—I think, Janisek, we are both in great trouble now. He seems just like himself again!"

TO BE CONCLUDED



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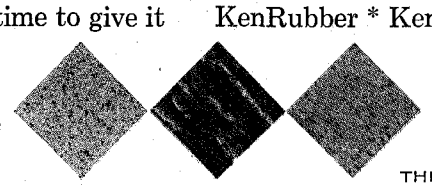

KENTILE®

THE ASPHALT TILE OF ENDURING BEAUTY

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It's magic! The one and only

ONLY ZENITH has the

It answers silent commands from your eas
Turns set on and off, changes stations, mute

YOU DON'T TOUCH THE RECEIVER!

"Space-Commander" in your hand turns set on and off, changes stations, mutes sound!

You see nothing!

You hear nothing!

No batteries!

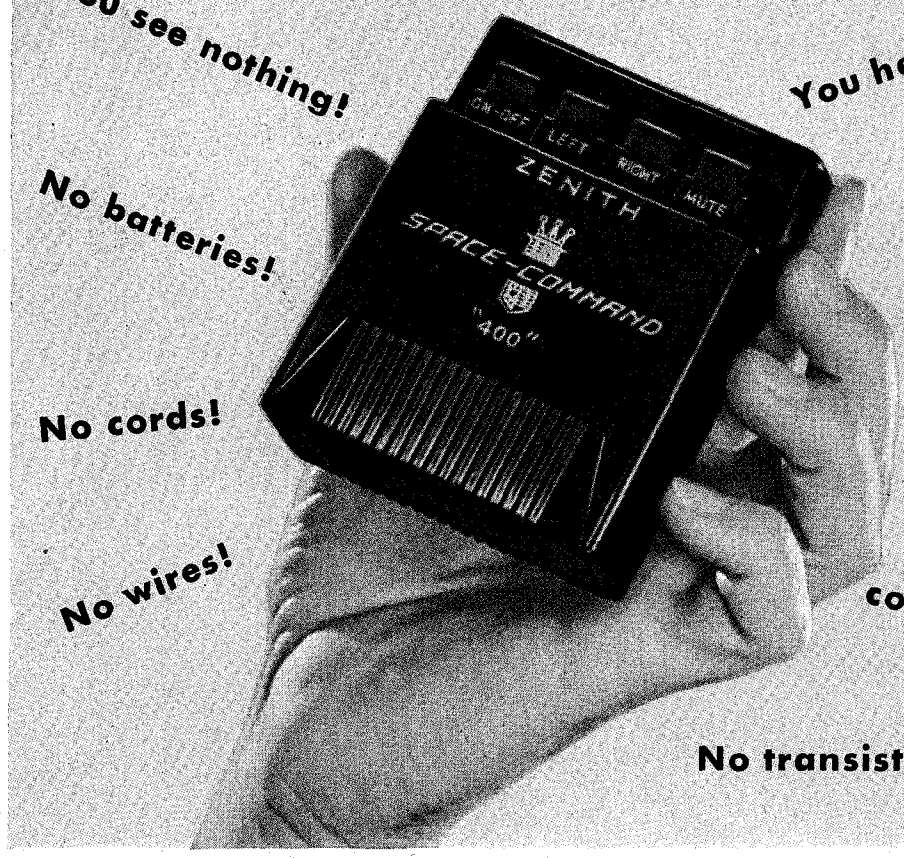
No cords!

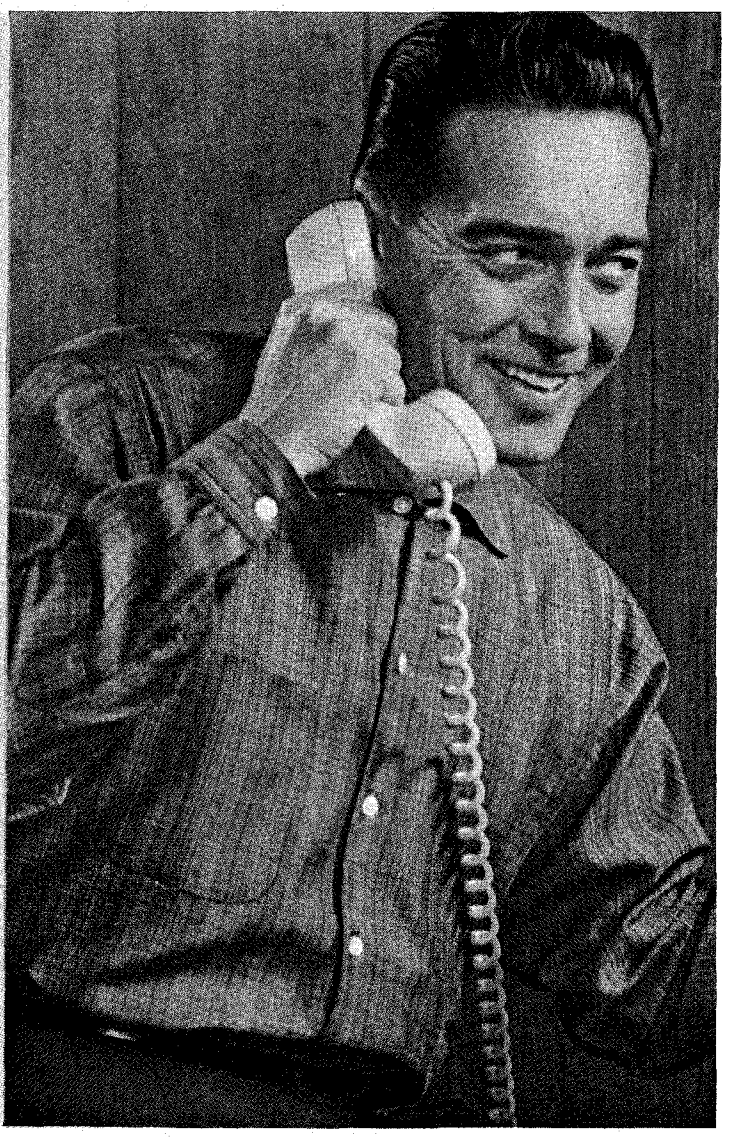
No flashlights!

No wires!

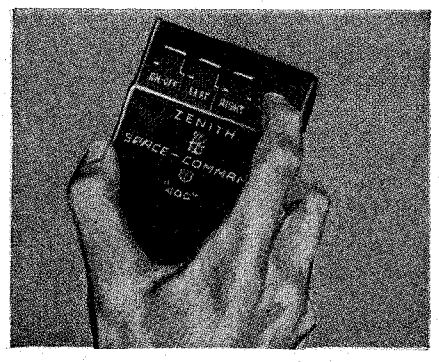
No radio control waves!

No transistors!

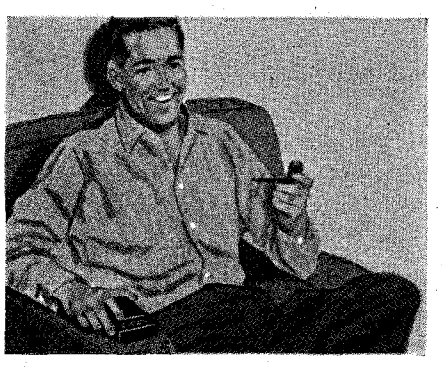




Using the "Space-Command" Tuner is as easy as wishing
—and only Zenith has it!

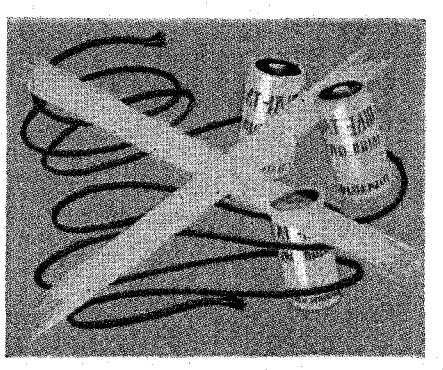


"Space-Commander" fits easily in your hand, is simple to work. Just push a button to turn set on and off; change channels to the left; change channels to the right; to shut off sound or restore it while picture remains.



You don't have to leave your easy chair to see what's on the other channels. "Space-Commander" works from anywhere in the room. In fact, it works even from the *next* room. This is truly remote tuning!

Television in bed is a real luxury. And with "Space-Commander" at your service you don't have to move. When you're ready to sleep, just touch a button and the set turns off! Ideal for invalids and shut-ins, too.



No wires to trip over, no batteries to replace. Yet the light, compact "Space-Commander" makes the set respond instantly, even up to 30 feet away. How? Just visit your Zenith dealer and watch it obey *your* commands!

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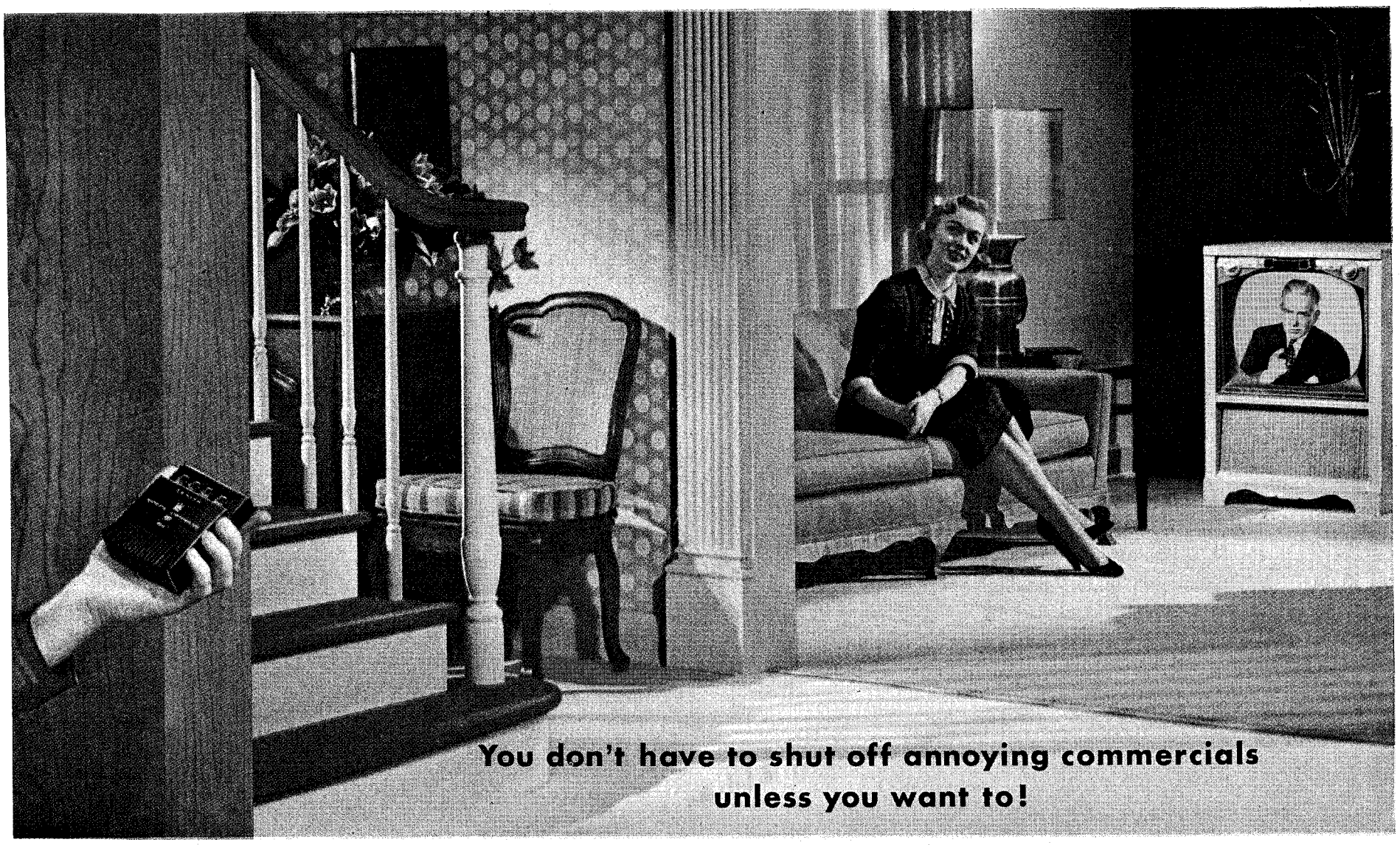
thing NEW in television !

"SPACE-COMMAND" tuner

chair...or even from the next room
sound, shuts off long annoying commercials!



Yours today! The television performance of the future!

ZENITH TV "SPACE-COMMAND" TUNER

ZENITH'S new "Space-Commander" is a revolutionary TV remote tuner, compact enough to hold in the palm of your hand. Without batteries, electricity, light or radio waves, the device enables you to operate a TV receiver across the room, or even from the next room. You can turn it on or off, dial right or left to bring in the desired channel, and even silence commercials. You don't even have to point it! It weighs only 8 ounces. The "Space-Commander's" range is limited to your own house, so it cannot interfere with your neighbor's set. It emits no radiations harmful to humans. You do not see, hear, or in any way feel the transmission of any impulses between the "Space-Command" Tuner and the TV set. There's nothing between you and the set but "SPACE" —and nothing for you to do but give a silent "COMMAND" with the touch of your finger on the "Space-Commander" box for the ultimate in remote tuning. You've read of things called magic—now, see and try the new 1957 "Space-Command" Tuner at your Zenith dealer's today. It's the only wireless complete remote control! And only Zenith has it!

See the "Space-Command" Tuner demonstrated on NCAA football telecasts.

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THE QUALITY GOES IN
BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON!

The Royalty of **RADIO, TELEVISION** and **PHONOGRAPHS**
Backed by 37 years of leadership in radionics exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

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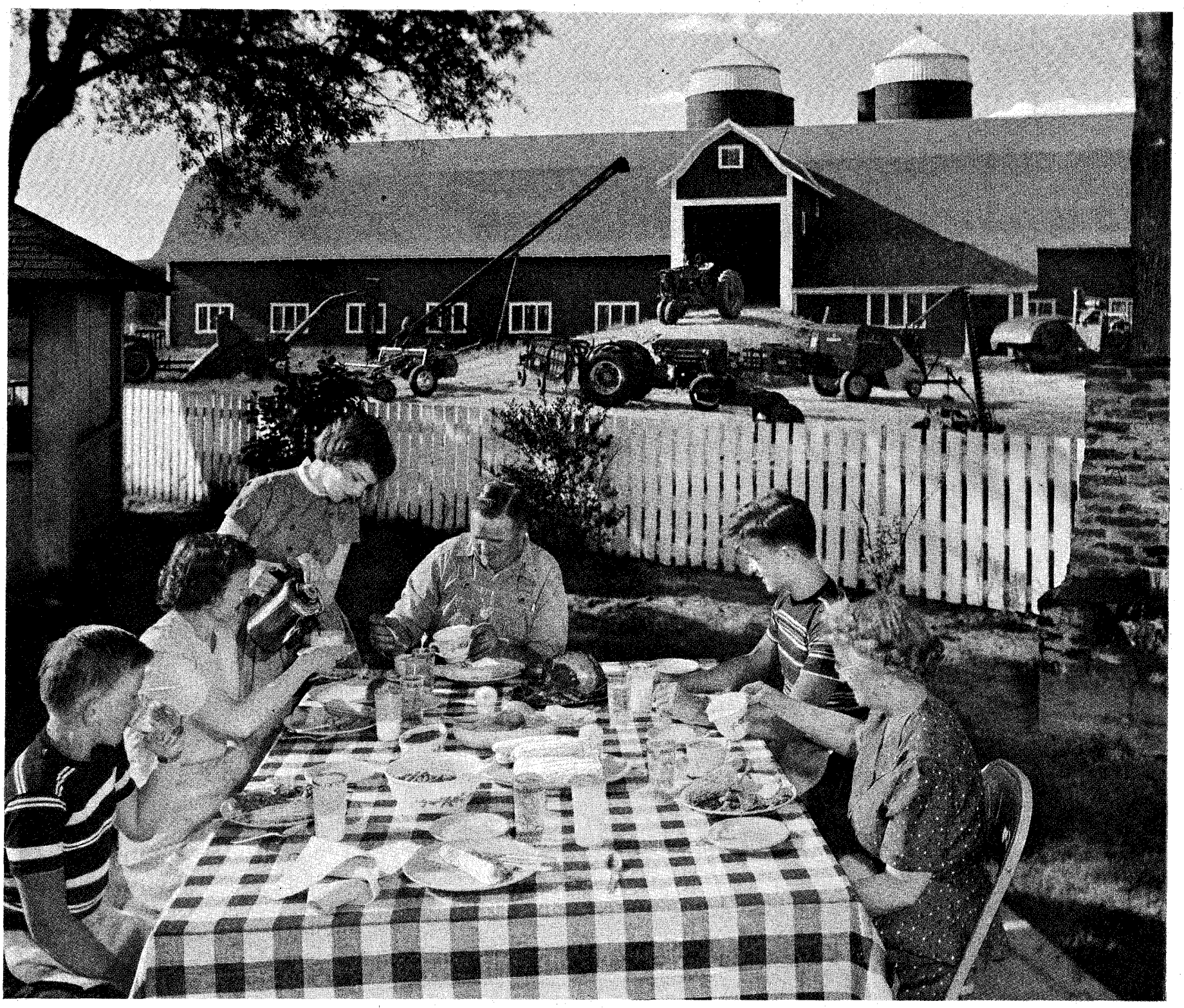
Keeping America on the GO...with **TIMKEN**® *Tapered Roller Bearings*



Before supper's over he'll have 337 more mouths to feed

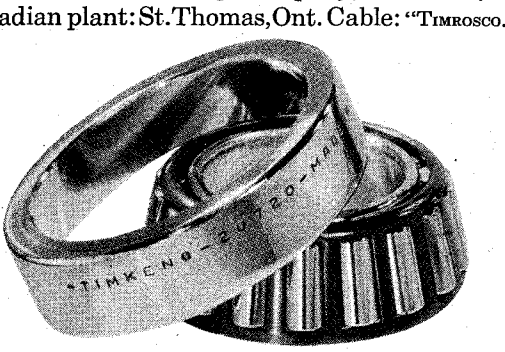
FORTY-FIVE minutes from now, six hungry stomachs will be filled. But in the meantime, there'll be 337 *more* people born. 337 more people for America's farmers to feed. And there are two million fewer farmers today to do the job than 16 years ago.

They'll do it by using machines that save billions of man-hours a year. And those machines have to be dependable. That's why every make of farm tractor uses Timken® tapered roller bearings, and why more and more farm implements are using them, too.

Timken bearings reduce breakdowns because they *roll* the load, virtually eliminate friction. They also allow higher towing speeds, mean easier operation, cut maintenance time, and usually last as long as the machines themselves.

Timken bearings are designed to roll true; precision manufactured to live up to their design. We even make the steel that goes into them to control quality every step of the way. We're the only American bearing manufacturer that does.

Farmers prefer Timken bearings 6 to 1 over all other makes combined. And more and more farm machinery manufacturers are specifying Timken bearings to help keep America on the go. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, O. Canadian plant: St. Thomas, Ont. Cable: "TIMROSCO."



Only **TIMKEN**® *bearings roll so true, have such quality thru-&-thru*

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Pigskin Preview (Continued from Page 33)

tempo of its attack against Maryland, and many teams may try the same this season. The Sooners sprint into the huddle, come out on the run, get the play off at full speed, recover, rush into another huddle and repeat the action before the defense has time to dig in, or shift. Little Citadel, of Charleston, South Carolina, was the pioneer of race-horse football, but has lacked the manpower to make it fully effective. "If there's a big difference in ability between your first and second teams, the fast-break idea may not succeed," says Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma coach. "In fact, present-day competition requires two alternating elevens, fast break or no."

More and more in 1956, coaches will employ two units—of two-way players, perforce. And if quickness in getting off plays can pressure opponents into reducing today's wide variety of defenses, the next speed-up step may be to abandon the huddle. College football, ever conscious of spectator appeal and gate receipts, is aware of the danger of the defense overbalancing the offense. The Missouri Valley Conference now limits scouting to one game by one scout, plus one exchange of movies.

Scoring is lower, games are tighter. Few teams total 250 points for the season, a routine accomplishment five years ago. Michigan, not a special standout defensively, won three of last season's Western Conference games—Michigan State, Northwestern and Minnesota—by putting fourteen points on the scoreboard each time. There were numerous shutouts in 1955. Possession-type football "eats up the clock"; many teams are quite satisfied to receive a kickoff and consume eight to ten minutes advancing the ball seventy yards in short, unspectacular gains. This can be dull—especially when there's no score. Yet 1955 college-football attendance increased 3.3 per cent despite regional-national television, and is expected to show a further gain this year, possibly indicating a higher appreciation of defensive performance. Many coaches build their varsities around the best defensive players.

A happy balance prevails in football's rules, with the fewest changes in fifty years. Two pertain to equipment and will be scarcely noticeable. When a player tears his jersey, the officials will not call time out unless the equipment thus exposed is considered dangerous for further play. If the player requests a new jersey, the time out will be charged to his team rather than to the officials. This should curb the heretofore advantageous use of flimsy, easy-to-rip fabric, for now the defense has a gimmick for a time-out—just tear the ball carrier's jersey. This year for the first time it's legal to play with a rubber-covered ball. Another minor revision, which makes any player lining up on the ends now eligible to catch passes, may bring back occasional switching of tackles and ends in an effort to confuse the defense.

In addition to helmets, which are compulsory, most linemen now wear face guards, protecting the nose, mouth and teeth. Only one fatality occurred in college play last year. Football also has become interested in the safety of spectators, sanctioning an American Automobile Association suggestion that all afternoon college games start at 1:30 o'clock to help to get the out-of-town fans back home before the dangerous hours of darkness.

Beginning this year there will be fewer and fewer intersectional games. More and more colleges favor playing in their own class, under the same regulations—obviously a sensible idea. The Ivy League launches its round-robin schedule. The Big Ten is moving toward a similar plan, ultimately calling for an annual slate of nine conference games, plus one outside engagement. Independent teams of such renown as Army, Navy and Notre Dame will continue in great demand, but the others are going to be squeezed off many a schedule. Pittsburgh, Penn State, Colgate, Syracuse, Holy Cross, Boston College and Boston University may form a new league. Cincinnati has applied for membership in the widespread Missouri Valley Conference. In the Southwest Conference, with Texas Tech now an eighth member, each team eventually will play one less intersectional game.

Various conferences, as well as the National Collegiate Athletic Association, are cracking down so regularly on rules violators—and scaring others who haven't been caught—that this month's incoming group of freshman athletes may be the purest since Sir Galahad. Probation sentences remove Auburn, Florida, Miami and Texas A.&M. from consideration by the Sugar, Cotton, Orange and Gator bowls. Similarly, the Rose Bowl becomes the Woes Bowl, with Ohio State disqualified, Michigan State not permitted to return, and U.C.L.A., Southern California and Washington of the Pacific Coast Conference suspended from participation for exceeding the legal financial aid to athletes.

> One thing mothers always enjoy looking after is a school bus. LUKE NEELY

As for your previewer, he is becoming practical as he prepares to foretell 1956's sectional champions and outstanding players. His crystal ball now has two holes; on the side, he's learning to bowl.

EAST

No. 1 TEAM: Pittsburgh.

RUNNERS-UP: Army, Navy, Syracuse, Boston College, Penn State, Holy Cross, Colgate, Boston University, Villanova, Rutgers.

IVY LEAGUE CHAMPION: Yale.

RUNNERS-UP: Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Brown.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Delaware, Lehigh, Lafayette, Gettysburg, Scranton.

BEST OF REST: Bucknell, Muhlenberg, Temple, Alfred, Drexel Tech, Juniata, Hobart, Upsala, Westminster, Morris Harvey, Thiel, Carnegie Tech, Moravian, Franklin and Marshall, Pennsylvania Military College, Haverford, Swarthmore, Buffalo, Hamilton, Union, Washington and Jefferson, Rochester, Shepherd.

NEW ENGLAND: Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Trinity, Brandeis, Springfield, Tufts, Northeastern, Williams, Amherst, Wesleyan, Vermont, Middlebury, Bowdoin, Colby, New Haven State, Bates.

A clear-cut champion is a near impossibility in the heterogeneous East, but Pittsburgh possesses a good-enough senior-junior quota of home-grown Pennsylvanians to win—again—the Lambert Trophy as the section's No. 1 team. Johnny Michelosen's Panthers are just as big as last year's Sugar Bowl squad and faster, with a sharp quarterback in Corny Salvaterra and perhaps the best pass-catching end in Pitt history, Joe Walton.

Army returns six line regulars, but will have to weld an entire new backfield unless fleet Bob Kyasky, injury-hounded halfback, proves sound. Strong runners Pat Uebel and Pete Lash graduated, as did left-handed quarterback Don Holleder. And here's an oddity—the two sophomores competing for Holleder's job, Pete Dawkins and Chuck Darby, also are left-handed, both lean (six-two), both from Michigan and both standouts in other sports, Dawkins in hockey and Darby in basketball. Navy unveils prize sophomores, but without skilled George Welsh the quarterback spot is unsettled, and the passing, which produced thirteen of the Middies' twenty-eight touchdowns last season, won't be feared. A knee operation may impair captain Earle Smith's bid to supplant Ron Beagle as an All-American end. Outstanding lineman Wilson Whitmire is labeled Navy's best center since Dick Scott (1945-47).

Syracuse, its confidence bolstered considerably by 1955 conquests of Army and West Virginia and a 49-9 rout of Holy Cross, again harnesses its attack to extraordinary Jim Brown, senior work horse halfback, a sprinter at 212 pounds. Boston College's backfield depth should offset its inexperienced tackles and ends. Penn State is better balanced, but lost its long gainer and constant touchdown threat, Lenny Moore. Holy Cross fields eighteen lettermen, including Bill Smithers, a true triple-threater whose midseason injury brought on last year's slump after the Crusaders won the first five games. Colgate, quarterbacked by a Phi Beta Kappa, Guy Martin, is the Ivy League's most popular outside opponent, meeting Cornell, Princeton, Yale and Brown. Boston University strives to mend a defense that leaked 174 points in eight 1955 games. A new coach, John Stiegman from Princeton, brings the single wing to Rutgers.

Maturity—nine first-stringers among thirty-one returning lettermen—is Yale's big edge in the race for the first official championship of the Ivy League, where spring practice still is prohibited. Princeton's problem is to replace eight regulars, including brilliant tailback Royce Flippin, in time to avoid early-season upsets. Dartmouth, owning one of the ranking pass receivers in end Monte Pascoe, will be more familiar with inventive coach Bob Blackman's V formation. Cornell's sure thing is team speed; its gamble: the shift of halfback Art Boland to quarterback. Harvard has a veteran backfield, but guard Ted Metropoulos is the only experienced lineman. Pennsylvania hopes an Ivy diet will check the malnutrition of eighteen straight defeats. Gifted Claude Benham, whose 1955 passing netted 999 yards, is indispensable to Columbia. Brown must be the only squad in the land without a single backfield letterman.

Little Juniata (Huntingdon, Pennsylvania), unbeaten since 1952, tries to stretch its string of twenty-four games without defeat.

EASTERN STARS: Linemen—Walton (e), Pittsburgh; Slater (g), Army; Whitmire (c), Navy; Pascoe (e), Dartmouth; Lopata (e) and Osweichik (c), Yale; Robertshaw (t), Brown; Metropoulos (g), Harvard; Bowman (t), Princeton; Shultz (e), Alfred; Fitzgerald (g), Rhode Island.

Backs—Brown, Syracuse; Benham, Columbia; Kyasky, Army; Salvaterra, Pittsburgh; Ward and McGill, Yale; Smithers, Holy Cross; Sapoch, Princeton; Rex, Dartmouth; Boland, Cornell; Nolan, Lehigh; Stehlin, Brandeis; Bozik, Lafayette; Capitani, Gettysburg; Parr, Villanova.

Your Mutual Benefit Life Man *says:*

"Do you know *what you are worth alive?*"

You can find out for yourself—right now! Just fill in the amounts where they're indicated below—and you'll have your own answer:

1. List present assets		$
2. Subtract present liabilities		
3. Net Worth Now		$
4. Your expected annual income	$	
5. Multiply by the number of years to retirement		
6. Total:	$	
7. Subtract from No. 6 personal expenses for years to retirement		
8. Total:	$	
9. Now add Total No. 3		$
... to Total No. 8		
10. This is what you're worth ALIVE!		$

Quite a surprise, isn't it? And it's just as surprising how easily you can guarantee all or part of that value—to yourself or to your family. Mutual Benefit Life men like **Paul Zittell** of New York are specialists in hand-tailoring life insurance programs for such purposes. The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, New Jersey.

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Sophomores—Reifsnyder (t), Navy; Ryan (c), Cornell; McTigue (b), Brown; Burke (b), Dartmouth; Rowe (c), Dawkins (b) and Darby (b), Army; Appel (g), Columbia; Zimmerman (b), Syracuse; Schleicher (b), Penn State; Healy (g), Holy Cross; Tilley (b), Princeton; Kroll (c), Yale; Musick (b), Pennsylvania; Jascot (t), Wesleyan; Grazione (b), Villanova; Mosher (t), Delaware; Chalifaux (c), Vermont; Sage (b), Williams; Girolamo (e), Brandeis.

SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE CO-CHAMPIONS: Duke, Maryland.

RUNNERS-UP: Clemson, North Carolina, South Carolina, North Carolina State.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION: West Virginia.

RUNNER-UP: Virginia Tech.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Wake Forest, Virginia, George Washington, William and Mary, Citadel, Richmond, Davidson, V.M.I., Furman.

BEST OF REST: Hampden-Sydney, Lenoir-Rhyne, Appalachian State, Randolph-Macon, Wofford, Emory and Henry, Newberry, Guilford, Elon, Maryland State.

Five Atlantic Coast Conference campuses crackle with the aggressive optimism of new head coaches, but Maryland and Duke still trot out the "mostest of the bestest" players and should withstand any league rival's threat to break up their Orange Bowl cartel. Something's gotta give in 1957 when they begin playing each other. Tommy Mont, succeeding Jim Tatum as head of the Maryland staff after five years as an assistant, agrees that his backfield corps could be the school's best ever. And the sole lament heard about the line is that only two tackles can play at the same time; the Terps will match their top six, headed by A.C.C. heavyweight wrestling champion Mike Sandusky, against any college sextet. Duke is heftier than usual and deep at all positions—forty-nine linemen and twenty-five backs—with a superior play maker and passer in senior quarterback Sonny Jurgensen.

Clemson, with competent blocker Dick Marazza, steady ground gainer Joel Wells and six other seniors in the starting line-up, makes coach Frank Howard exclaim, "This is a team of 'issards'; I've had enough of them has-beens and gonerbe's." The North Carolina situation attracts national attention, with ambitious Jim Tatum back at Chapel Hill to rehabilitate his alma mater and avowing, "We'll be improved, but not enough to cause an N.C.A.A. investigation." After Oklahoma, the second game, and before Notre Dame, the next to last, the Tar Heels may prove very sticky. Offense-minded South Carolina hopes new coach Warren Giese, from Maryland, brings along the magic touch. Studious Paul Amen, moving from the West Point staff to guide Wake Forest, finds only thirteen players who have seen action in a varsity game. North Carolina State reinforces all-purpose halfback Dick Christy with sophomore gems. Navy Ben Martin assumes command of a Virginia team that lost nine games last year for a school record, yet outgained its opponents, thanks to a gentleman from Iran, battering Jim Bakhtiar, now a junior.

Freshmen are eligible in the Southern Conference and helpful to many teams, but unneeded by well-stocked West Virginia, despite its loss of seven key regulars and its early-season out-of-league games with Pittsburgh, Texas and Syracuse. The Mountaineers retain the resources to rule their S.C. roost: a stout line and a highly promising passer, Tricky Mickey Trimarki. Ever-improving Virginia Tech may lose valuable senior quarterback Billy Cranwell due to late-summer leg surgery. Among George Washington's seasoned performers is the nation's leading punt returner, Mike Sommer. Service veterans bolster William and Mary. The Citadel relies on those sophomores who as freshmen last year achieved the military academy's first winning season in thirteen years. Richmond's biggest worry is at quarterback. Davidson boasts the conference's leading passer, Dick Belton. V.M.I.'s and Furman's schedules are too tough. Washington and Lee has been giving no football scholarships—and winning no games.

SOUTHERN STARS: Linemen—Sandusky (t), Heuring (t) and Davis (g), Maryland; Bass (e) and Hord (g), Duke; Marazza (t), Clemson; Howley (c), Lathey (g) and Underdonk (t), West Virginia; Tuza (g), Citadel; Brodie (e), William and Mary; DeLuca (t), South Carolina; Gramley (e), Davidson; Johnson (t), Wake Forest; Rice (t), Wofford.

Backs—Wells, Clemson; Jurgensen, Duke; Sutton, North Carolina; Bakhtiar, Virginia; Christy, North Carolina State; Selep and Tamburello, Maryland; Carpenter, Wake Forest; Trimarki, West Virginia; Sommer, George Washington; Cranwell, Virginia Tech; Belton, Davidson; Sidwell, William and Mary; Kitts, Emory and Henry; Webb, Presbyterian; Lettew, Hampden-Sydney.

Sophomores—Hayes (b), Clemson; Blazer (t), North Carolina; Kershner (b) and Beardsley (e), Maryland; Brodhead (b), Duke; Dixon (b), South Carolina; Palandrani (t), North Carolina State; Dannenberg (g) and Sizemore (b), West Virginia; Secules (b), William and Mary; Nebraska (b), V.M.I.; Keller (c), Citadel; Gildersleeve (b), Catawba.

SOUTHEAST

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Georgia Tech.

RUNNERS-UP: Mississippi, Auburn, Tennessee.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Vanderbilt, Kentucky, Tulane, Florida, L.S.U., Mississippi State, Georgia, Alabama.

No. 1 INDEPENDENT: Miami.

BEST OF REST: Mississippi Southern, Florida State, Louisiana Tech, Tennessee Tech, Chattanooga, Southeastern Louisiana, Jacksonville (Ala.) State, Memphis State, Florence State, Murray, Tampa, Eastern Kentucky, Louisville, Western Kentucky, Austin Peay, East Tennessee State, Stetson, McNeese State, Centre, Grambling, Tennessee State, Florida A.&M.

Dixie is deluged with fine running backs. Georgia Tech, incredibly, has two sets operating for their fourth straight varsity year. If the line holds up, the have-uniform-will-travel Jackets are a cinch for a sixth straight bowl trip—and probably a sixth straight victory. With nineteen of 1955's first twenty-two players returning, easygoing coach Bobby Dodd excused most of them from spring practice and concentrated on indoctrinating his sophomores with a double dose of fundamentals. But speed-to-spare Mississippi, with a lighter schedule and one extremely proficient unit featuring premier blocker-plunger-place-kicker Paige Cothren, deft ball-handler John Wallace Blalack and the fastest lineman in the South in tackle Bill Yelverton, could fare better percentage-wise and become the first S.E.C. team to win three straight championships.

Auburn and Tennessee, each a contender, bang together in the opening game. Still affluent despite the embarrassment of recruiting penalties, Auburn is infused with stellar sophomores, plus twenty-one promising candidates held out of competition last season, furnishing unusual depth at ends and halfbacks. Single-wing Tennessee, tackling its hardest schedule, packs tremendous one-two punch. Veteran Tommy Bronson and sophomore Carl Smith, powerful seasoned-in-the-service fullback, supplement wiry tailback Johnny Majors, the conference's 1955 "player of the year," with 1133 yards gained running and passing.

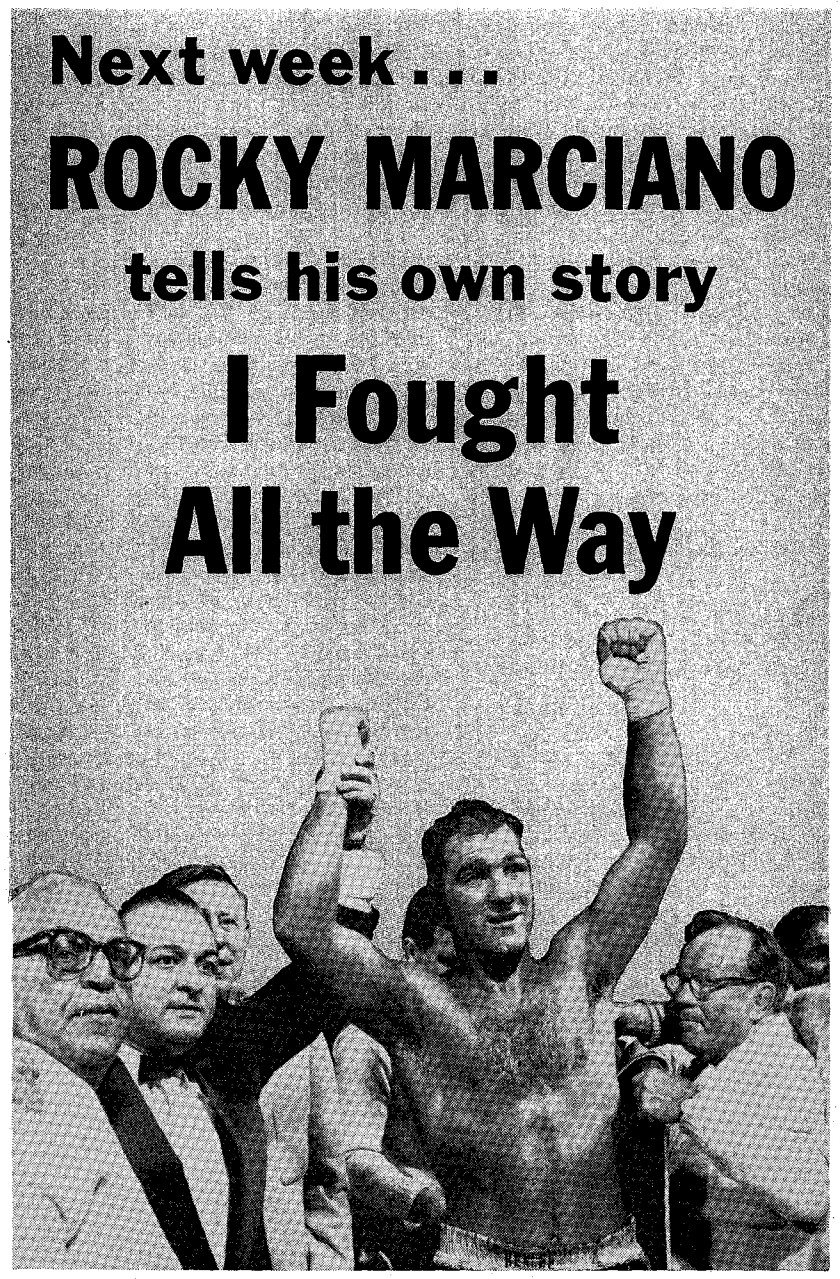
Vanderbilt rides the momentum of its Gator Bowl upset of Auburn, when invaluable Don Orr outshone all the other bowl-game quarterbacks. He's on the ball-moving job again, along with rampaging Phil King, but the line is thin except at tackles. Kentucky, formidable defensively with a wheelhorse tackle in Lou Michaels, who's also the S.E.C.'s longest punter, must rebuild its air wing. Tulane, too, better manned, expands its passing to enhance rangy fullback Ronny Quillian's running (*Continued on Page 100*)

Next week . . .

ROCKY MARCIANO

tells his own story

I Fought All the Way



Why would a young man suddenly give up the heavyweight championship of the world? Now Rocky Marciano bares all the things he couldn't say until after his retirement. In his own unaffected language, distilled from recorded interviews, The Rock tells what his climb to the title was like under the dictatorial managership of Al Weill, who delayed Rocky's marriage for two years, and then offered this toast at the wedding: "Remember, Barbara . . . this marriage has to play second fiddle because he'll have to pay strict attention to me." Rocky talks for the first time about the skulduggery behind a certain championship fight and charges, "They tried to steal that one away from me." The whole warmly vivid life story of the only undefeated heavyweight in history. . . .

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S POST

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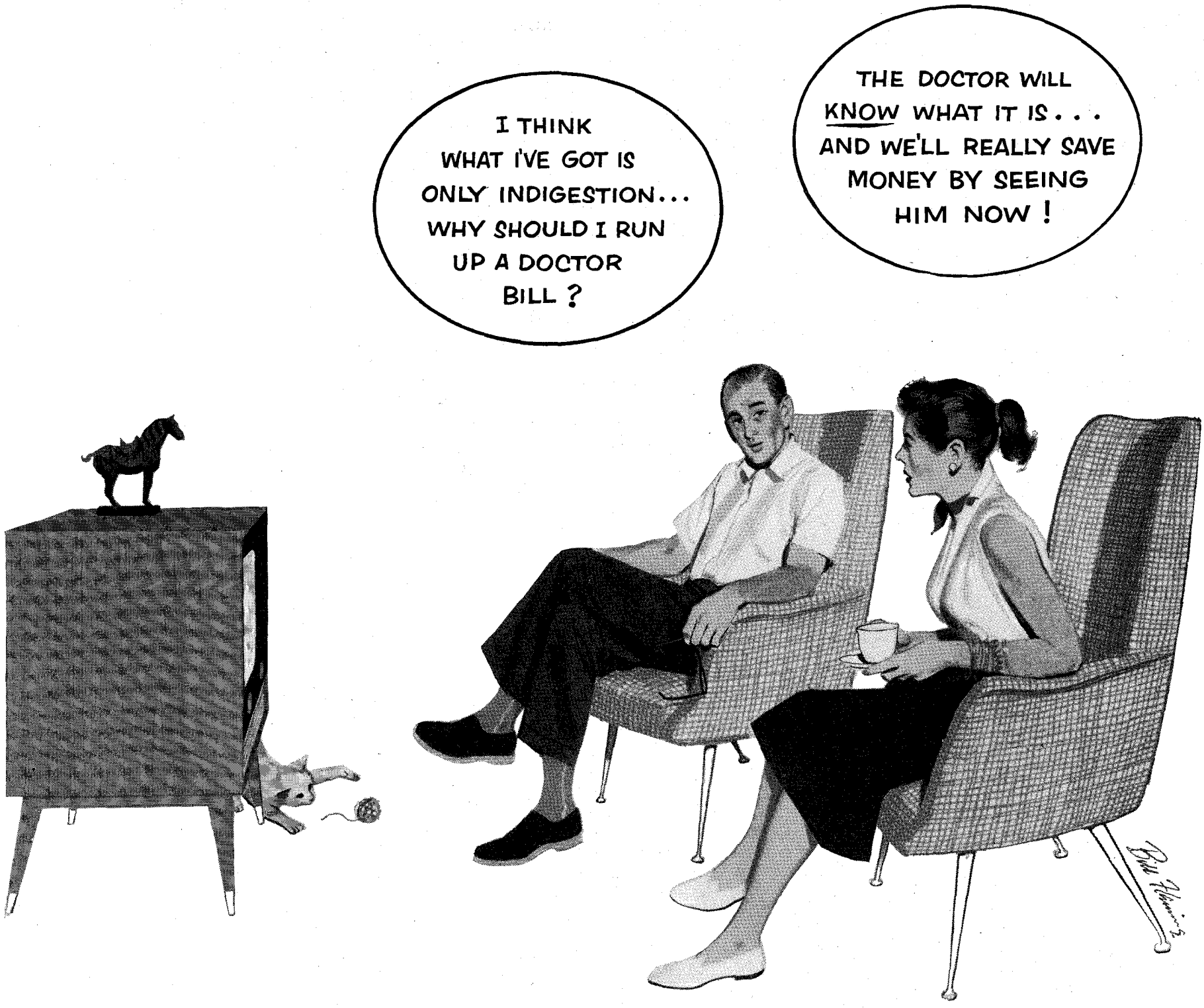
I THINK WHAT I'VE GOT IS ONLY INDIGESTION... WHY SHOULD I RUN UP A DOCTOR BILL ?
THE DOCTOR WILL KNOW WHAT IT IS... AND WE'LL REALLY SAVE MONEY BY SEEING HIM NOW !

The man suffering "a touch of indigestion" is a full-fledged member of our largest ill-health club. (It's said that possibly 25 percent of our adult population could qualify for membership.)

You will find, too, that he has one outstanding trait: a readiness to try almost any sort of treatment he reads or hears about. And yet, proper treatment of digestive disturbances . . . whether it be by diet, drugs or other measures . . . can be given only by a physician after careful diagnosis.

When symptoms occur frequently, it's the better part of wisdom to see your doctor before you try someone's pet remedy. While your trouble may be simply and easily corrected, it could signal peptic ulcer, gall bladder disease, or some other problem much more serious.

A digestive disturbance can easily edge over into the danger zone when you neglect it or try to treat yourself . . . but *prompt* and *proper* medical care may well turn out to be one of the biggest bargains of your life.

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with sharpener at no extra cost!

perfect for
• school
• home
• office

29c complete

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(*Continued from Page 98*) opportunities. Louisiana State has the "mules," headed by 265-pound Earl Leggett, who'll be high in the pro draft, but needs some goal-going "ponies," such as dark-horse Florida's Jackie Simpson and Jim Rountree. At Mississippi State, where Wade Walker is the league's only new coach, sophomore quarterback Billy Stacy is acclaimed "another Jackie Parker." Georgia's youngest squad, one half sophomores, plans fewer sky maneuvers; the 1955 team led the conference in pass offense, yet finished next to the bottom. Once-mighty Alabama, its divided athletic authority under fire from students and alumni, will be hard put to improve last year's 0–10 record.

Miami is enrolling more Florida boys, and by next year hopes to be in the Southeastern Conference. Fast-growing Florida State (Tallahassee) wants to travel the big-time road in football, but often meets a detour in the Mississippi Southern game. University of Louisville claims the fastest back in football in Leonard (Long Gone) Lyles. Grambling (Louisiana) College defends its ranking as the No. 1 Negro team.

SOUTHEASTERN STARS: Linemen—Leggett (t), Louisiana State; Phillips (e), Elliott (e) and Danjean (g), Auburn; Demmas (t), Vanderbilt; Kuhn (c) and Michaels (t), Kentucky; Gordy (t) and Cruze (e), Tennessee; Snoderly (c), Alabama; Yelverton (t) and Duck (g) Mississippi; Bennett (e), Mississippi State; Vereen (t), Georgia Tech; Wilkins (e), Georgia; Truax (t), Tulane; Owens (t), Mississippi Southern; Clifford (g), Memphis State; Schomburger (e), Florida State.

Backs—Volkert, Mitchell and Flowers, Georgia Tech; Majors, Tennessee; Orr and King, Vanderbilt; Quillian, Tulane; Cothren and Blalack, Mississippi; Simpson and Rountree, Florida; Hoppe, Auburn; Dougherty, Kentucky; Bosseler, Miami; Sabbatini, Mississippi State; Walls, Alabama; Lyles, Louisville; Wright, Tennessee Tech; Scott, Centre; Murry, Grambling; Galimore, Florida A.&M.

Sophomores—Stacy (b), Mississippi State; Armstrong (e) and Smith (b), Tennessee; Case (e), Mississippi; Butler (b), McCall (b) and Deiderich (c), Vanderbilt; Lorino (b) and Preis (b), Auburn; Tribble (b), Kentucky; Painter (e), Tulane; Brodnax (b), Louisiana State; Littleton (b), Georgia; Sington (t), Alabama; Dickinson (b), Mississippi Southern; Renn (b), Florida State; Parrish (t), Memphis State.

MIDDLE WEST

No. 1 INDEPENDENT: Notre Dame.
BIG TEN CHAMPION: Michigan State.
RUNNERS-UP: Michigan, Ohio State.
ABOVE AVERAGE: Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Purdue, Wisconsin, Indiana, Northwestern.
BEST OF REST: Marquette, Miami, Xavier, Cincinnati, Dayton, Bowling Green, Ohio U., Capital, Ohio Wesleyan, Kent State, Heidelberg, Marshall, Wooster, Muskingum, Hillsdale, Akron, Denison, Wittenberg, Toledo, Wheaton, Central Michigan, Youngstown, St. Joseph's, Evansville, Butler, DePauw, Valparaiso, Coe, Beloit, Western Reserve.

More than one fourth of the high-school football teams in the United States are in the area of the Big Ten, whose universities have the highest enrollment of any similar group. The quantity of Negro players also is a factor in the Middle West's regularly placing the most teams among the nation's top twenty. Since the Associated Press poll began in 1936, eleven Middle Western teams have earned No. 1 national ranking at the end of the season. This year, a team finishing as low as third in the Big Ten still could go to the Rose Bowl. Ohio State is being disciplined and Michigan State can't go back to Pasadena because it was there last year. "What they've done," declared Ohio State's coach Woody Hayes, "is to put Michigan right in the Rose Bowl." Could be. And 1954–55 champion Ohio State now may lack incentive.

"But we won't lose ours," assures Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State. "We didn't win the championship last year; that's what we want." Multiple-offense Michigan State, heavier than ever, returns thirty-two of its forty-four-man varsity, including the matchless pair of halfbacks, Clarence Peaks and Walt Kowalczyk, each weighing 205 pounds. Kowalczyk's spectacular gains won him the award as the 1956 Rose Bowl game's outstanding player, but runner-passer-receiver-blocker-tackler-interceptor Peaks can, in Daugherty's words, "do more things better than any back I ever saw." If the Spartans clear two October hurdles, Michigan and Notre Dame, they'll breeze to an unbeaten season.

Michigan abounds in good ends, but is low on wing backs. Big Ron Kramer is the best end—and potentially the best wing back, averaging eighteen yards per carry and scoring six touchdowns the first time he experimented at playing the position in a spring scrimmage. He may play some at both spots, adding running power to his value as a pass catcher. What Michigan needs most is a top-notch passer. Ohio State, also lacking an efficient thrower unless one is uncovered among the sophomores, will "four-yard 'em to death" behind a massive line spearheaded by guard Jim Parker, a 255-pound thunderbolt. But, oh, for another Hopalong Cassady!

Inconsistent Illinois, with excellent halfback personnel, seems due, but is unlikely to catch Michigan off guard again. Minnesota, shy on speed and shallow at tackle, is guaranteed better passing by the advent of two transfers, Bob Cox from University of Washington and Jim Reese from Fordham. Sophomore-loaded Iowa is host October twentieth to University of Hawaii. The real break in its schedule, however, is playing Michigan, Ohio State and Notre Dame at home. Purdue has a new head coach, longtime line assistant Jack Mollenkopf, but the same favorite touchdown recipe: Len Dawson's tosses to ends Lamar Lundy and Bob Khoenle. Wisconsin under Milt Bruhn drops the multiple offense for the straight T and seeks a quarterback to replace 1955's Jims—Miller and Haluska. Indiana's only escape from the bottom of the Big Ten is to nip Northwestern again, which lured Stu Holcomb from Purdue as athletic director and Ara Parseghian from Miami U. (Ohio) as coach.

Notre Dame blends its finest sophomores with only three returning first-stringers, among them senior Paul Hornung, college football's most dangerous runner from the quarterback position. Evidencing the quality of the rookies, Angelo Mosca, 240, a one-man gang of the Bob Toneff type, may overshadow his celebrated tackle mate, Bronko Nagurski, Jr. The addition of Jim Finks as backfield coach and Jack Zilly as end coach continues the pro influence on the Irish staff. The only "amateur" is head man Terry Brennan, whose remarkable two-year record—17-3—is endangered most by successive October games against No. 1-ranked Oklahoma and No. 2-ranked Michigan State. As usual, superb physical condition will be a top Notre Dame asset.

Marquette's new coach, Johnny Druze, former Notre Dame aide, also is such a stickler for fundamentals that only fifty-six of 105 candidates survived the spring-practice regimen—all believers in a renaissance at Milwaukee. Giant-killer Miami of Ohio defends one of the highest na-

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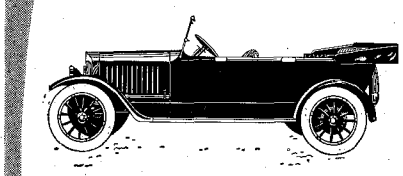

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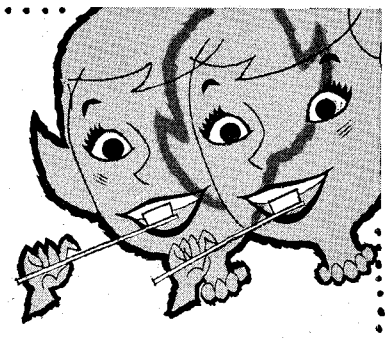

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tional ratings (No. 15) a small college ever attained. Hillsdale returns Nate Clark, 1955's national scoring leader with 144 points.

MIDWESTERN STARS: Linemen—Parker (g), Ohio State; Kramer (e) and Maentz (e), Michigan; Burke (t) and Matsko (c), Michigan State; Hanson (e) and Oliver (g), Illinois; Lundy (e), Purdue; Amstutz (c), Indiana; Prendergast (e), Notre Dame; Hobert (t), Minnesota; Ringer (c), Northwestern; Howard (e), Wisconsin; Campbell (c), Marquette; Ward (g), Dayton; Del Rosa (c), Cincinnati; Junker (e), Xavier; Bliss (e), Miami.

Backs—Peaks and Kowalczyk, Michigan State; Hornung and Morse, Notre Dame; Dawson, Purdue; Barr and Pace, Michigan; Levenhagen, Wisconsin; Jefferson and Mitchell, Illinois; Dobrino, Iowa; Cox, Minnesota; Dimitroff, Miami; Hermsen, Marquette; Smith, Dayton; Niemann, Cincinnati; Brock, Wheaton; Livingston, Heidelberg; Clark, Hillsdale.

Sophomores—Herrnstein (b), Michigan; Mosca (t), Nagurski (t), Ecuyer (g), Wetoska (e) and Toth (b), Notre Dame; Arend (b) and Williams (e), Michigan State; Klein (g), Iowa; Farmer (t), Purdue; Carr (b), Spychalski (g) and Bowermaster (e), Ohio State; Bloedorn (c) and Blackmun (b), Wisconsin; Safrano (b), Marquette; Fowler (b), Northwestern; Jones (b), Indiana; Goings (g), Xavier; Karas (t), Dayton; Dreher (c), Bowling Green.

MISSOURI VALLEY

BIG SEVEN CHAMPION: Oklahoma.

RUNNERS-UP: Missouri, Kansas.

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Houston.

RUNNERS-UP: Wichita, Detroit.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas State, Oklahoma A.&M., Iowa State, Tulsa, College of Emporia, Drake.

BEST OF REST: Omaha, St. Ambrose, Missouri Valley, Bradley, Washington U., Pittsburg State, Washburn, William Jewell, South Dakota State, South Dakota, North Dakota, North Dakota State, Morningside, Iowa Teachers, Northern State, Parsons.

Sound another loud chorus of "Oklahoma!" because the supercharged Sooners, who have scored in 106 straight games and won the past thirty, appear blocked only by Notre Dame, October twenty-seventh foe at South Bend and the last team to beat them (1953). This could be Bud Wilkinson's best-ever squad, headed by agile captain-center Jerry Tubbs, an uncanny play anticipator, and halfback Tommy McDonald, such a master of O.U.'s deadliest weapon, the optional pass, that he legged for at least one touchdown in every 1955 game.

Rivals reeling under Oklahoma's Big Seven dominance—nine straight championships and fifty-three conference games without defeat—scramble for a second-place prize—the Orange Bowl bid. Conference rules prohibit Oklahoma's return. Missouri has a real chance if ramrod quarterback Jimmy Hunter escapes injury. Kansas' added manpower includes many promising transfers. Nebraska under Pete Elliott eventually will recapture some of its old glory, but the conversion to Oklahoma-type football brought on an epidemic of fumbles—thirty-one in one spring scrimmage. Colorado, without an ace tailback, switches to multiple offense. Kansas State starts at least two sophomores. Iowa State has repaired its defense.

Ambitious Houston, stronger each year, may subordinate Missouri Valley Conference success to the joy of ambushing intersectional opponents. Wichita's attack is geared to fullback Leroy Hinman, who in two seasons has been charged with only four yards of lost ground. Detroit's passing gets a lift from ex-marine Steve Piskach. Fifteen of Oklahoma A.&M.'s first twenty-two players are graduates of the unbeaten 1955 freshman team. A transfusion of junior-college stars encourages Tulsa.

College of Emporia (Kansas Collegiate Athletic Conference), which has fewer than 150 male students, not only envisions a fourth straight unbeaten season, but last year was America's leading defensive team, giving up only thirteen points.

MISSOURI VALLEY STARS: Linemen—Tubbs (c) and Gray (t), Oklahoma; Clarke (e), Colorado; Martin (g) and Czapla (t), Missouri; Wahlmeier (c), Kansas; Rainsberger (g), Kansas State; Richards (e), Detroit; Spitzenberger (g), Houston; Yonkers (g), Tulsa; Myhra (g), North Dakota; Hoeft (t), South Dakota State.

Backs—McDonald and Harris, Oklahoma; Hunter, Missouri; Hinman, Wichita; Bayuk, Colorado; Greenlaw, Nebraska; Johnson and Caraway, Houston; Polkinghorne, Washington U.; McBride, North Dakota.

Sophomores—Sandefer (b), Day (b) and Harrison (c), Oklahoma; Heinrich (g), Iowa State; James (b) and Chadwick (g), Missouri; Lewis (g), Kansas; Wooten (g), Colorado; Sprinkle (c), Kansas State; Dando (b) and Piskach (b), Detroit; Davis (c) Houston; Butler (e), Oklahoma A.&M.; Blackwell (c), Wichita; Sams (t), Tulsa; Wold (b), North Dakota; Raddatz (e), South Dakota State.

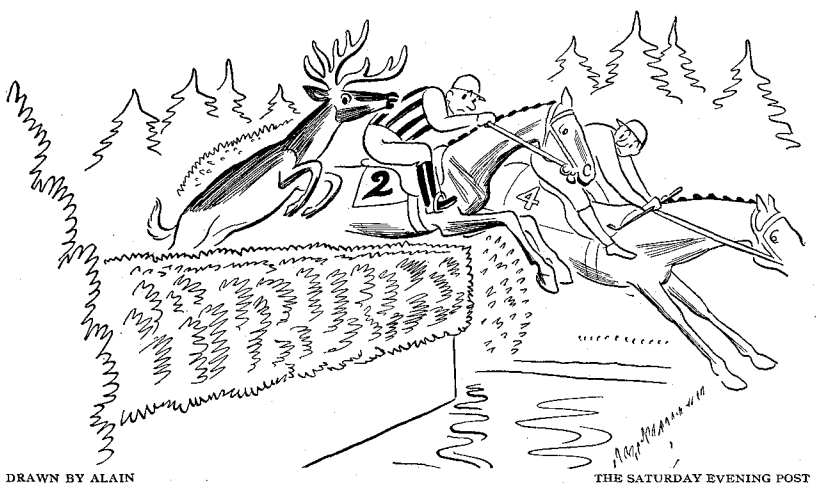
SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Texas Christian.

RUNNERS-UP: Texas A.&M., Arkansas, Baylor, Texas.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Southern Methodist, Rice.

BORDER CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Arizona State.



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RUNNERS-UP: Arizona, West Texas State, Hardin-Simmons, Texas Western, New Mexico A.&M.

BEST OF REST: Texas Tech, North Texas State, Trinity, East Texas State, Abilene Christian, McMurry, Midwestern, Texas A.&I., Southwest Texas State, Stephen F. Austin, Sam Houston, Arkansas A.&M.

The Southwest Conference contributed toward further confusion by admitting Texas Tech. Beginning in 1960, when Tech becomes eligible for the championship, experts will be offered eight ways of going wrong instead of seven. Meanwhile, 1956 entries must contend with the best jumping frog since Mark Twain immortalized the one in Calaveras County. Texas Christian's Horned Frogs last year hurdled from next to the last to the top. This year coach Abe Martin, confessing to the simplest of offenses—"hand the ball to Jim Swink and get out of the way"—returns the most experienced personnel in T.C.U. annals. All but one starter owns two letters, and tackle Norman Hamilton is to the line what Swink is to the backfield.

As far as coach Bear Bryant is concerned, military-minded Texas A.&M. enrolls too many corporals and not enough generals—field generals, that is. Continuing one of the outstanding reconstruction jobs in football, Bryant builds around fullback Jack Pardee and his partner in devastation, halfback John Crow, hoping their talents will minimize the problem at quarterback. Arkansas' 1955 forte was defense, a turnabout that startled and pleased Jack Mitchell in his first coaching season in the Southwest; on offense, the unafraid-to-experiment Mitchell now displays a "squab T"—one halfback pointed in, the other straight ahead—wherein George Walker continues as the league's steadiest quarterback. Baylor's championship drought enters its thirty-second year. New coach Sam Boyd's best hopes are injury-prone quarterback Doyle Traylor and some king-size guards and tackles—plus the S.W.C.'s top sophomores. Texas commands respect because of a quick-striking attack directed by passers Joe Clements and Vince Matthews. However, Longhorn enthusiasm is tempered by halfback Walter Fondren's shoulder injury and doubts about the defense.

Demonstrating the fickleness of Southwest football, Rice, the 1955 favorite, is favored this year to scrap with Southern Methodist for the bottom. Quarterbacks King Hill and Frank Ryan trigger the attack of the Owls, who last season failed to win a conference game for the first time in Jess Néely's coaching span. S.M.U.'s improved passing shows the touch of the coaching aide imported from Purdue, Henry Stram, and the Ponies are promoting end Willard Dewveall as a pass grabber *cum laude*.

Arizona State is the new Border Conference power, with its best squad in history. Arizona parades the nation's leading rusher, Art Luppino. At Hardin-Simmons, coach Sammy Baugh has Ken Ford throwing often and accurately. West Texas State is the 1956 long shot. Thrice-champion Texas Tech has withdrawn from the Border Conference, but fields another solid squad despite the loss of six starters. The Red Raiders have upset chances against Baylor, Texas A.&M. and T.C.U.

SOUTHWESTERN STARS: Linemen—Hamilton (t) and Williams (c), T.C.U.; Dewveall (e), S.M.U.; Kennon (t) and Del Homme (c), Texas; Letbetter (t), Baylor; Krueger (t), Texas A.&M.; Smith (t), Arkansas; Hatcher (c), Arizona; Broadfoot (g), Texas Tech; Cockrell (t), Hardin-Simmons; George (g), Texas Western; Wright (t), West Texas State.

Backs—Swink, Dike and Curtis, T.C.U.; Walker and Nesbitt, Arkansas; Pardee and Crow, Texas A.&M.; Traylor and Shofner, Baylor; Fondren and Clements, Texas; Masters and Jackson, S.M.U.; Hill, Rice; Mitcham and Graybill, Arizona State; Luppino, Arizona; Ford, Hardin-Simmons; McBride, Southwest Texas State; Kelly, New Mexico A.&M.; Meyer, Lamar Tech.

Sophomores—Matthews (b) and Larpenter (t), Texas; Ritschel (b) and Stone (b), Arkansas; Ferguson (t) and Click (b), S.M.U.; Brawley (t), Sul Ross; Gay (b) and Smith (e), Texas A.&M.; Horton (g) and Dickson (t), Baylor; Shuford (b) and Alsbrook (b), Rice; Duncan (b), Texas Tech; Burton (b), Arizona State; Epps (g), West Texas State.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

SKYLINE EIGHT CHAMPION: Utah.

RUNNERS-UP: Wyoming, Denver, Colorado A.&M.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Utah State.

BEST OF REST: Brigham Young, New Mexico, Montana, Air Force Academy.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE: Idaho State, Western State, Montana State, Colorado Mines, Colorado College, Colorado State.

The Skyline Eight race is a four-way fight among Utah, strong in the backfield; Wyoming, with forty new faces; Denver, retooling last year's 310-point scoring machine; and defending champion Colorado A.&M., minus the services of all-round back Gary Glick. The Aggies, along with Brigham Young and New Mexico, have new coaches. Utah State with ace halfback Jack Hill could prove a spoiler. Montana is green.

Recent adoption of athletic grants-in-aid will improve Skyline material. However, new neighbor Air Force Academy, with its attractive scholarship inducements, won't become another West Point or Annapolis—football-wise—by 1958, the first season for its national schedule. Coach Buck Shaw, the old pro, had only twenty-six cadets out for spring football. But he isn't discouraged by military primacy, even if the starting time for this season's games—five against Rocky Mountain Conference opponents—is listed as "1400 hours."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STARS: Linemen—Weber (c), Colorado A.&M.; Stuart (t), Denver; Boss (e) and Butler (c), Utah; Lund (g), Utah State; Hurley (e), Montana; Tripp (t), Idaho State; Knupp (e), Western State; Warzeka (t), Montana State.

Backs—Hill, Utah State; Rhodes, Western State; Crawford, Wyoming; Fields, Utah; Barnes, Colorado A.&M.; Bushnell, Idaho State.

Sophomores—Houser (t) and Mireski (b), Wyoming; Koch (g) and Gray (b), New Mexico; Renning (g), Montana; Haun (b), Utah; Stehouwer (t), Colorado A.&M., Kapp (e), Utah State; Kelsey (b), Western State.

PACIFIC COAST

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Stanford.

INELIGIBLE FOR CONFERENCE TITLE & ROSE BOWL: Washington, U.C.L.A., Southern California.

RUNNER-UP: California.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Oregon, Oregon State, College of Pacific, Washington State, San Jose State.

BEST OF REST: Idaho, Fresno State, Pomona-Claremont, Whittier, Pepperdine, California Poly, Occidental, Whitworth, Chico State, San Francisco State.

Charges, countercharges, investigations, fines, penalties, probations and suspensions leave U.C.L.A., Southern California and Washington in triple isolation booths as far as the Pacific Coast Conference championship and Rose Bowl are concerned. So West Coast title honors are almost certain to be decided November twenty-fourth when Stanford and California tangle in their season finale. Passer John Brodie, whose seventy-six completions netted Stanford 1024 yards last year, is ready again, assisted at quarterback by another good thrower and a better runner, junior Jack Taylor. A huge line, starring robust tackle Paul Wiggin, gets its severest tests in early intersectional encounters with Michigan State and Ohio State.

California is excited about Proverb Jacobs, a tackle transfer from Modesto Junior College, remarkably fast for his 245 pounds, and chunky Jerry Drew, an exceptional breakaway fullback who sat out last season. Most of the twenty-nine California players involved in accepting loans to cover university fees are back in good standing with the conference after submitting proof of repayment, but five others, unnamed, face limited eligibility.

Washington will have virtually all its topflight players available, barring further disclosures, and could be the surprise team of the league, taking keenly to new coach Darrell Royal's split T and happy that six games, including Minnesota and Illinois, will be played at home.

After ruling out U.C.L.A. and Southern California seniors and taking one year of eligibility away from the juniors and sophomores who were receiving illegal payments of forty to fifty dollars a month from booster organizations, the Pacific Coast Conference in a decision without precedent—unless it was Solomon's dictum to cut the baby in two—on August eighth restored the seniors' eligibility for any five consecutive games. "It was an endeavor to get nearer to justice in a situation where you could not get perfect justice," said Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California and chairman of the P.C.C. presidents' council. Schedules—and gate receipts—are thus preserved. Some seniors may choose to play in early games, others in late games, and still others may even be hopeful of last-minute clemency which might permit them to appear in ten full games—provided they played on their knees.

U.C.L.A. and Southern California each returned six senior first-stringers, but since the ruling the Uclans have lost star end Tom Adams to Canadian pro football. They may similarly have lost Ronnie Knox by the time you read this. Otherwise, look for U.C.L.A. to throw the ball more this season, frequently from a spread formation, to capitalize on Knox's exceptional skill. Southern California, in its final season under coach Jess Hill before he becomes athletic director, looks to blocker Don Hickman, distance galloper Jon Arnett and line-smasher C. R. Roberts to carry the Trojans to a strong finish.

All Northwest members except Idaho are playing every other team in the league as the conference launches round-robin, home-and-home schedules. Oregon counts on such fine runners as Jim Shanley, leading sophomore ground gainer in P.C.C. history last year with 711 yards in 100 carries, and Jack Morris, 23.3 low hurdler. Oregon State retains top tackle John Witte, but loses the element of surprise which tripped California, Washington and Stanford last season. At Washington State, avid Jim Sutherland, unsatisfied as an assistant at California and then Washington, gets his head-coaching opportunity.

College of the Pacific, strongest independent team west of the Mississippi, is on the prowl, led by Dick Bass, a sophomore halfback sensation whose prep and freshman ball hauling averaged thirteen yards per carry.

PACIFIC COAST STARS: Linemen—Wiggin (t) and Carswell (g), Stanford; Witte (t), Oregon State; Rubke (c), Southern California; Strugar (t) and Day (t), Washington; Wheatcroft (e), California; Matheny (c), U.C.L.A.; Hughes (g) and Nisby (t), College of Pacific; Gest (e), Washington State; Kramer (g), Idaho.

Backs—Knox, U.C.L.A.; Arnett, Roberts and Hickman, Southern California; Brodie and Camera, Stanford; Drew, California; Green, Washington; Shanley, Oregon.

Sophomores—Bass (b), College of Pacific; Kapp (b), California; Wallen (e), U.C.L.A.; Carr (b), Washington; Bates (t) and Sanchez (g), Oregon State; Stover (e), Oregon; Powell (b), San Jose; Lewis (g), Redlands.

My selections of the top twenty teams and the most probable All-American players appear at the beginning of this article. Some individual nominations:

LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Jerry Tubbs, Oklahoma.

BACK OF THE YEAR: Paul Hornung, Notre Dame.

SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: George Deiderich, Vanderbilt.

SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: John Herrnstein, Michigan.

And for "coach of the year," the tutor of the nonvictorious state-penitentiary squad who alibied: "We just don't get the good boys any more." THE END

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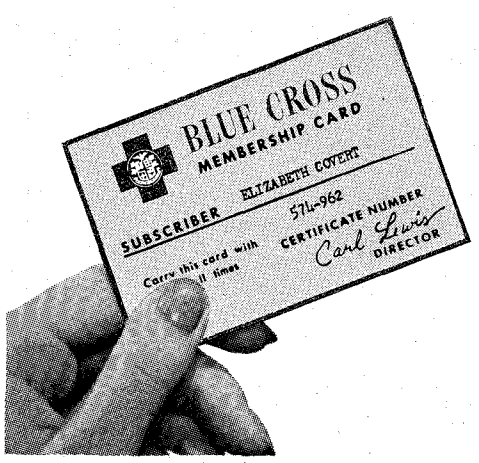

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Mr. Kensington's Finest Hour

(Continued from Page 34)

the King had been very small indeed. Edwin Kensington tried to shut those mental doors swept open by a fresh breeze of a boy named Jonas. He knew he must send the lad packing before things got out of hand.

But Jonas had a plan. "I'd like to take you to lunch, sir. I've saved up the money. Unless you have to eat with someone real important ——" His voice faltered and he turned away.

On the back of his T shirt, Mr. Kensington saw in red letters: EAGER BEAVER CLEANERS. "I say, whatever is that on your shirt?"

Jonas beamed with pride. "This is my Little League Baseball shirt. I just wear it for practice and special things like meeting you. The team is sponsored by the Beaver Cleaners. It's the first year I've made a major team."

Mr. Kensington conceded momentary defeat. He put on his bowler hat and buttoned his dark sack coat, which had become a bit snug around the middle. "Let's get on with the lunch. I have a busy afternoon."

The Hamburger Roundup across the street would not have been Mr. Kensington's choice, but Jonas insisted it was superduper. That is how the consul of the British Empire met the American hamburger "with everything." At the first whiff of mustard and onion, he heard his ulcers give the view halloo, but it was too late to protest. He ate, washing down the spicy concoction with what the waitress assured him was tea.

Perhaps if he talked to the boy he could forget what he had eaten. "What position do you play on the Eager Beaver team? Much like cricket, no doubt."

Jonas wiped a stray piece of onion off his tanned cheek. "Well, sir, I don't really play any position. I'm bench strength."

"What might that be?"

The boy put his second hamburger down defiantly. "I'm a substitute. I'd like to play left field, but I don't hit very good. The coach says every team is just as good as its bench strength!"

Mr. Kensington could see again those blotted, misspelled letters from his own son in the lower form. "The headmaster says we can't all make first, and I do try very hard." The playing fields of Eton!

Mr. Kensington forgot the hamburger. "Why can't you hit, Jonas?"

Jonas gulped down a pickle. "I'm afraid of the ball. I got hit two years ago. Just an accident in tryout."

"Surely your father could help you get over a fear of the ball."

"My father was killed on D day. I never knew him."

"I'm sorry, Jonas. That was a bitter experience for your mother."

Jonas glanced up from his double milk shake in surprise. "No, sir, not bitter. My mother was sad, but she explained it to me this way: My father was an accountant. He wanted to get in the fighting, but they kept him at an Army desk job. Then, finally, he got sent to England and they needed men so bad that when D day came he was in the first wave. Mom says we must remember he died doing what he wanted to do. That's why we can talk about him and it doesn't hurt inside."

"Your mother must be a remarkable woman."

"Oh, she's real keen. . . . Say, don't you want dessert? They have swell Tummy Busters here!"

Mr. Kensington's ulcers did nip-ups. "I say, is that a proper name?"

Jonas' eyes danced. "It's a jumbo sundae with four kinds of ice cream, whipped cream, chocolate sauce and cherries! It costs fifty cents, but you go right ahead and take one. I've got the money, sir."

Mr. Kensington sustained internal shock and nausea, but recovered his usual impeccable good manners. "Thank you, Jonas. I really couldn't. I am in your debt for a delightful lunch."

"Gee, you really liked it!" Jonas paid the check proudly. "Thanks for helping me. Maybe you could come to see us sometime."

Mr. Kensington said yes he would like to, and hurried back to the office building with the relief of a man who has done his duty by God, country and an almost-forgotten conscience.

He devoted his Saturday afternoon to reading the local papers, pausing, without knowing why, on the sports page when he saw a headline: LITTLE LEAGUE TEAMS ANNOUNCED. There it was in very small type: JONAS STEVENS—EAGER BEAVERS.

On Sunday, Mr. Kensington checked out of the public library an armful of books on baseball. He read until quite late that night and completely forgot his gin and tonic before he turned in.

On Monday he actually said good morning to the elevator boy and found the lad was a wizard at baseball statistics. When the postman came in, he returned the loathsome "Cheerio" with a "Pip, pip, old boy," which was repeated up and down the halls.

At ten, Mrs. James Stevens rang him up. "You've been most kind to Jonas, Mr. Kensington. I know you're busy, but won't you have dinner with us tomorrow night?"

Mr. Kensington panicked. He didn't want to become involved with anyone, certainly not with an appealing boy like Jonas. But in the end he said thank you, he would be delighted to come.

All the way to the suburbs in a taxi, Edwin Kensington tried to pretend he hated the whole dreary business, but his hair was neatly trimmed, his mustache nicely clipped, and he smelled of tweeds and good pipe tobacco.

He found that Cary Stevens fitted her son's brief summation, "keen." The dinner was spiced with the gaiety and humor only an eleven-year-old boy can generate. The roast beef was gently rare, the rolls were hot and the salad crisp. And the tea ——

"We got it just for you, Mr. Kensington! Mom knows an Englishwoman that taught us how to make it! Is it good?" Jonas asked anxiously.

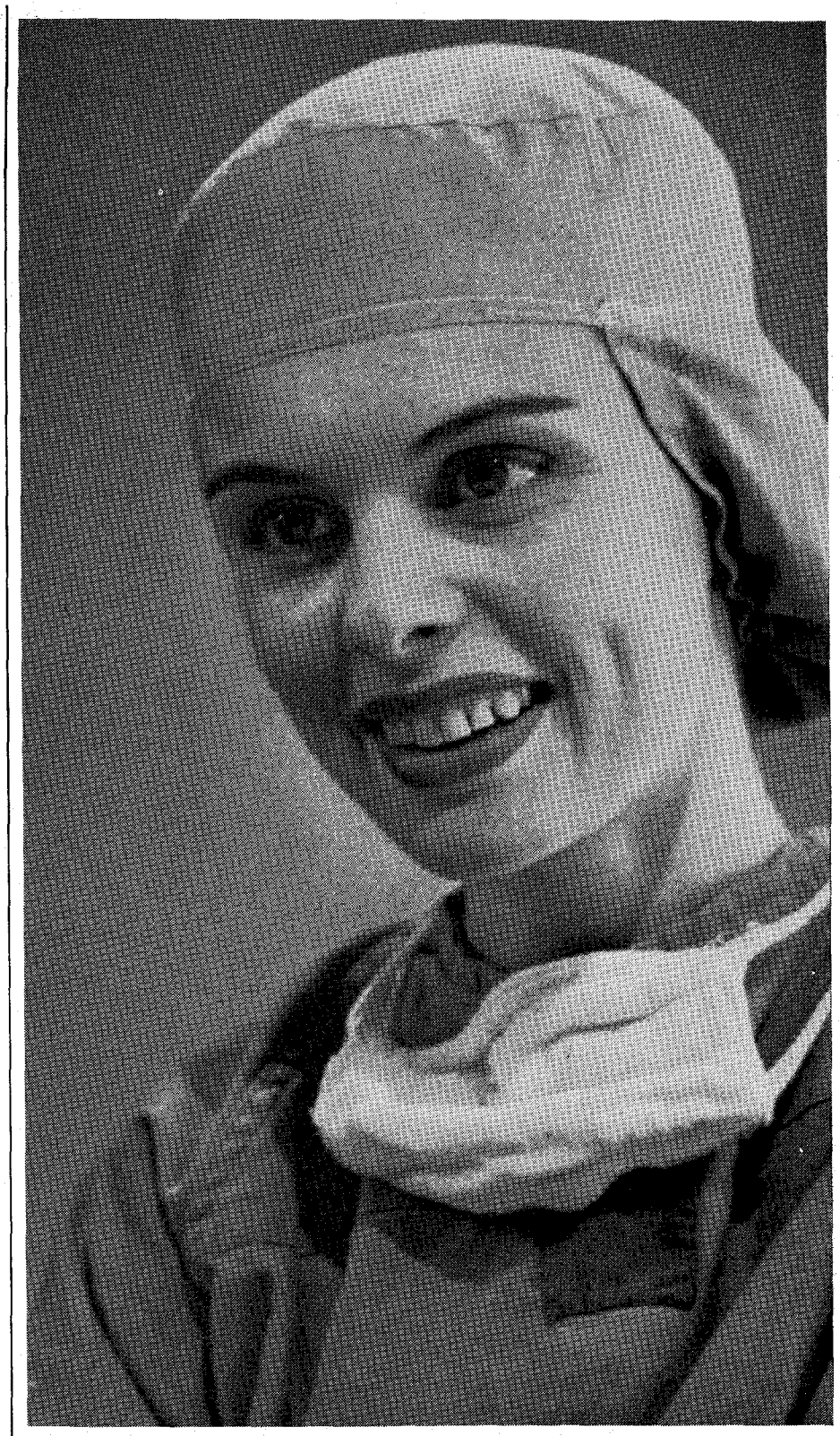
"The first real cup of tea I have had in Texas, I assure you."

The phone rang and Jonas returned to the table, the sparkle gone from his eyes. "Knucklehead wants to borrow my new shirt for the dinner next week. O.K.?"

Key Note

When young I was smugly
convinced, I confess,
I'd shortly discover the key
to success,
But this I was destined to
learn with a shock:
Success has a terribly
troublesome lock!

By Richard Wheeler



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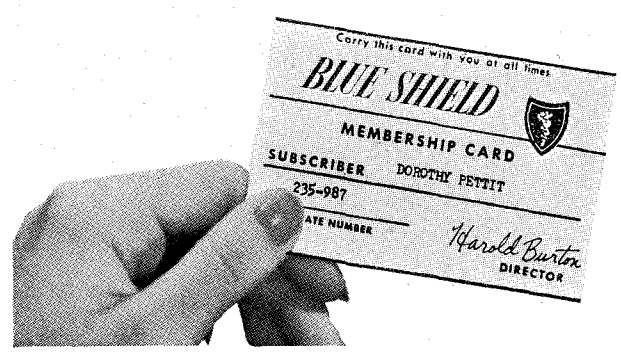

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Cary Stevens' face clouded. "But, Jonas, aren't you going to the Little League dinner? You know Mr. Harris at the drugstore said he'd take you."

"Yeah, I know. But—well, other kids are going with their fathers. I guess I won't go."

Mr. Kensington remembered the invitation to speak at the Little League dinner. He had meant to ring up the chap and refuse, of course. Somewhere in the back of his mind he wondered how often his son, Peter, had been lacking a father—a father checking visas in Guatemala.

One more routine speech. No matter. "Jonas, tell your friend the shirt is not on loan. I am the guest speaker at that dinner. Naturally, I would not care to go alone. We might just make a team of it, y'know."

Jonas rushed to the phone, his triumphant voice drifting back to the dining room, "I'll be wearing it myself. . . . Sure, I'm going with the consul to Her Majesty, the Queen of England. . . . I'm not either a liar! He's a friend of mine. . . . Yeah, see you around, Knucklehead."

Cary Stevens was silent, but her eyes said "thank you."

Having built up his strength with two pieces of lemon pie, Jonas tackled the subject of the speech Mr. Kensington would make: "You will tell how you were in the Battle of Britain and went to Dunkirk, and how you met the King once? I just know you did all those things!"

Mr. Kensington looked at Cary Stevens, career woman, mother and housewife, whose face held no lines of bitterness and only a faint sadness in her eyes.

Something snapped, like a string tied around a bundle too long and too tight. He knew now he could talk about Dunkirk. He could remember without hurt or anger.

"Yes, Jonas," he said. "I will tell them."

In the next week Mr. Kensington gave much time and thought to his speech, for he was shy and not clever with words. But he gave little thought to his clothes. A dinner naturally meant a dinner jacket.

It was not until he escorted Jonas into the church recreation hall that he realized his mistake. The introductions were cordial, the handshakes genuine. But they came from men in casual sports shirts and slacks.

He murmured a word of apology to the chairman as he and Jonas were escorted to the speakers' table. "I say, I didn't know this was ——"

His host winked at Mr. Kensington. "You sure know your kids. If you hadn't turned up looking like you just came from the Queen's tea party, they'd have been mighty disappointed!"

Then the minister asked the blessing, and fifty boys and their fathers sat down at the long tables. Mr. Kensington was confronted with a plate of barbecue, potato salad, baked beans and raw onion rings accompanied by chocolate milk or distressingly strong coffee.

Mr. Kensington did not wait for his ulcers to speak up. He ate and was amazed to find the food delicious. Then the pecan pie was gone to the last crumb, the league managers were introduced and the guest speaker was coming up fast.

He tried to remember the high points of his speech. The romantic places where he had lived, the celebrities he had met, his heroic run to Dunkirk and his bravery in the Battle of Britain. No one knew better than he that most of it was imaginary and right off the top of his head.

"—— our new friend in Texas, consul to Her Majesty, the Queen of England, Mr. Edwin Kensington!" The applause rang out and he was on his feet, looking into the eager faces of half a hundred American boys.

Mr. Kensington remembered Jonas' complete honesty. "I'm just bench strength. I can't hit. I'm afraid of the ball." And suddenly he knew he could be no less honest in return.

He discarded his memorized speech and spoke simply, telling them that he was not an ambassador. "Consuls are, you know, not the first team. As you say in Little League circles, we are bench strength. We do not confer with prime ministers or her Majesty, the Queen. We do not wear the ribbons of honor across our shirt fronts as you see the ambassadors wear them in the cinema. We confer with sea captains, importers, plain businessmen and Englishmen who have lost their passports! There is occasional excitement, but we have our dull days just as any of your fathers do in their work."

He spoke of Dunkirk then, and found for the first time since that dark hour on the beaches that the bitterness was gone, leaving only the strong remembrance of men going down to the sea in ships. Men who pointed their motorboats and launches across a glassy Channel to the French town where smoke from burning buildings almost concealed the Stuka dive bombers darting in for the kill.

"I was on leave in London when the war started. All of us went out from England, the very young and the very old, the shopkeepers, the bank clerks, the factory workers and the farmers—many who had never before made a crossing or handled a boat. We took off from the beaches what was left of a proud British Army; grimy, haggard men, swimming from the shore under a rain of machine-gun bullets while English Spitfires tried to drive the Stukas away from our unarmed boats.

"You see, the first team was the British Army we carried to safety. We were just civilians, England's bench strength. The game was not called on the playing fields of Eton School. The game was played and very nearly lost at Dunkirk."

Mr. Kensington spoke, too, of the Battle of Britain. Of his own small role as fire warden whose area was never hit, whose job was dull, but necessary.

"Children were sent to the country. The rest of us stayed. The cities endured. Lives were saved. Fires were put out. Homeless were cared for. The bench strength never faltered or gave up. That is why Sir Winston Churchill told the world as the bombs rained from the skies, 'If the British Empire and its Commonwealths should last for a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour!"'"

Silence hung in the air. Then the applause broke for an unobtrusive, lonely man, who, for that moment, looked every inch the pride and glory and majesty of the British Empire. Yet Mr. Kensington felt neither pride nor glory. His was the tiredness of a man who has walked far and not yet reached his destination. True, his business increased. Men who had attended the Little League dinner dropped by his office. There were inquiries on English bicycles, Scotch tweeds, Manchester steel and Spode china. He moved from his dreary hotel to a pleasant suburban apartment that Cary Stevens found for him, but he could not get the problem of Jonas out of his mind.

He went to Little League practice on a vacant lot. After two days of observing, Mr. Kensington realized that Jonas had indeed told the truth. When the boy came to bat, he gripped the wood with sweaty, determined hands. Yet over and over he flinched from a fast ball. The rest of the team watched silently, but their eyes said much.

Mr. Kensington spoke to Mr. McGill, the coach. "Jonas fields well. But a fast ball seems to put him off. Bad thing, y'know."

Mr. McGill wiped his hands on his sweat shirt. "I've tried everything. I put him on this team thinking it would give him confidence. I had our best slugger goof off just to show him even star players aren't perfect. I've talked, I've reasoned. Nothing works. The kid freezes to the bat."

Mr. Kensington made patterns in the dust with the point of his furled umbrella. "I say, if I just hung about a bit—the boy has no father—it might encourage him."

So Mr. Kensington hung around every afternoon. After a while he began to bring his old first-aid kit and dispense bandages, chewing gum and a horrible-smelling liniment. He addressed all team members as "Mr.," not being very familiar with such nicknames as Stinky, Knucklehead and Butch. The boys in turn called him "Kensy," which he permitted because it gave him a warm feeling of belonging to the team—in what capacity, he wasn't quite sure.

However, his faithful attendance at practice did not improve Jonas' batting. "I just don't know," McGill said. "Jonas is proud of your being here. But—well, other fathers sometimes suggest new strategy."

Mr. Kensington squinted into the sun as the top hitter slugged a three-bagger. "I shall have some suggestions at skull practice tomorrow."

That night the British consul went to a professional baseball game, and although he realized it was a bit pushing, he managed a talk with the top-hitter chap.

Armed with such information, Mr. Kensington walked into skull practice the next afternoon and gave a rouser of a speech on strategy. Mr. McGill was delighted and Jonas beamed with pride.

Yet, the next day was no better. Jonas froze as usual, his shoulders drooping just a little more each time he gripped the bat.

Mr. McGill was worried. "If Jonas can't hit, I've gotta send him down to the minor league. Not fair to the team. You can see that, Kensy!"

Mr. Kensington watched Jonas trailing the other Eager Beavers as they left the field. The boy stopped and rubbed dirt into his white uniform.

"I say, McGill, why is he doing that?"

The coach shook his head. "All the kids that hit and run and 'slud' into third go home dirty as a tar pit. Jonas puts his own dirt on so his mother will think he's playing instead of sitting on the bench."

"I see. Well, Jonas is not going back to the minors. We shall muddle through somehow."

Mr. Kensington went home and made himself a pot of tea. He realized it was not going to be easy to deal with a knotty problem. Since Dunkirk he had either bypassed problems or unraveled them with a gin and tonic.

He read again the Little League book of rules. The boys had to wear protective headgear. Jonas realized he could not get beaned. No, it wasn't physical fear.

He nibbled reflectively on the last of the English muffins a British war bride had sent him. He knew that somewhere in his own mind there was an answer to the puzzle, but his life had been made up of so many bits and patches that his mental gear resembled an overturned filing case.

The muffins really were good. Kind he used to have as a boy when his father made them dress properly for tea and—— Suddenly he felt as though by sheer accident he had pulled the right paper from the pile. His father, Roger Kensington. There it was, the full picture. Roger Kensington had been quite an athlete. He had expected the same superlative performance from his son.

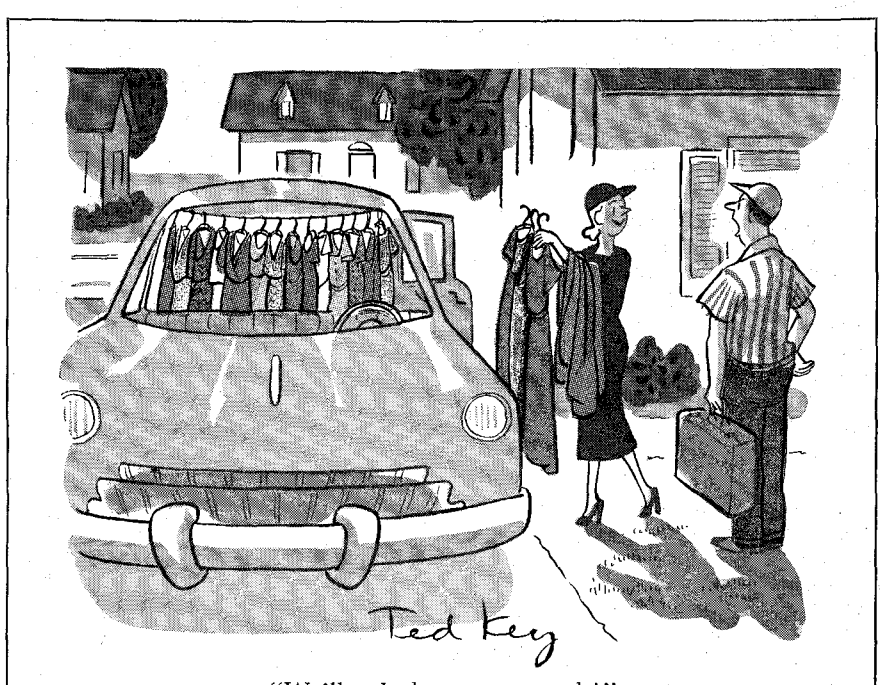
Edwin Kensington tasted again the fear that had made his mouth dry and his feet heavy on that long-ago day his father had come to the school cricket match. Of course, Edwin Kensington was playing. How could they bench the son of an all-time great? And so he had played. Knowing he was not good enough. Knowing his team would not win. Knowing his teammates resented his clumsiness.

He could hear again his father's hearty, outdoor voice roaring down at a boy small for his age and humiliated with defeat, "You didn't try, Edwin! You let the team down! Battles are won on the playing fields of Eton!" There, at that moment, he had lost faith in his own ability.

And then: "Never admit you're not the best, Edwin. Top drawer, y'know." That was the hour when his wide-eyed honesty turned to deception, trying to cover up his faults and fears.

If only, just one time, his father had ever failed in anything, had ever admitted fear or even partial defeat. But that time never was.

Mr. Kensington found his tea had grown cold. He also found a complete picture of himself he had never dared



"We'll only be gone a week!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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look at before—the picture of a man who had feared his job was too big for him. He had never asked for or received larger posts from the Foreign Office. So now the job had grown small enough to fit him.

He shook himself into an awareness of the present and poured a fresh spot of tea. He had come to know himself. He had come to know, too, what he must do for Jonas. It was a thing compounded of honesty, guilt and the hurt of old and guarded grief.

There was no practice the day of the game, but Mr. Kensington met Jonas after school and suggested they have an early supper, since his mother would be working late.

The cafeteria was almost deserted when Jonas put down his tray in a corner booth. Steak, baked potato, green salad, milk and custard. He took his training rules seriously, glancing at the clock to be sure he was eating two hours before the game.

"I guess it doesn't matter, though," he said with obvious relief. "I won't have to play. The pitcher says he can't eat much before a game, just like before a battle. I guess you didn't eat much, either, that time you went to Dunkirk."

"Yes, Jonas. I ate what my ration book allowed." How should he start, he wondered?

Jonas cut into his steak. "I sure wish I were grown up and had a finest hour like you did."

Mr. Kensington felt his ulcers quiver. Carefully he buttered his baked potato. "Jonas, Dunkirk was not my finest hour. It was to others who went, but not to me."

"But, jeepers, you were a hero! All that bombing and you weren't afraid to go right across the Channel!"

Mr. Kensington died a little inside. "Jonas, a man's finest hour is the hour in which he rises above himself, even if he is only bench strength, and does what seems impossible. He does it without fear. And when it is over, he feels the triumph and pride of success."

Jonas left his fork in upright surprise in his salad. "But you never had handled a launch before. Yet, you went anyway."

"So I did. But what I have never told you, Jonas, is the terrible fear I felt, the panic, the wanting to turn back. Then we ran out of petrol. I was relieved. I thought I wouldn't have to go on with it. Another boat came along and gave us an extra can. We took it and caught up with the others."

The boy's eyes never left Mr. Kensington's tortured face. "I never knew grown-ups got scared. But even if you did," he said defiantly, "you brought back seven men. That's what counts."

"Yes, I brought back seven, but they were the sons of other men. You see, Jonas, I did not bring back my own son, Peter. I didn't even know he was at Dunkirk. He was killed on the beach."

"I'm sorry, sir, about your son. I guess it was like my father. Maybe Peter died doing what he most wanted to do."

"Yes, I have come to feel it was that way."

The boy's stubby fingers gripped his knife as though it were a baseball bat. "You were afraid. But you got over it."

"Yes, Jonas. I got over it."

The early game between the Eager Beavers and the Tidwell Tigers was called for seven o'clock. The lights were not yet turned on, but Mr. Kensington, from his seat on the top bleacher, could see that the Tigers were there with full bench strength, with coach, with manager.

He could also see that only nine Eager Beavers were warming up. He knew the manager was out of town on business, but where was Mr. McGill? Mr. Kensington carried the Little League rule book in his head. He knew full well that without one adult in the dugout, the game could not be played.

Finally, the director intoned over the loud-speaker, "Mr. Ralph McGill, coach of the Eager Beavers, has been detained at the plane plant and cannot be here tonight! Is there any father in the stands who will volunteer as coach so the game can be started?"

Nine anxious boys turned their heads toward the handful of spectators. Mr. Kensington looked too. He knew most of the fathers by sight. Many of them worked the night shift. No one responded to the plea being repeated over the public address system.

It occurred to Mr. Kensington that he was being a bit forward, but he could see no alternative. Deliberately he picked up his umbrella, settled his bowler hat and made his way to the official's box behind home plate.

"I will coach the Eager Beavers, sir, if no one else is available."

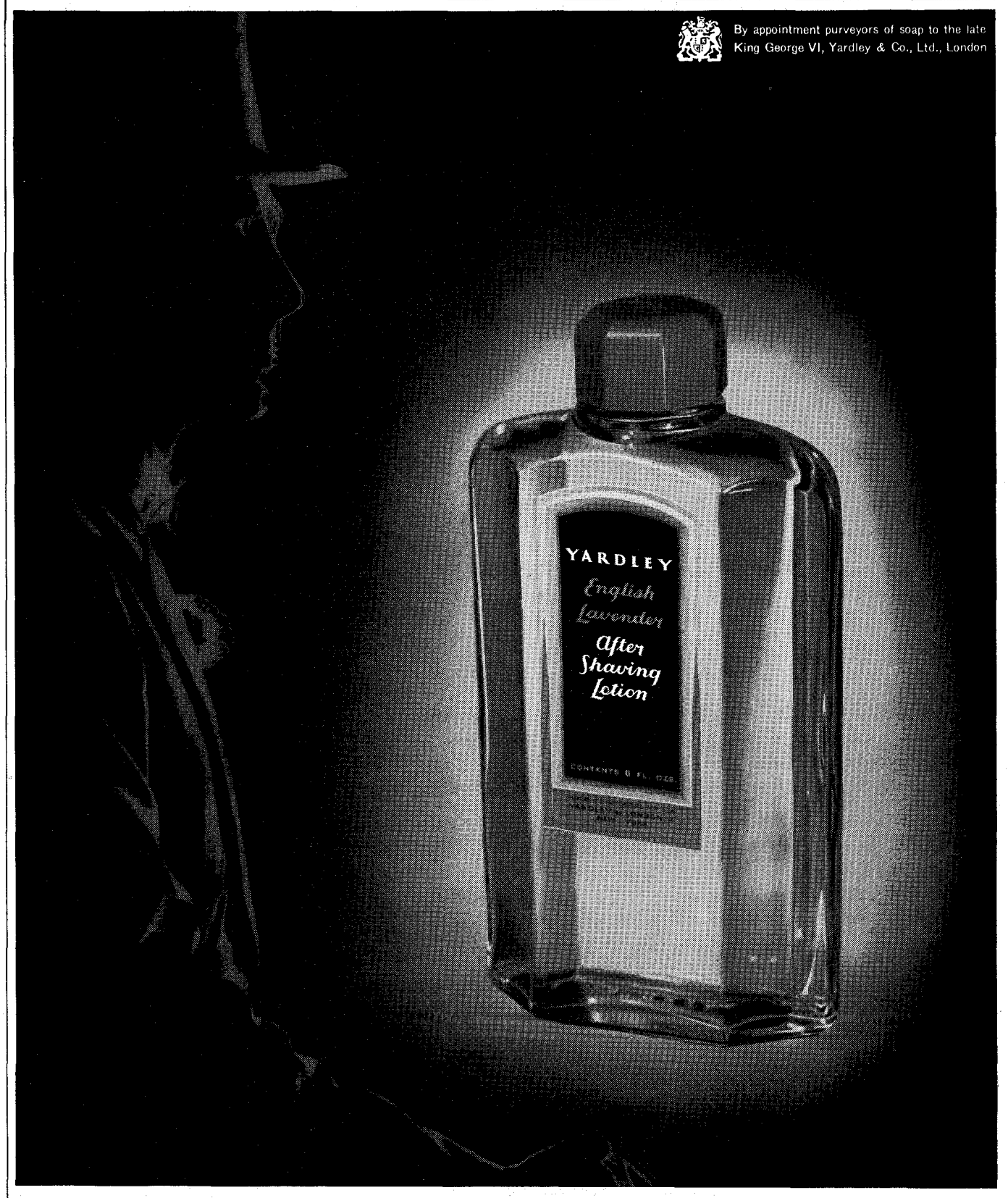
The scorekeeper had never met Mr. Kensington. "Who in the world are you?" he inquired with amusement that rippled the loud speaker.

"I am Edwin Kensington, my good man. And I dare say I know more about the Beaver team than you do."

Nine small boys pressed their noses against the wire netting. "Hiya, Kensy! At-a-boy, Kensy!"

The league director pushed the announcer aside. "Thanks, Mr. Kensington. And good luck!"

The British consul marched to the dugout and held a hurried conference. "Where are the other players?"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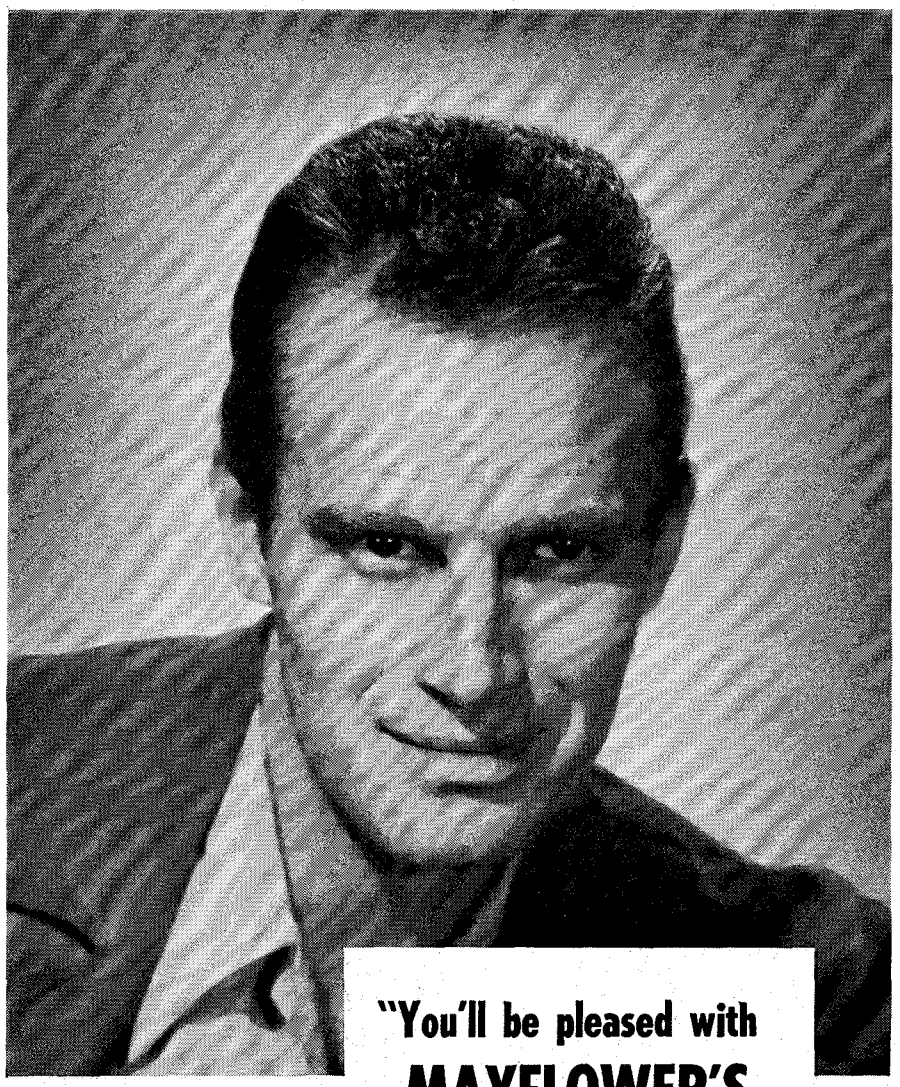

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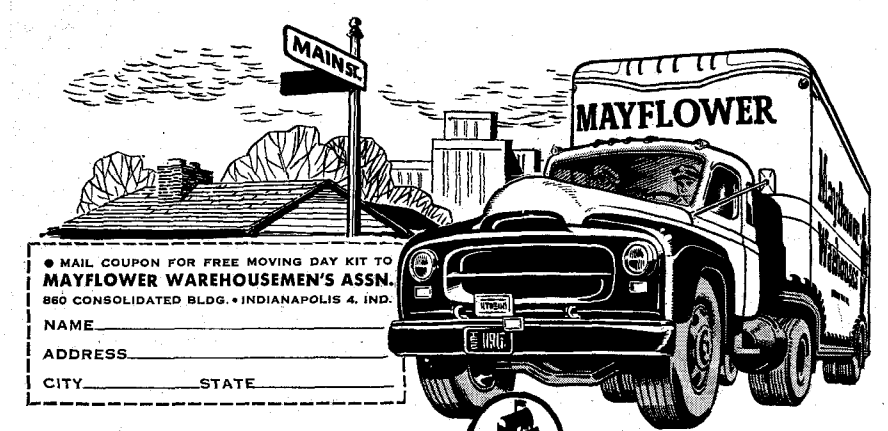

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"Chicken pox, sir. But we can field a team."

First-string pitcher, catcher and shortstop—the rest were bench strength. Well, nothing for it now but to muddle through somehow. Carefully Mr. Kensington parceled out his forces and sent his line-up to the officials.

"Play ball!" hollered the umpire.

The first inning was 1–0 for the Tigers. Jonas at left field was still at the bottom of the batting order. The second inning was 2–0, the Tigers still gaining.

Now it was the top of the third inning. Mr. Kensington unbuttoned his sack coat. He felt his legs cramping on the low bench. His collar was wet, his hands clammy. But the nine boys in the dugout were not dismayed. "We'll whup 'em, Kensy! You just see!"

One by one, he sent out his batters. Mr. Butch Fales hit a two-bagger. Mr. Stinky Spencer aided the rally with a single. The dugout rocked with shrill voices as the Beavers talked it up: "Put the ole whammy on him! He's cool, boy!"

It was Jonas Stevens up to bat now. Suddenly the dugout was quiet. The boys looked at their cleats or pounded their gloves.

Mr. Kensington knew what they were thinking as he watched Jonas taking a few practice swings at the plate. He jabbed Mr. Knucklehead Caldwell sharply in the ribs. "I suggest, gentlemen, that we talk it up."

Knucklehead led off with a roar of encouragement. The Tiger pitcher sent a fast one right down the middle. Jonas did not step back. It was only a pop fly, but he had not flinched from the ball. Mr. Kensington unclenched his aching jaws.

"He really hit it!" Knucklehead marveled. "Holy cow!"

The British consul never quite knew what went on the next few innings. He remembered remonstrating with the umpire, a burly fellow who apparently had very poor eyesight. He recalled rapping Stinky Spencer over the head with his umbrella to remind him he must stay in the dugout when not playing.

Then the last half of the sixth and final inning was coming up. The stands were filled now. The cloudy sky threatened rain, and both teams were held up largely by excitement and adhesive tape. The score stood 5–5.

Mr. Knucklehead Caldwell struck out. Mr. Stinky Spencer hit a two-bagger and "slud" into second on the seat of his pants and a slight prayer from Mr. Kensington. The next batter didn't make it to first, but Mr. Spencer reached third.

"Jonas Stevens up," intoned the loudspeaker.

"I expect a single from you," Mr. Kensington said evenly.

Jonas swallowed hard, his eyes almost gray with fear. Kneeling there in the batter's circle with his protective headgear, his uniform too big, his cap stained with sweat, he looked to Mr. Kensington like the loneliest boy in the world.

As Jonas walked toward home plate, catcalls came from the stands: "He can't hit!"

"He's afraid of the ball! Give him a fast one!"

Mr. Kensington didn't watch Jonas. His eyes were fixed on the tired pitcher. There it went, a fast ball which suddenly broke and dropped slowly. Wood cracked on leather. Jonas stood rooted to the plate, paralyzed by his own success.

From the Beaver dugout came a roar of anguish, "Run, run!"

Jonas dug in and took off like a jack rabbit. Mr. Kensington had seen one miracle. He didn't expect a second. But the ball took a crazy hop. The second baseman missed it and Jonas hit the dirt at first in a cloud of dust while Stinky Spencer loped over home plate with the winning run for the Beavers.

Then the heavens opened and the rains came. Boys in dirty uniforms swarmed over Mr. Kensington, screaming and yelling with joy. Managers and coaches slapped him on the back. Parents shouted happily at him. And the Tigers trotted across the soggy field to shake hands with the winning team.

But Mr. Kensington scarcely heard the uproar. Calmly he raised his big black umbrella. "Stout playing, men. I believe we could use a bit of refreshment." Methodically he gathered the hilarious Eager Beavers under his capacious umbrella and marched across the street to the Sweet Shoppe.

He removed his bowler hat and looked around the table at nine mud-smeared, jubilant boys. His eyes found Jonas, his uniform at last respectably dirty, his face a blaze of glory.

"Your order, sir?" The waitress poised her pencil over the pad.

Mr. Kensington smiled at the Eager Beavers in triumph and pride. "That will be nine—no, make it ten Tummy Busters."

THE END

"Fifth floor . . . approximately."

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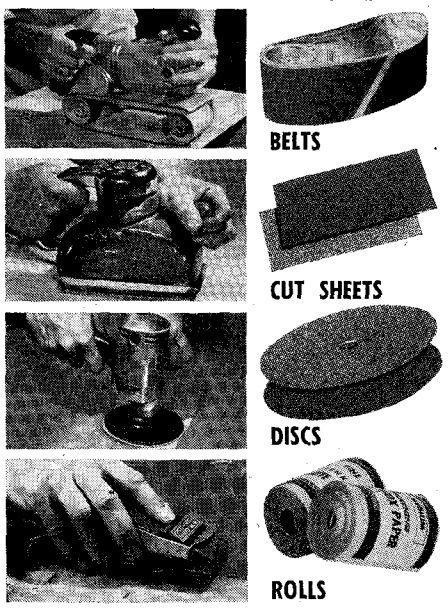

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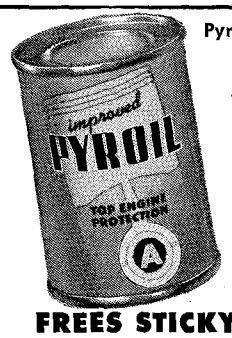

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KLUTCH CO., Box 619-I, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Father Puts His Foot Down

(Continued from Page 30)

"Buddy Rich on drums," David said. "That guy is real gone."

"What?" Harry said.

"And De Franco on the licorice stick," Judith said. "Cool, man. Real cool."

Harry stared at his wife. He considered telling Judith to act her age, but rejected the idea immediately. She had a stock answer, which was that age was a state of mind. "What's a licorice stick?" he asked.

"Gee, dad, a clarinet," David said, as if anyone who didn't know that a licorice stick was a clarinet needed his brains overhauled.

Sally had picked up a fashion magazine. "Gosh, mother, look at this absolutely dreamy skirt and blouse."

"Let's see," Judith said.

"I am trying," Harry McPhail said, in what he hoped was a subdued tone of voice, "to discuss some financial matters with my family." He shuffled the sheets of paper. "Now, what's this sixty-three dollars from Gamble's?"

"Why, I'm not sure," Judith said. She looked at the ceiling and sucked a finger. "We got your raincoat at Gamble's, didn't we, Sally?"

"No; Murphy and Fowler."

"Sixty-three bucks for a raincoat?" Harry said.

"Oh, don't be silly, Harry. I'm not foolish enough to spend that much for a raincoat," Judith said. "It was nineteen ninety-five. Now I remember. That was the tweed sport coat you bought. It was on sale. Sixty dollars. And three dollars for a pair of socks."

"Oh," Harry said. He fell back and regrouped.

"You've worn the one we got you for Christmas only twice," Judith said.

Harry did not like to point out that he would hesitate to wear the one they got him for Christmas to a bookmaker's joint, much less out on the street.

"Then what's this one hundred and thirty-two dollars from Murphy and Fowler?" he asked.

"Goodness, Harry," Judith said, "we had to outfit the children for school. David had outgrown nearly everything he had."

"Three inches this summer," David said proudly.

"I still don't have a thing to wear," Sally said.

Harry looked at his first-born. She had enough clothes to outfit the entire high school, it seemed to him. She lugged home material every Wednesday so she'd be able to make a new skirt to wear on Saturday. At first he had been proud of his daughter for being such a seamstress, but if it kept up, he'd have to build on a new room to hold the overflow.

"Don't have a thing to wear!" Harry screamed. He started to wave his arms. "What's all that stuff in your closet, Sally? Old curtains, maybe? They look like clothes to me; but then, I'm only a man."

"Dad," Sally said patiently, "you told me when you bought the sewing machine that you'd buy all the material I wanted. 'You're preparing yourself for womanhood, you're learning something you can use all your life, and may, someday, use this knowledge for a career.' Isn't that what you said?"

Harry McPhail sighed. "I guess that's what I said."

"She means she doesn't have a thing to wear to dazzle Peanuts Chilton," David said.

"His name," Sally said loftily, "is Huntley Chilton."

"Peanuts," David reiterated, "for the size of his brain. Know what he did when he tried to synchronize his carburetors? The dumb cluck ——"

"We are not discussing Peanuts Chilton," Harry said. "We are discussing the spending habits of the McPhail family." He slapped the sheets of paper again. "Here's a twenty-one-dollar phone bill, a forty-eight-dollar gas-and-oil bill, a fifty-seven-dollar country-club bill, and nineteen from the florist. We have a bill from everyone in the village except the leather shop."

"Uh—dad," David said.

"Yes?"

"We're getting a bill from the leather shop too. Mr. Brewster had to have a new collar."

"Bills, bills, bills," Harry said. "Well, this is the end. As of tomorrow, I'm canceling every charge account we have. We're going on a budget."

"Budget?" Sally and David said, as if he were speaking Japanese.

"Yes, budget. First of all, you kids will get five dollars per week allowance, and that is all. Furthermore," Harry said, "you'll buy your own nylons out of that, Sally; and you, David, will buy your own gasoline and oil and parts."

David mentally calculated how far five dollars would go toward essentials for his 1948 V-8. He had paid very little for the car, since one of his friends had to tow it into their garage. But a year later it was gleaming with fourteen coats of black lacquer. Under the hood was a rebuilt engine with enough refinements dreamed up by the Cam Twisters, a teen-age club, to drive the car at one hundred and twelve miles an hour—clocked by the state police on the airport drag strip. David winced.

"We'll all put our shoulders to the wheel," Harry said heartily, "and when you find how much we save each month, you'll be proud and happy. It's a real challenge to all of us and we'll all get in there and do our best." He felt somewhat like a football coach giving a pep talk between halves to a team which was four touchdowns behind. No wild enthusiasm was apparent.

"Well," Sally said, "I guess I'll go up and wash my hair."

"Guess, I'll go to bed," David said.

"It seems to me," Judith said, when they were gone, "that you could have been a little less drastic."

"This spending has to stop," Harry said.

"The bills were high this month because of school, Harry," Judith said. "To suddenly lower the boom will give the children the idea that we're broke or something."

"Well, that wouldn't hurt 'em either," Harry said. "These unrestricted charge accounts aren't good. That's the trouble with this country. Nobody knows the value of a dollar any more. Credit, credit, credit." He was going to launch into a rather impassioned speech about the finances of the city, the county, the state and the nation.

"Darling," Judith said, "please don't link our bills (*Continued on Page 112*)

Summary of the Situation

Nothing can vex
Like the opposite sex.

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

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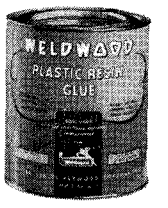
Mom tightened her antique chairs with **WELDWOOD PLASTIC RESIN GLUE**



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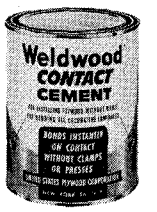
Dad applied a new kitchen counter top with **WELDWOOD CONTACT CEMENT**



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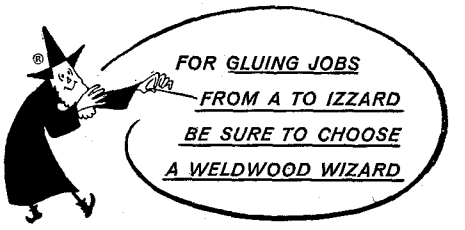

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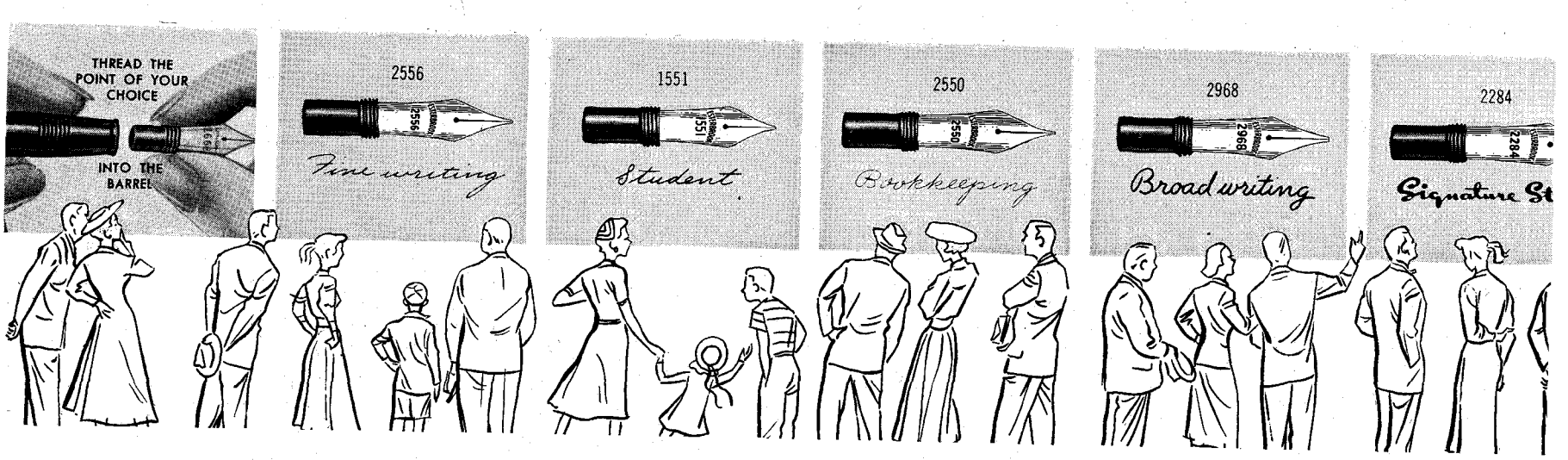

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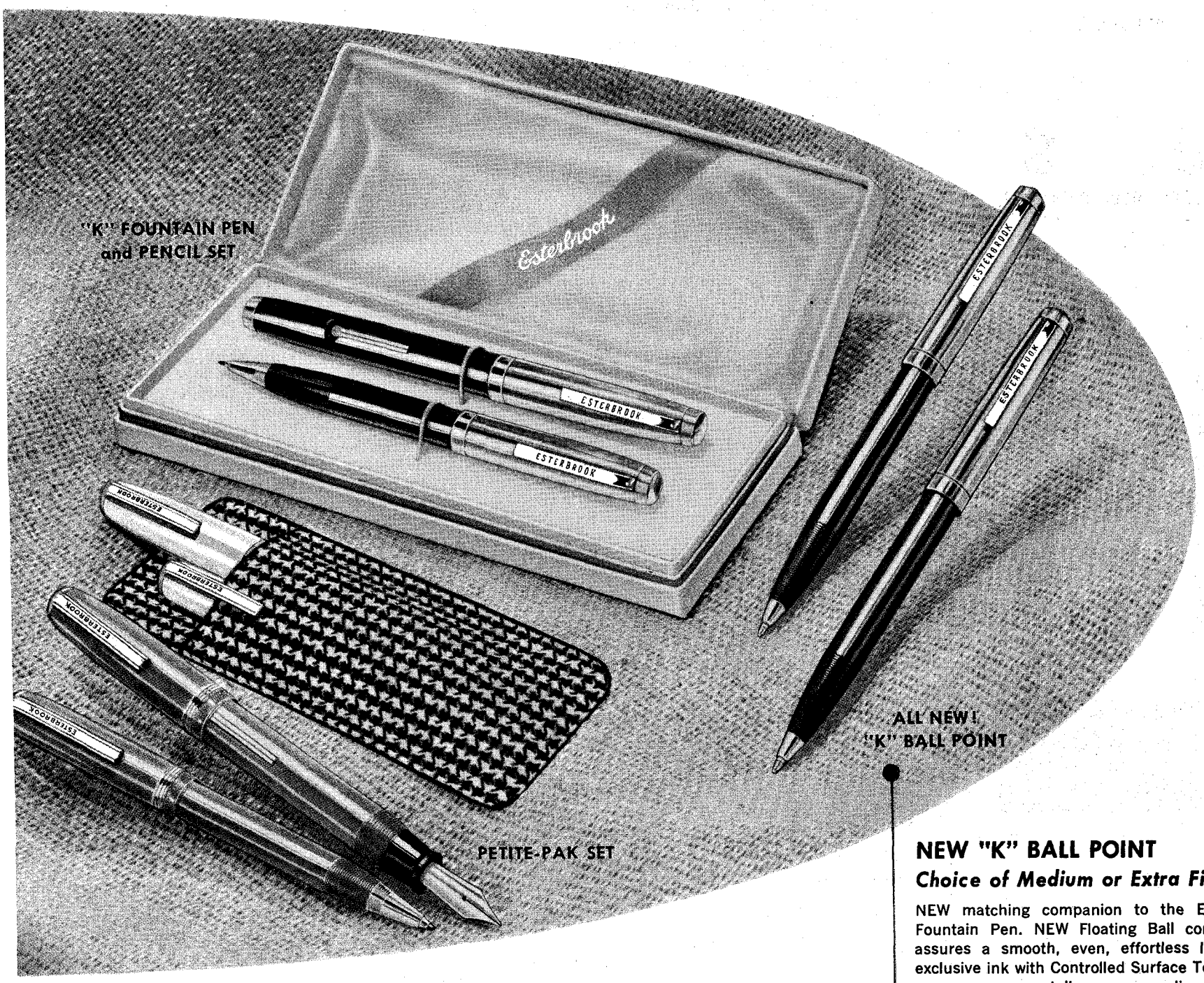

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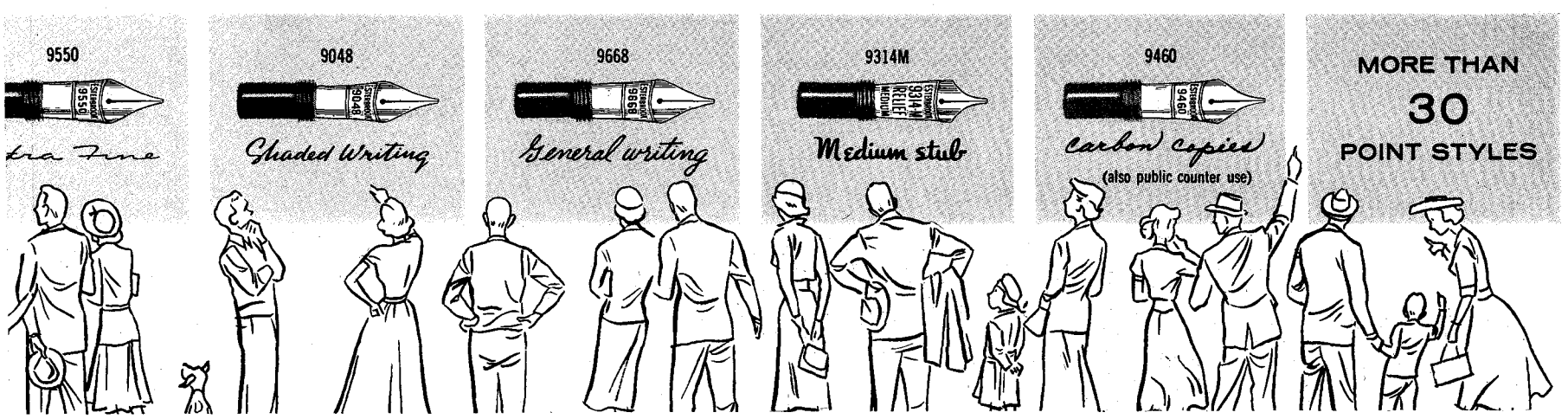

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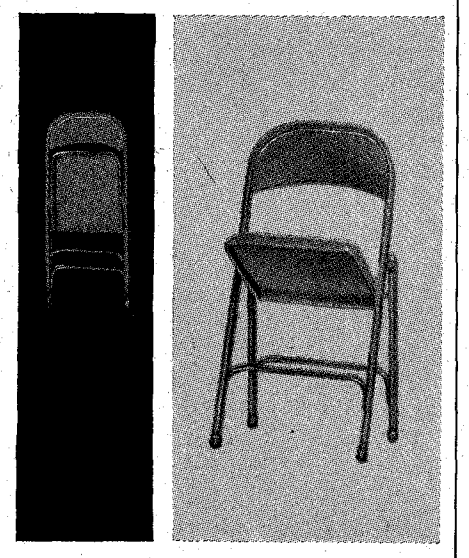
BY Samsonite



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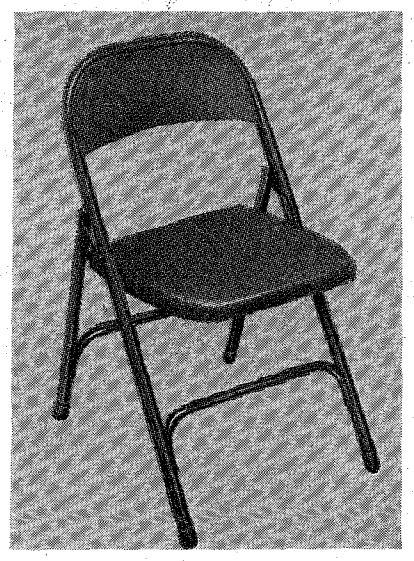

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FOLDING CHAIRS...STRONGEST, LAST LONGEST
Shwayder Bros., Inc., Institutional Seating Division,
Dept. SP-4, Detroit 29, Michigan

(*Continued from Page 109*) with the state of the nation again. You made your Senate speech last month."

"It's no speech," Harry said. "Next month there won't be a flock of bills and it'll teach the kids the value of money. When I was a kid ——"

"When you were a kid," Judith said, "you could get a hamburger for a dime."

The next day when Harry sent out the checks for the bills, he enclosed a letter in each envelope: "Kindly cancel my charge account effective this date. Sincerely yours, Harry J. McPhail."

He handed the sheaf of envelopes to his secretary, feeling virtuous and frugal. By golly, next month there'd be no pile of statements, no mailing of checks to everyone in town. A cash basis, that was the thing, except for lights, heat and telephone, and those were predictable expenses. In line with his new thinking, he didn't go to the club for lunch, but instead grabbed a sandwich at a little place near his office.

That night when he pulled into his garage he saw that David's V-8 was in its stall, a phenomenon slightly less strange than Nikolai Bulganin putting in an order for stock in General Motors.

He went into the house, kissed Judith and said, "Something wrong with David?"

"No, why?"

"His car's in the garage."

"He's out of gas and his allowance isn't due for two days."

"Oh. Well, that won't hurt him any. Care for a drink before dinner?"

"There isn't anything to drink."

"Why not?"

"Because we ran out," Judith said, "and because if we're going to be frugal, we can do without bourbon."

Harry McPhail was not a heavy drinker, but he did like one drink before dinner. The predinner drink had become a sort of ritual, a quiet interlude at the end of the day.

"For heaven's sake, Judith, we can afford a bottle of bourbon. We aren't broke, you know, we're just ——"

"If we're going to be frugal, we're going to be frugal, starting in on nonessentials, chief of which is bourbon. But you go ahead, bearing in mind, of course, that the children might take a rather cloudy view of shooting five dollars for bourbon and preaching economy at the same time."

"Uh-huh," Harry said. He got his evening paper and went into the front room. Judith was right—logical and feminine and as unremitting as a clap of thunder, but when he had laid down the law he hadn't intended being quite so Spartan. One drink wasn't going to fracture the bank roll. At twenty-six ounces per bottle, one drink would cost around nineteen cents.

He put down the paper and went back into the kitchen. "I figured that one drink costs about nineteen cents."

Judith picked up a pencil and a pad of paper. She figured. "For three hundred and sixty-five days, that's sixty-nine dollars and thirty-five cents."

"It is?"

She handed him the pad. "Check the figures yourself. And if I have one with you, that's one hundred thirty-eight dollars and seventy cents per year." Judith opened the refrigerator. "I'll make some lemonade."

Harry wanted lemonade the way he wanted typhoid fever, but you couldn't argue with the logic of mathematics. He went back into the front room. Presently Judith brought him a glass of lemonade.

David and Sally came dragging in at six-fifteen. "Gee," David said, "we missed the bus and had to walk home." The last two words were in italics.

Harry started to say, "When I was in high school ——" But he stopped himself. The words began to have a too familiar ring, even to himself, and made about as much impression on David as a lecture on molecular structure. "Care for some lemonade?" he said instead.

David went out into the kitchen and said, "Mother, something wrong with dad?"

"No, why?"

"He's drinking lemonade."

"What's wrong with that?"

"He never drank lemonade before. He sick or anything?"

"No, he's not sick or anything. Go up and wash before supper."

"Well, O.K." David stared at his father as he went through the front room and started up the stairs.

Dinner, that evening, was a somewhat unappetizing affair. Harry picked at some macaroni with very little cheese, pushed some turnips around on his plate and ate some peas.

"There was hardly anything in the house, and you forgot to leave any money for groceries," Judith said defensively.

"You could have charged enough groceries for dinner," Harry said.

"You said ——" Judith began.

"I know. I'll write out a check for groceries."

"Eat your macaroni, Sally," Judith said.

"It's all starch, mother, and you know I'm watching my weight."

Harry looked at his daughter, as sleek as a young seal, as devoid of surplus weight as the welterweight champion. "You're watching your weight? Why?"

"So Peanuts Chilton ——" David began.

"That's enough, David," Judith said. "Because if you don't start when you're young, you develop eating habits that practically guarantee that you'll be fat when you're forty," Sally said. "Miss Glowoski said so."

"I see," Harry said.

"Weight is a national problem, she said," Sally added.

"Among other national problems," Harry said.

"She said you should weigh at forty what you weighed at twenty-four."

"At twenty-four," Harry said grimly, "I was felling timber and I weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Now I sit at a desk."

"Why don't you take up skiing this winter, dad?" David said eagerly.

"Skiing!" Harry shouted. "You mean mayhem. Why, that stuff is legalized murder. Broken legs, broken ankles, broken heads. Why, you read about it every day. At forty, I'm supposed to start sliding down some mountain on a couple of boards? Besides," he said, remembering that he had an out, "I can't afford it."

"Yeah, it is sort of expensive. Skis and boots and clothes and all," David said.

"Regardless," Judith said, "eat your macaroni, Sally."

The next day, Friday, Harry began receiving phone calls from credit managers. The first was a Mr. Peterson, at Murphy and Fowler. "You've had an account with us for eleven years, Mr. McPhail. If there's anything wrong ——"

"There's nothing wrong," Harry said. "When a valued customer cancels his account, there must be a reason, Mr. McPhail, and we hope it's no reflection on the store."

"Mr. Peterson," Harry said, "if I choose to cancel my account, does there have to be a reason?"

"You're moving away, perhaps, Mr. McPhail?" Mr. Peterson said.

Harry was becoming a little weary of the insistent Mr. Peterson. "Perhaps," he said. "Look, I'm rather busy, and——"

"Certainly, Mr. McPhail. Well, good luck to you."

The man at Gamble's, a Mr. Morrow, was really in a bad way. "Why, Mr. McPhail, we just don't understand. Mr. Gamble thinks that I, personally, did something to cause this action on your part and he's very upset."

"That's too bad," Harry said. "Tell Ted Gamble that you had nothing to do with it. I merely feel that people could do without credit."

It was a mistake to say that. "Why, Mr. McPhail," Mr. Morrow said, shocked, "our entire economy is built on credit."

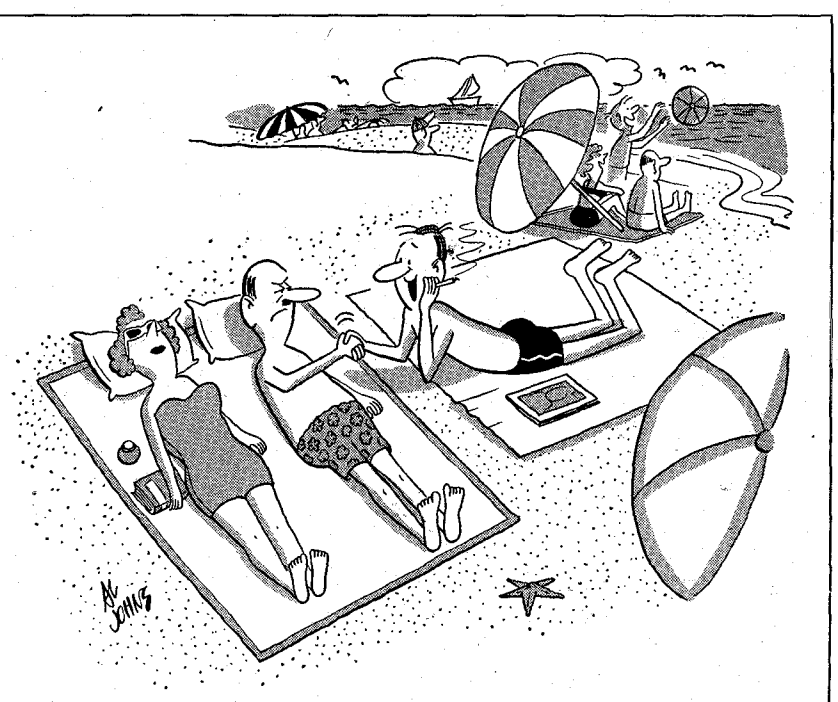
"Our entire national debt is built on credit, too, Mr. Morrow," Harry said. "And you might cast your eyes on our unbalanced budget."

"Oh." Mr. Morrow's voice became solicitous. "I understand, Mr. McPhail. Well, any time you feel that you can open your account again, we'd be only too happy to take care of you. And we do have budget accounts, Mr. McPhail."

"What?"

"Budget accounts. You can pay as little as ten dollars a month."

"I see," Harry said. "I don't think so at this time."



"The name's Johnson—insurance is my line . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Certainly. I understand. Good-by, Mr. McPhail."

Harry looked at the receiver for a moment. The guy was certainly understanding. Harry didn't know what the man understood so well. He shrugged and got back to work.

That night he went home, as limp as a boiled onion, after arguing with credit managers all day long. It seemed that it was vastly more difficult to cancel an account than to open one. He pushed open the front door, long habit preparing his palate for his predinner drink until he realized that the drink would be lemonade. He walked back into the kitchen. Judith was shredding cabbage. "Hi," she said. "There's lemonade in the refrigerator."

Harry made a face. "Look, Judith, this is ridiculous. I can't see why ——"

"'We'll all put our shoulders to the wheel,'" Judith said, "'and when you find how much we save each month, you'll be proud and happy.' That was from your speech to David and Sally."

Harry took the lemonade out of the refrigerator. He poured a glass with all the relish of a man pouring cyanide.

"Incidentally," Judith said, "Sally got a job baby-sitting tonight and David is mowing lawns."

"Fine," Harry said. "Just what I said. Learn the value of a dollar."

"And some man called. Mr. Somebody-or-other. Said he'd call back."

Harry took his lemonade and newspaper into the front room. Presently the phone rang. He picked it up and said hello.

"Mr. McPhail, this is Mr. Krause, of Krause and Haroldson."

"Yes?"

"I understand that you're moving away and we'd like very much to handle your property. Whatever you have in mind, rental or sale. Our estate management ——"

"Moving away!" Harry said. "We aren't moving away. Where'd you get that idea?"

Mr. Krause laughed shortly. "Well, Mr. McPhail, the word gets around town fast, and we move fast. If it's convenient, I'd like to stop out tomorrow and look over your property."

"Mr. Krause," Harry said, clutching the phone, "we are not moving away. You can tell whoever gave you the so-called word that it's as phony as a seven-dollar bill."

"Whatever you say, Mr. McPhail, but keep us in mind. We'd be only too glad to be of service to you."

"Yeah, good-by," Harry said. He hung up the phone and stormed out into the kitchen. "Know what that real-estate joker wanted?"

"No, what?" Judith said.

"Wanted to sell our house. Of all the fool things!"

"Sell our house? Why?"

"Said he heard that we're moving away."

"Harry," Judith said severely, "do you have some plans you haven't told me about? We're in everything together, and certainly the children and I have a right to know ——"

"Judith," Harry said evenly, "the only plans I have are to eat dinner, read a book, go to bed, get up tomorrow and play eighteen holes of golf."

"Well, I know you talked to Silas Harkness about a timber deal somewhere."

"That has nothing to do with moving. Silas and three others, including me, have a chance at a nice block of timber down in Southern Oregon. We're each putting in five thousand, the bank is putting up the rest. Silas is going to log it if we get it. We're not moving to Southern Oregon. I'm playing golf with Silas, Ted Gamble and Pete Murphy tomorrow. They might have the word on it by then."

"Then why does the man want to sell our house?"

"I don't know. He must be crazy."

The phone rang again. Harry picked up the kitchen extension.

"Mr. McPhail, this is Ed Marvin, of Hoover, Marvin and Black."

"Fine. Great," Harry said.

"That's a nice piece of property you have out there and, as you know, we deal almost exclusively in premium stuff. I'd like to make the estimate personally, and if we could get an exclusive listing, why then ——"

"Are you talking about my house?"

"Sure am, Mr. McPhail. A listing like that is sure to move in a hurry, so Hoover, Marvin and Black are right here to serve you in any way at all."

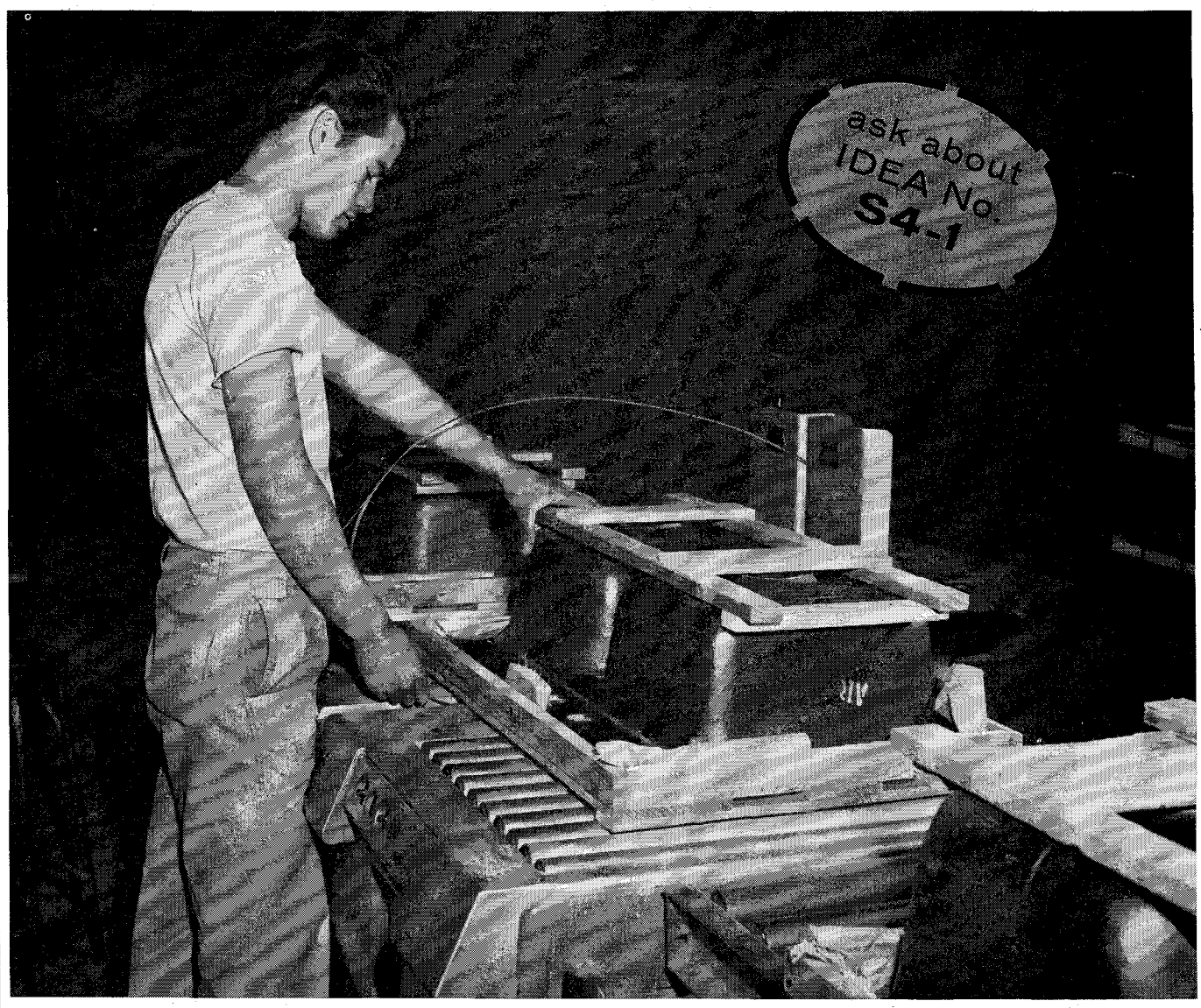
"Mr. Marvin," Harry said, "would you mind telling me who told you that my home was going to be for sale?"

"Why, I can't remember right off, Mr. McPhail. The word gets along the street fast, you know. Might have been someone at the University Club or someone at the bank. Indications pointed to your moving, however."

"Indications? What indications?"

"Well, Mr. McPhail, I've moved around a bit, and the first thing I do is cancel all my charge accounts. It's good policy to ——"

Harry McPhail took a deep breath. "I canceled my charge accounts," he roared, "for personal reasons, not because I'm moving! Tell that to your rumor spreaders!" He slammed up the



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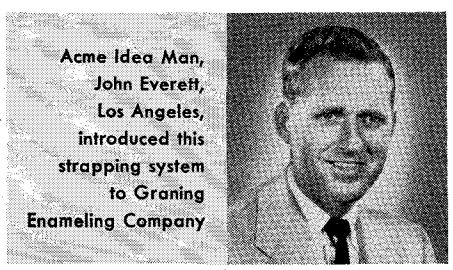

Acme Idea Man, John Everett, Los Angeles, introduced this strapping system to Graning Enameling Company

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ACME STEEL STEEL STRAPPING

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phone. "Great grief!" he said. "Now they've got me moving out of town just because I don't choose to run up a flock of bills!"

Sally came in through the kitchen door. "Mother, don't fix me any dinner. Mrs. Murphy is fixing me dinner 'cause they're leaving in half an hour, and I have to dash. Dad, are we moving away?"

"No," Harry thundered.

"Well, gee, don't bite my head off. Mrs. Murphy wanted to know if it was true that you were closing your lumber-brokerage office and moving away."

"That's a small town for you," Harry said. "A man can't turn around without the whole village going yakety-yakety-yakety."

"Well, I didn't say anything," Sally said. "Mrs. Murphy called the school for a baby sitter, and when I showed up, she asked how come I was working and I just told her that I had to earn a little money, that's all, because we were economizing."

"We are not economizing," Harry said. "Why in the world ——"

"Well, gee, you cut our allowances, and stopped all our charge accounts, and you drink lemonade, and we have macaroni for dinner, and you said we're going on a budget, and if that isn't economizing, then what is?"

Harry spread his hands and looked at his wife. "And all I wanted to do was cut down the bills a little," he moaned.

"We aren't an extravagant family, and you know it," Judith said. "But you made the speech. Now you're stuck with it."

David came bursting in the door. "Well, I'm on wheels again," he said. "I made two bucks mowing lawns; I can buy three gallons of gas and still have over a buck left. . . . Dad, when we move, can I take my car with us?"

"David," Harry said, "we are not moving anywhere."

"We aren't?" David said. "Gosh, Peanuts' uncle works at Murphy and Fowler, and he told Peanuts' mother that he heard we were. I thought he was nuts at the time. I told him that just because you weren't making any money right now was no sign we had to sell our house and ——"

"You told him what?" Harry said.

"That you weren't doing too hot right now. Gee, that's what you told us. Put our shoulders to the wheel, you said. Save money. No more bills and stuff like that."

Harry looked at his wife. Judith was doing her best not to laugh out loud. She turned away, opened the refrigerator and took a long time getting out a carton of milk.

The phone rang again. Harry answered it.

"Mr. McPhail, this is Bill Carroll, of the real-estate firm of ——"

"My house," Harry said, slowly and evenly, "is not for sale; I am not moving; I do not plan on moving in the future, and if I did move, I would sneak out in the dead of night." He placed the phone back on the receiver. "Brother!" he said.

"Why would you sneak out in the dead of night, dad?" David said. "Something wrong?"

"Run along now, Sally," Judith said, "and get ready; and, David, you wash up. Take off that horrible sweat shirt and jeans and put on some suntans and a clean shirt."

"O.K.," David said. He and Sally took off.

"And stop grinning." Harry said. "It's not funny."

Judith did more than grin. She laughed until she started holding her stomach and gasping. The tears ran down her cheeks. She pointed at Harry. "If you could see your face ——"

"And let the phone ring!" Harry said. He went into the front room and tried to read his paper. A man tries to cut down on the bills a little and what happens? He gets arguments from credit managers, everyone has him moving out of town, real-estate operators try to take his house away from him, his children have him broke, the neighbors have him closing his office and he has to drink lemonade. He tasted the lemonade, made a face and put it aside. *To stop all the rumors, McPhail,* he told himself, *you'll either have to put a notice in the paper or buy a new convertible.*

The next morning Harry woke up to the sun streaming in the window. He leaped out of bed, walked into the bathroom, whipped off his pajamas and took a shower. He was just finishing his dressing when Judith came awake.

"Five mornings a week you walk around like a zombie after you wake up," Judith said, "but come Saturday and a golf game, and what do we have? Nature boy!"

"Go back to sleep, lazy-bones," Harry said. "See you later. And don't sell the house while I'm gone."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Fish That Got to Stay

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

After the boats are prisoners,
Chained to the idle pier,
After the sportsmen go,
Lugging their rods and gear;

After the lake is silent,
After the motors stop,
After the luckless effort,
Man, how the fish will flop!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

When he got to the country club he parked beside Ted Gamble's new convertible. He got out of his car and started up the walk. His own car did look a little shabby, come to think of it. It was two years old and he had planned on driving it at least another year. Otto Carlson had been after him to trade for a couple of months. He decided that he'd think about it.

He went into the locker room and started changing clothes. Otto Carlson came in and opened his locker. "Hello, Harry," he said.

"Well, go ahead," Harry said, kidding, "tell me what an old wreck I'm driving and how it's going to start costing me money, and what a terrific deal you can make."

"Aw, forget it, Harry," Otto said. "That car of yours is good for another hundred thousand miles."

Harry stared at Otto. He shook his head. "Brother, you're slipping."

"Well, a new car is really a luxury, Harry," Otto said. "After all, a car is just transportation. You have one that does the job."

Ted Gamble came into the locker room and started changing into his spikes. "Hi, Harry," he said. "Well, how are things going today?"

Harry frowned. Normally, Ted would start yelping about a sore back, about getting more strokes, about how he hadn't been hitting his irons. No one was ever fooled. Ted was always in the seventies.

"How are things going?" Harry said. "What things?"

"Well, things in general."

"Far as I know," Harry said, "things in general are all right, except that Otto, here, is losing his grip. Tells me my car is good for another hundred thousand miles. His conscience must be bothering him, that junk he sells."

"I'm kind of sorry I bought a new one," Ted said. "Snob appeal, that's all a new car has."

"Right," Otto said. "Keeping up with the Joneses."

Harry shook his head and walked out onto the first tee. Silas Harkness and Pete Murphy were already there, warming up. "Well, what are we playing for and how many strokes do I get?" It was standard first-tee conversation. No one ever gave strokes and they always played a five-dollar Nassau.

"How about a dollar Nassau today?" Silas said.

"A dollar!" Harry said. "How can I keep my poor starving family in bacon and beans on a dollar?"

Nothing was said. They watched Ted Gamble come out of the locker room and walk up to the first tee.

Then Silas said, "Look, Harry, Ted and Pete and I were talking on the way out. That timber deal is all set up and we should do all right. It may be a little rough for you right now, but we'll cut you in and you can pay us out of profits. There's no need to close your office, sell out your home and leave town. We'd miss you, boy. This is a temporary thing and ——"

Harry stared at them. He sat down on a bench. "Holy Toledo!" he yelled.

"Elvin Jacobsen called me last night," Silas continued; "he said he heard you wouldn't be able to go in on the deal, and he wanted in. We gave it serious thought, and he wanted to bring his check right over last night, but we thought we'd talk to you."

"You mean," Harry said, "that I almost lost out on that deal because you guys actually thought ——"

"Well, my credit manager ——" Ted began.

"Fellows," Harry said, "gather 'round while I tell you of a speech I made to my family about the value of a dollar."

Harry McPhail got home around three o'clock that afternoon. He was carrying several packages. He walked into the front room and put them on the coffee table. Judith came in from the yard, carrying pruning shears.

"Have a good game?" she said.

"O.K. Anyone phone?"

"Four real-estate agents. What's in the packages?"

"Presents," Harry said. "Where are the kids?"

"Sally's out in the yard. David just drove in."

David and Sally came into the room. Harry distributed the presents. A new set of wheel hubs for David's car, a cashmere sweater for Judith, a new pair of pedal pushers for Sally. There were squeals and yells of delight.

"Gee, dad," David said, "we must be in the chips again. Peanuts said that his dad told him that you ordered a new car from Otto Carlson."

"You might say," Harry said, "that it was a gesture to prove solvency."

"Boy!" David said. "Economizing sure is a good deal, isn't it?"

Harry nodded. "Just as long as it isn't false economy and you lose sight of the value of a dollar. But that doesn't mean," he said, his voice rising, "that I have a printing press in the basement, licensed to print ——"

"Yes, darling," Judith said. "We know."

THE END

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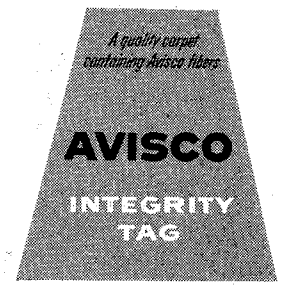

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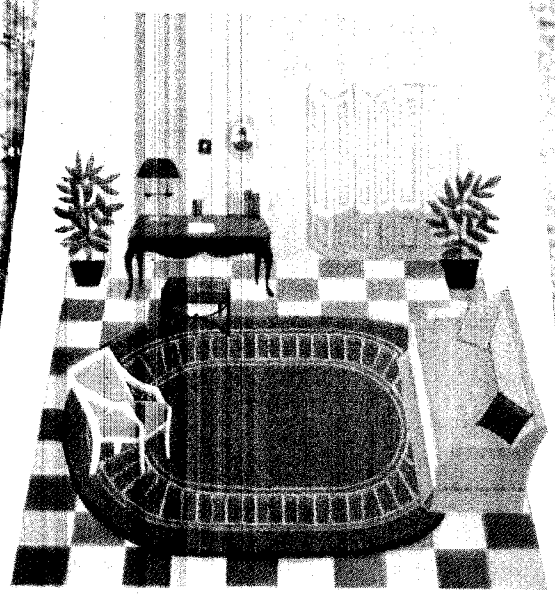

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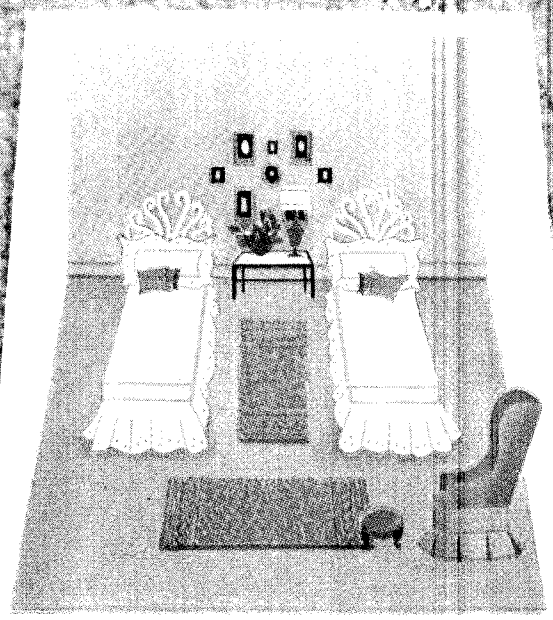

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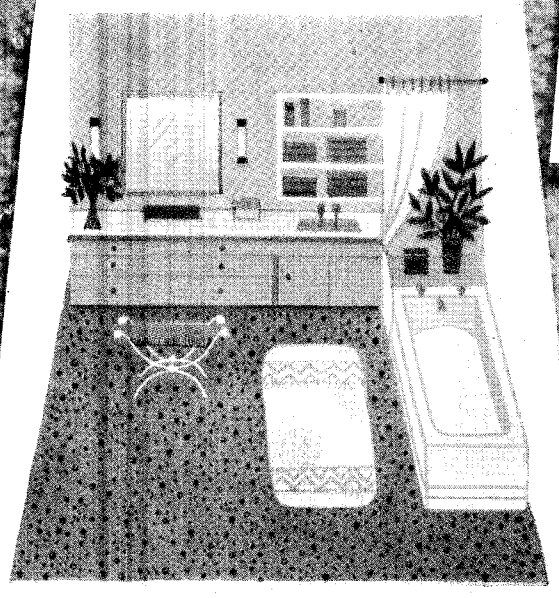

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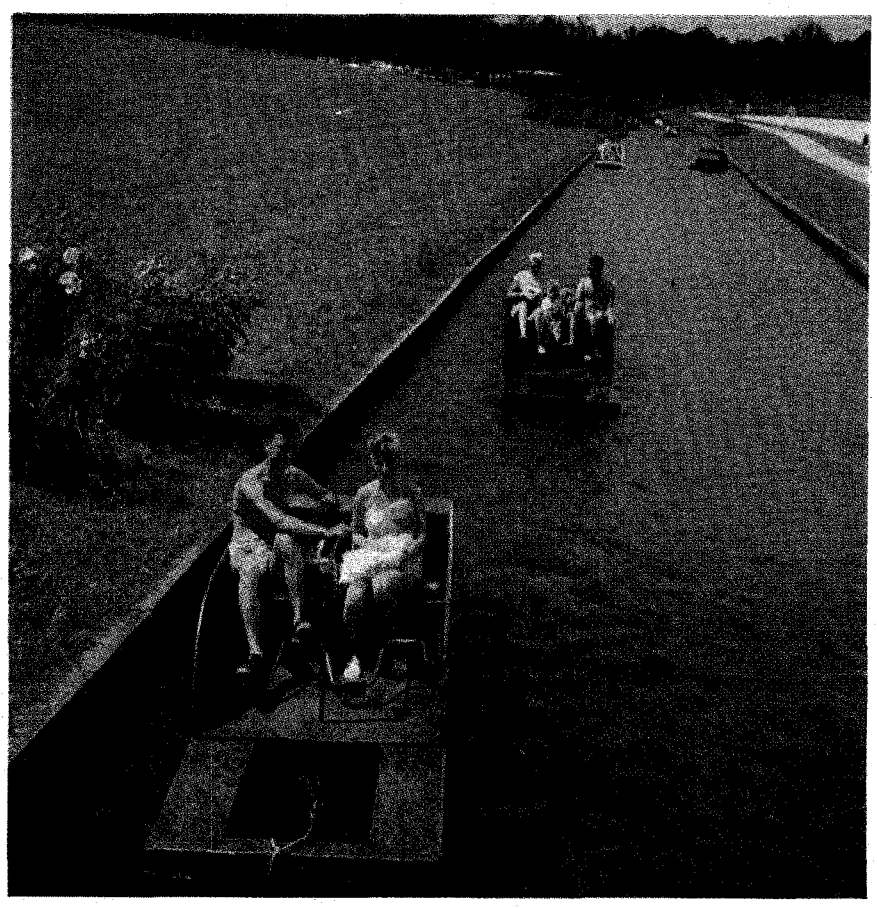
His Own Garden of Eden (Continued from Page 29)

to make money. His goal, of course, is to make it self-sustaining, for only in that way can it continue to grow in size and beauty after he is gone. But it will never show a cash return, because any time any extra money threatens to accumulate, he will fence in another thousand acres of woodland, and build more lakes and flower trails.

People can understand, Mr. Callaway says, why a rich man will leave his money to some great charitable enterprise when he dies. They find it harder to comprehend that a man would give his wealth away while he is still alive. In Mr. Callaway's case, the answer is simple. He wants his money to do people good and make them happy while he is still alive to watch them enjoy it. Where a man's treasure is, there his heart is also, he says, and his heart is in the 2500 acres of the garden. Every day he walks about among the crowds, a tall, ruddy, white-haired man, wearing an antique wide-brimmed Panama hat, and smoking a long-stemmed churchwarden pipe. He stops to chat with the families spreading their picnic lunches on the rustic tables under the trees, and now and then he will nibble a chicken leg or munch a stuffed egg with them. He watches the youngsters romping in the water, threads his way among the dozing sunbathers on the beach, and laughs at the fat babies, snoozing on blankets in the dappled shade. He strolls about for an hour, and then goes home content, feeling what he describes as a "warm glow of selfish happiness."

"What I'm trying to do here," he explains, "is to hang the picture a little higher on the wall for the people of this region. Every child ought to see something beautiful before he is six years old, and there's not too much beauty in this part of the country. I remember once talking to Ben Fairless, of U. S. Steel. He told me about the little coal-mining town he was born in. There wasn't but one beautiful thing in it—six little red geraniums his mother kept in the window. And all his life he remembered those red geraniums. All I'm trying to do, I guess, is fix it so that anybody who wants to see something beautiful can find it here. I don't know what the soul is. But whatever it is, a sense of beauty and goodness must be at the core of it."



Bicycle boats cruise down a placid canal in Georgia's Callaway Gardens.

Mr. Callaway, in his own way, has been striving for the past twenty-five years to hang the picture higher on the wall for the people of his region. When, in 1932, Gov. Richard B. Russell named him to the Board of Regents of the University System of Georgia, he was a prodigiously successful textile manufacturer who had felt no great interest in education since he left the University of Virginia years before. As a regent he was appalled to learn what a pitifully small appropriation the legislature was granting to the state's two institutions of higher learning, Georgia Tech and the University of Georgia. Obviously, the only answer was a larger appropriation. Digging deeper, though, he found out the state was already spending a higher percentage of its income on education than the average of the forty-seven other states. The only real answer, therefore, was to raise the income of the state, and since Georgia then was largely agricultural, this meant that the income of the farmer had to be boosted.

Mr. Callaway set out to find ways to boost it. He began by buying 40,000 acres of worn-out land in Harris County, in Western Georgia, where President Roosevelt later was to build his Little White House. The Callaway land lay on the northern slopes of Pine Mountain, a woody hillock rising 1300 feet above the Coastal Plain. It was, he said, the oldest land on earth, for Pine Mountain was the tail bone of the Appalachian chain, a mountain range that was worn and weathered before the Rockies rose above the prehistoric seas. Two thirds of his property was abandoned farm land, worn down to the red clay by generations of row cropping. One-third of it was in bottom lands drowned by silt-clogged streams, and in deep ravines too rough to log.

His first job, therefore, was to restore old tired land to productivity. With great bulldozers and earthmovers he filled the gullies and drained the bottoms. On the worn slopes, bare as skulls, he planted pastures and stocked them with cattle. He searched for cash crops that would work for the farmer as he slept. He raised blueberries, and white African guineas, scuppernongs, geese, pheasants, mallard ducks and Cornish game hens. He experimented with hybrid pine trees that would grow 35 per cent faster than the old pines of the abandoned fields. He dammed streams to form ponds, and fertilized them and stocked them with fish. His Blue Springs Farms—3000 acres of lush pastures and rich bottom lands—became famous throughout the country.

He knew that what he was doing was something only a man with great resources could accomplish. But the principles he was applying could be employed by any Georgia farmer, on a small scale, if he had the money. But nobody would lend a farmer money for long-term improvements. He could borrow to make a crop, but he had to pay his notes off in the fall.

He then evolved what came to be known as the Callaway Plan. He persuaded 700 Georgia bankers and well-to-do businessmen to buy 100 worn-out farms at twenty-five dollars an acre. They would spend seventy-five dollars an acre building up the land. They would follow the farming practices laid down by the college experiment stations, and those procedures which Mr. Callaway himself had found profitable and practical.

His purpose in this project was twofold. He wanted to demonstrate to farmers what sound farming practices could achieve, and he wanted to prove to the men who loaned money that they could safely extend long-term credit to a farmer who wanted to build up his land.

The idea was sound, and it did much to change the face of Georgia. When Mr. Callaway began his demonstrations, the sight of a pasture green in the wintertime was a rare thing. Now, over much of the state, the land is deep with cover crops from fall to spring. When he built his first farm fish pond, they were about as scarce as glaciers in Georgia. Today there are 18,000 in the state, and the banker and the businessman learned that a farm loan could be a sound long-term investment—if the farmer works hard enough.

But economic tides were running that the small side-hill farmer found it difficult to buck. Mechanization made it hard for him to compete with the great farms of the flatter country. The state was already beginning its transition from agriculture to industry, and the farmers' sons and daughters were leaving the land for jobs in paper mills, automobile assembly plants, and rayon factories.

The time and thought and money Mr. Callaway had lavished on his great experiment were not wasted, though, for out of his experience in restoring the old and worn-out land grew his concept of the garden. On the western edge of his holdings was an untouched area of gullied hilltop farms, adjoined by rolling wooded land threaded by a cold, clear creek, flowing down the northern slopes of Pine Mountain. On his Blue Springs Farms, men and heavy machinery were lying idle, and Mr. Callaway, who likes to keep everybody's traces tight, decided to put them to work. Along the creek, he scooped out deep basins for a chain of lakes, ranging in size from 175 acres to little ponds he could throw a rock across. Cutting his core trench down to solid rock, he trucked in thousands of tons of water-impervious clay and built his dam, tamping the clay with rollers until it was packed tighter than when it lay in the earth. He did not put any pipes and valves in the dam, for the engineers told him that an earth dam with a pipe running through it would not last more than 200 or 300 years. He built a broad spillway to carry off the overflow, and guarded it with an electric fence, to shock the fish and turn them back if they swam too close. Around the northern perimeter of the area he dug a six-mile diversion ditch to carry off storm waters, so the lakes would always be clear, and he paved the spillways leading from lake to lake with fieldstone, to trap the silt.

"We engineered it to last as long as the world lasts," Mr. Callaway said. "We knew the two enemies we had to fight were floods and silting, and we fixed that from the start."

Between the lakes and around them, he built a nine-hole golf course. It was designed by a famous firm of golf-course architects, but Mr. Callaway was in Florida when the course was laid out, and when he saw it he didn't like it. He likes vistas—great broad sweeps of greensward that lead the eye across blue waters to distant hills. So he redesigned it so that beyond every distant green there lay a stretch of water or clump of woodland that pleased the eye.

"I wasn't trying to build a championship layout," he said. "I was trying to build a beautiful and happy course, where a man who lunges and hacks at a golf ball could enjoy himself. Another thing, I hate to half-lose a golf ball. If I slice or hook one, I want to find it quick or know it's gone, in the water or in the woods. So I widened out the fairways and kept the roughs barbered smooth."

When his lakes were full, and his golf course green, Mr. Callaway went into the glens and ravines of Pine Mountain, brought back the rare wildflowers and the flowering trees that had been growing there since the dawn of creation, and planted them around the lakes and in the woods. He wanted to fix it, he says, so that every time a fisherman or a golfer looked up, he'd see something beautiful. It would make a better man of him. It would be good for his soul.

Up to this point, the idea of a public garden had not yet taken shape in Mr. Callaway's mind. His idea was to prepare a great estate on which he someday would build a home. Then he'd ask thirty or forty of his industrialist friends to come in and build homes, and share the place with him, in a sort of quiet haven for tired tycoons. Then he realized that the place was going to be too beautiful for such a limited use.

"I got to thinking about the youngsters of the state," he said. "All the clubs and organizations devoted to boys and girls. They had plenty of leaders—but when they wanted to take the kids somewhere for a day of recreation, they had no place to take them except to some muddy frog pond, or to some picnic grounds in a cut-over forest of pine stumps."

Mr. Callaway's decision to convert his man-made Eden from a hideaway for millionaires into a public playground called for a vast expansion of his plans. Outside the gates he planted the middle of the double-lane highway with thousands of pink, long-blooming roses, to catch the eye of travelers whizzing past on U.S. 27, a tourist flyway from Michigan to Florida. Inside the gates, he graded and laid off parking spaces for 3000 cars. He searched the South to find clean white sand that would not cling to the human epidermis. When he found it, he hauled in 19,000 tons of it, to build a gently shelving beach curving for 2800 feet around a sixty-five-acre lake. Extending fifty feet above the water line, and 120 feet under water to the six-foot depth, it is, he thinks, the biggest man-made sand beach in the (*Continued on Page 118*)

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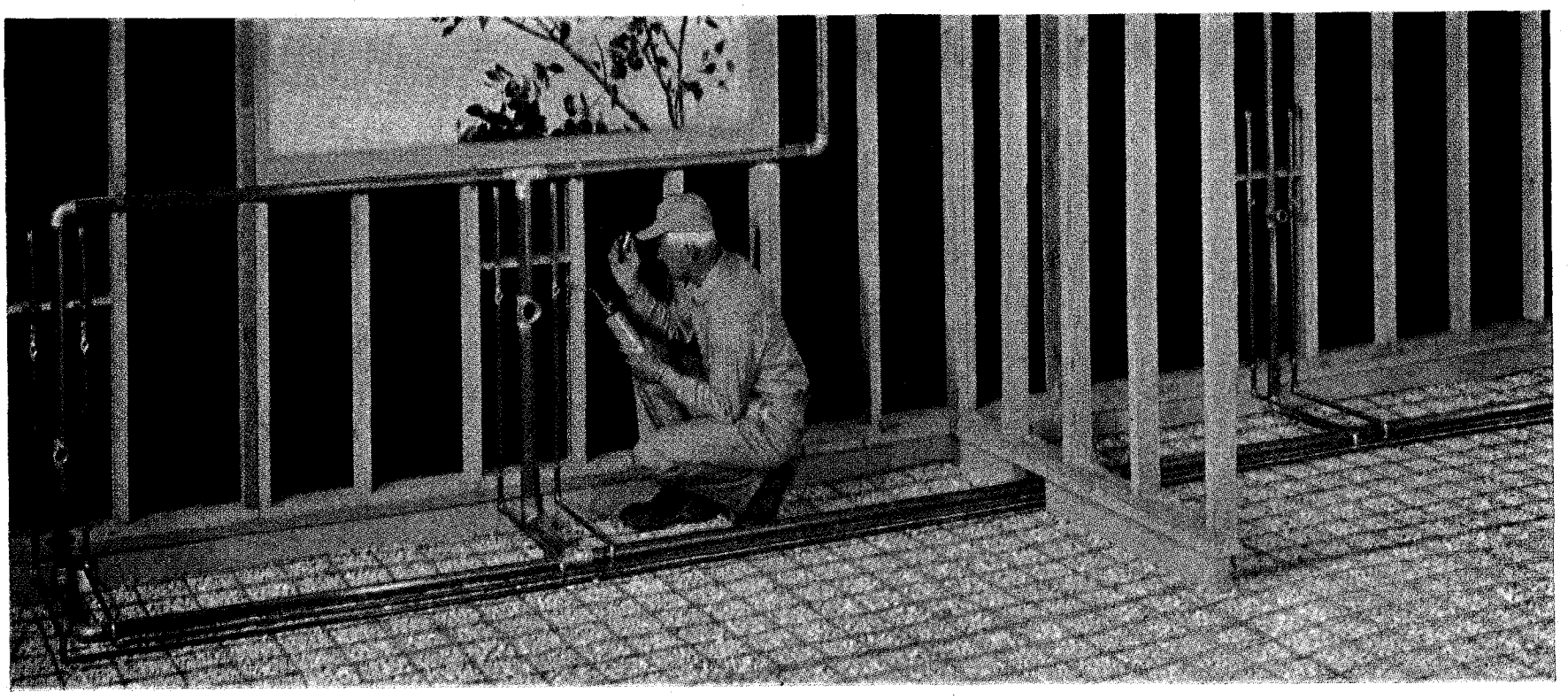

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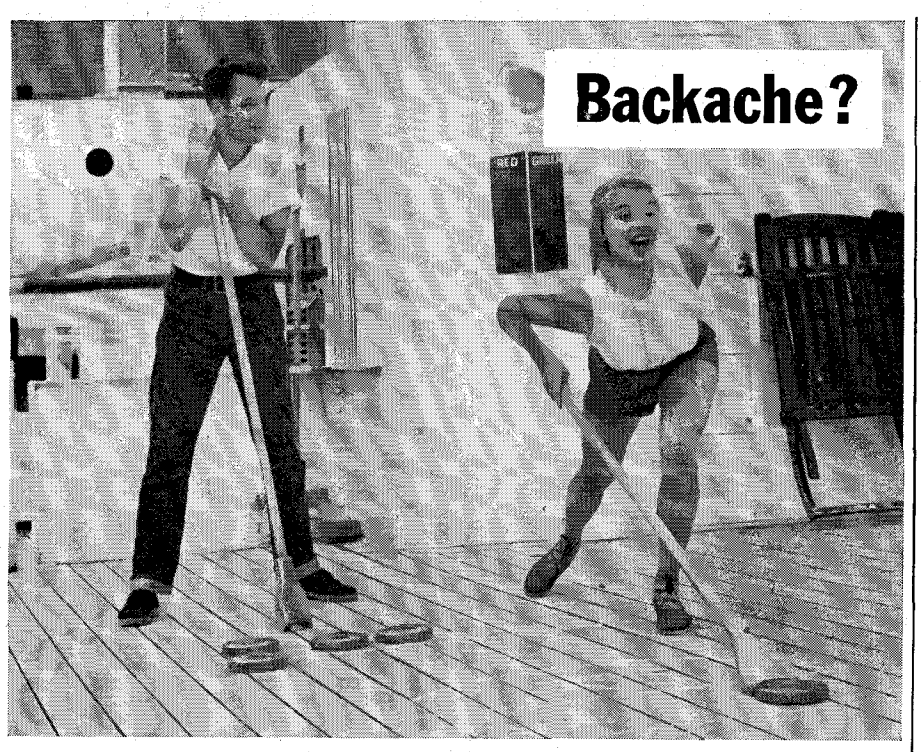

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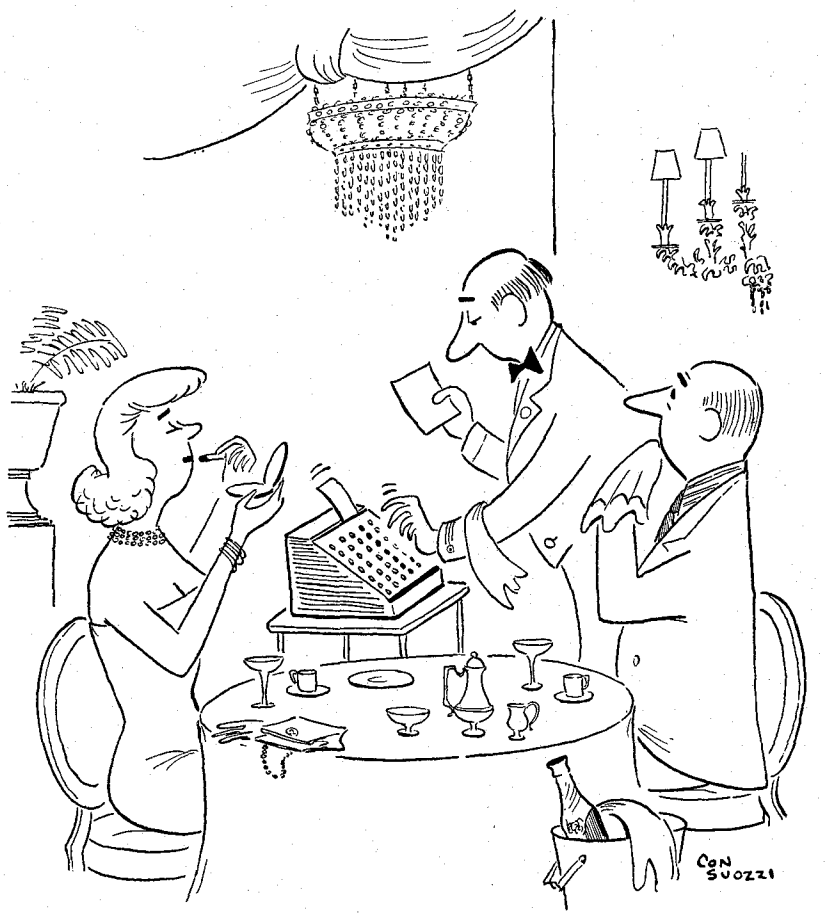

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(*Continued from Page 116*) world. He built three bath houses to accommodate 1000 persons each, constructing them in the form of open squares with a sunny courtyard in the center. The courtyards he planted with grass and flowers, on the theory that a man should be able to look at something beautiful even while changing into his bathing suit. He laid in a huge supply of towels which cost him twenty-six cents apiece, and sold them to bathers for a quarter, for it was too much trouble to make change. He could have rented them, of course, but that would have encouraged stealage, he says, and a man who would steal a towel would steal a flower. He wants his garden to offer no opportunity for people to succumb to their baser instincts.

"When I named this garden for my mother," he said, "I knew it had to be run in a certain way. She was a great person—gentle, sincere, sweet, serene and proud. Naming the place for her meant it would always have to be kept as a place of beauty and orderliness."

For that reason, Mr. Callaway will permit no beer or whisky to be brought within the gates, though he knows that by selling beer he could quickly make the garden self-sustaining. Also, in the interest of public order, when sun bathers are seen to snuggle too close together, threatening to become entwined, a beach guard taps the gentleman on the shoulder and amiably suggests that they desist. The loudspeakers around the swimming area pour soft and soothing music upon the throngs, but hillbilly arias and rock-'n'-roll are forbidden. For a while, Mr. Callaway also forbade swimmers to engage in rowdy horseplay in the water, fearing this would lead to altercations, but this rule has been relaxed.

While providing for the swimmers and sun bathers, Mr. Callaway was also devoting a great deal of thought to the needs of those who fish. Ever since he had begun his farm experiments, years before, he had been fascinated by the idea that fish can be raised just as easily as any other crop if the proper fertilizing methods are applied. Before he retired as president of Callaway Mills and moved permanently to his great log summer house near Blue Springs, he had built a little forty-acre lake which he named Lake Florence, in honor of his mother-in-law. In this lake he had applied all the principles laid down by the ichthyologists, plus a few discoveries he made by experimenting on his own. He stocked it with fingerlings, at the ratio of ten bass to 100 bream per acre, on the theory that the bream would eat the algae, and the bass would eat the bream and both species would thrive.

The first problem, of course, was to provide the algae, the basic protein. Mr. Callaway accomplished this by fertilizing his lake every two weeks from spring to fall with a formula consisting of 16 per cent nitrogen, 8 per cent phosphate, 4 per cent potash and 72 per cent filler, at the rate of 100 pounds per acre. To this he added 100 pounds of lime per acre per year, supplementing this with a few sacks of peanut meal around the edges. The surface of his lake turned a beautiful blue-green, and the nether waters became so thick with the microscopic algae that a white handkerchief tied on a canoe paddle could not be seen two feet below the surface.

In a few years VIP's from all over the country, including his fellow directors of U. S. Steel, Shell Oil, and the Chemical Corn Exchange Bank of New York, were coming to fish in Mr. Callaway's private pond, which he described, probably without exaggeration, as the world's finest fishing hole.

When he began building the garden, in 1949, he treated 175-acre Mountain Creek Lake in exactly the same way. Three years later, in the first ten days after opening the lake to the public, 4308 fishermen caught eight and one-half tons of bass and bream, some of the bass weighing as much as eight and three-quarter pounds. They still are catching them, at the rate of 30,000 pounds a year.

"It's just a question of knowing how Nature works," Mr. Callaway explains. "It takes five or six pounds of protein to make one pound of minnows, and it takes about six pounds of minnows to make a pound of bass. And it takes just one big bass to make a fisherman happy."

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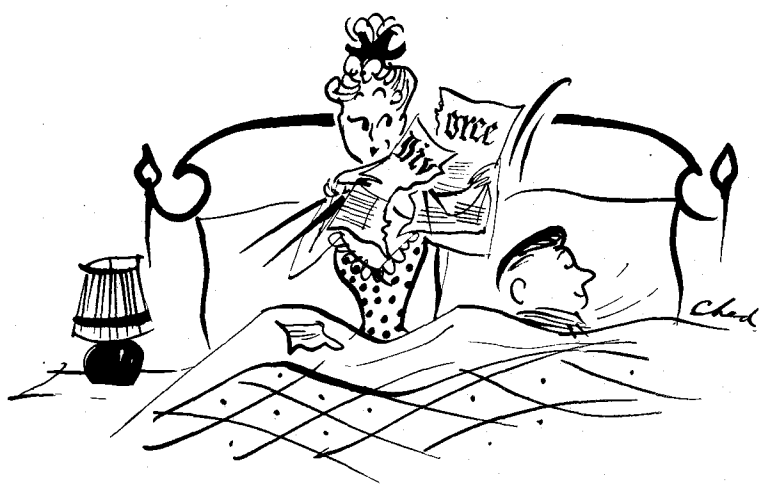
Mr. Callaway, of course, did not neglect those sedentary citizens who did not care to golf or swim or fish. On the slope overlooking the golf course and the lake, he built a clubhouse, a replica of an ancient English inn, with hand-hewn beams and hand-rived white-oak shakes, or shingles, and a broad piazza where loafers and elderly folk could sit and peer off into the distance at the water, the green grass, the flowers and the trees. Nearby, at another rise of ground called Overlook, he built a huge open shed with a barbecue pit in the center, where family reunions and Sunday-school picnics could be held. On the lake he floated a huge, flat-bottomed barge, which hauls 100 passengers at a time on a five-mile cruise around the lake, and two small houseboats electric-powered like the barge, which small groups rent for private parties.

Being a man who was exceedingly fond of his victuals until a few years ago, when his doctor persuaded him that it takes a lean horse to run a long race, Mr. Callaway naturally did not neglect the gastronomic needs of his guests. When he was still actively engaged in the farming business, he built on the crest of Pine Mountain a huge, slate-roofed fieldstone "country store" that looks, from the outside, more like a country club. Here he dispensed country hams and sausage; homemade bread in a dozen different fruit and berry flavors, including orange, muscadine and banana; water-ground grits and meal from his own mill; and canned or frozen mallards, pheasants, guineas and capons from his farm.

The fame of the store soon spread up and down U.S. 27, and he expanded it into a gourmet's delight where all manner of delicacies may be found, from elk roasts to fried agavé worms from Mexico. The store, which he has given to the foundation which runs the garden, also provides visitors with "nosebags"—picnic lunches costing $1.50 and consisting of fried chicken, country ham or sliced turkey, with potato salad, stuffed celery and cupcakes. The store formerly lost a good deal of money each year, but now it is beginning to break even.

At the clubhouse, hungrier citizens, for $2.50, can eat themselves blind at a Sunday buffet offering chicken, turkey, ham, roast beef, and a half-dozen different vegetables, salads and desserts. There is no limit on the number of times a man may come back for seconds, and Mr. Callaway frequently moves among the diners, urging them to eat heartily. In the evenings, and on weekdays, the menu features roast pheasant with wild rice, squabs, and Peking duck with orange sauce.

Though he spends much of his time thinking up new do-it-yourself recreation projects which he hopes will please his visitors, Mr. Callaway also finds occasion nearly every day to rebuff persons who want him to add some mechanical gadget which he thinks would cheapen the place. He has adamantly refused to install weighing machines, and fortune-telling devices, and he will not permit veterans' groups



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Honey thought she wanted to get rid of Henry. So she went along at first with his plans for a divorce. Then she changed her mind. One night before the divorce trial, she visited Henry in his apartment and wheedled him into letting her spend the night. She repeated her "kiss-and-make-up" calls on several other evenings.

"So, you see," she later told the court, "Henry has no grounds for divorce. We have been reconciled, even though he did not realize that in toying with my unsuspecting heart he was losing his divorce grounds."

"I did accept her proffered love," Henry admitted like a man. "But her behavior did not convince me that she had reformed in any way, and I still want my divorce."

If you were the judge, would you let lovable Henry go free?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Henry got his divorce. The court said: "Every kiss is not reconciliation unless the parties have resumed relations as man and wife with the intention that they be permanent, making the continuance of the marriage a matter of social propriety and probable success."

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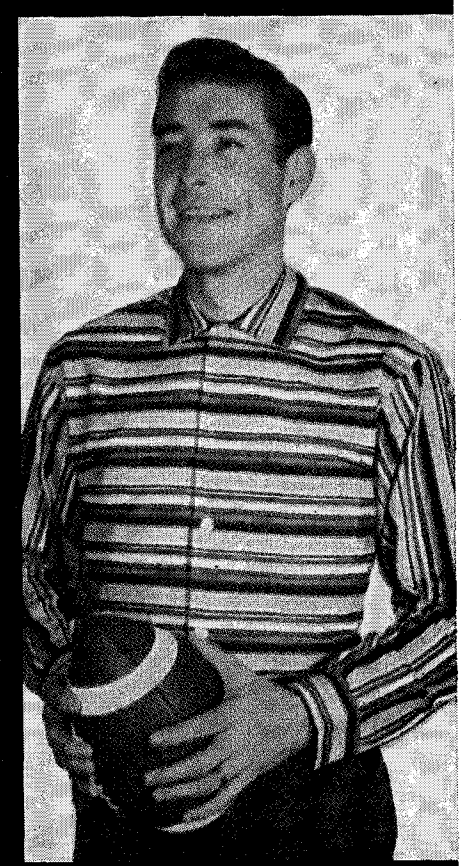

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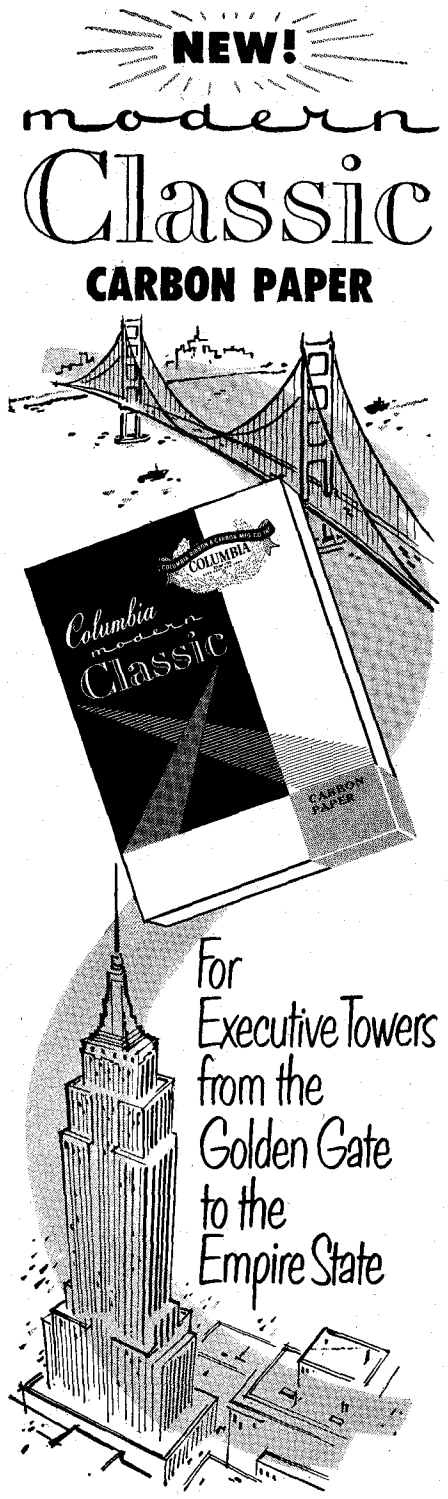

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to raffle off automobiles on the premises. He did consent to the installation of a miniature train for the children. Drawn by a replica, one sixth in size, of a standard diesel engine, it runs around curves and over trestles along the flower-bordered shores of one of the smaller lakes and is usually so packed with grown folks the youngsters can't get on it. He is thinking about bringing in a stable of riding horses for the grownups and Shetland ponies for the children, but he still is a little dubious about the speedboats which roar up and down Lake Robin, hauling sightseers and towing water skiers. He does admit, however, that the waves they throw up on the beach give the swimmers the happy delusion that they are bathing in the surf.

Though Mr. Callaway is delighted to see people having fun, both he and Mrs. Virginia Hand Callaway, his wife, are more deeply interested in the botanical aspects of the garden than they are in its development as a playground. Their primary aim, in fact, is to preserve forever the native wildflowers and flowering trees of the Appalachian region, many of which were in danger of becoming extinct. Mrs. Callaway, slender, brown-eyed and lovely, spends her days in the woods, dressed in blue jeans, picking out the spots where a crew of fifty men, planting the year round, put out some 20,000 flowers and shrubs a year. Many of these plants came originally from the wooded slopes and ravines of Pine Mountain, and were propagated in the garden's own huge greenhouses and lath houses by Fred Galle, a master of science in horticulture from Ohio State. Only around the beach and the buildings are cultivated flowers used. The woodland plantings are forest dwellers that many city folk never see—myrtle and bay and laurel, ferns and gentians, wild hydrangeas, lost gordonias, sweet shrub, wild roses, redbud, grass of Parnassus, trilliums and tiny bluets. Some are extremely rare, such as magnolia cordata, which has a canary-yellow flower. One specialty of the garden is a summer-blooming azalea found nowhere else in the world—a prunifolia, or plum leaf, azalea whose blossoms range through all the shades of red from coral pink to a deep maroon. Mr. Callaway, who has only an academic interest in hothouse plants, is so fond of the wild posies that he once bought a large farm he didn't need merely because he found a tiny lavender iris of a rare type growing on it.

Working on the theory that it is better to find out than to figure out, both Mr. and Mrs. Callaway spent some time at Cornell before they began the flower program in earnest. There, they say, they learned one great truth—that it is better to put a ten-cent flower in a fifty-cent hole than a fifty-cent flower in a ten-cent hole.

"Wildflowers," says Mrs. Callaway, whose day in the garden begins at dawn and ends at sunset, "are shy, notiony little things. They are like children. They shouldn't be allowed to go into the woods until they are able to take care of themselves."

Even after the flowers are planted in the woods, they continue to get a great deal of loving care. For two years after they are transplanted, they are given an inch of "rainfall" a week by portable pumps that suck water from the nearby lakes. In order to provide the "fifty-cent hole" which Cornell recommended, Mr. Callaway uses a number of specialized machines. One is a tractor-operated auger, which digs a hole ten times faster than it can be dug with mattock and shovel. Another is a grinder which chops up twigs and branches into small bits which make an excellent mulch when mixed with soil and leaves. The leaves, in turn, are not raked, but are sucked up by a device that trundles through the woods like a huge vacuum cleaner.

It will be ten years, Mrs. Callaway says, before the planting that has already been done will come to its full beauty, though the woods are fascinating now, to the botanist, the horticulturist, and the thousands of garden clubbers who visit the garden. In the early spring particularly, the whole place is bright with bloom, for each lake has its own flower specialty—flame azalea around Bobolink; dogwood and wild pink azalea around Bluebird; magnolia at Hummingbird; and hydrangeas and crabapple around Mockingbird and Whippoorwill. In addition, deep in the woods but readily accessible by car, are azalea trails, holly trails and magnolia walks, leading by waterfalls where ferns and lady's-slippers grow. One area which combines pines, hardwoods, low thick undergrowth and meadowland, has been set aside as a bird-study trail, and ornithologists from all over the South come there to paint, peer at, and photograph the birds. One hundred and thirty species of wild birds have been identified in the garden, including the pied-bill grebe, and a flock of forty Canada geese make their winter residence on the main lake, placidly munching the rye grass on the golf course and stuffing themselves with corn Mr. Callaway tosses out for them.

Though Mr. Callaway retains what he describes as "meddling privileges," the actual operation of the garden is under the supervision of his younger son, Howard, known as Bo, a West Point graduate who during the Korean war led his platoon of ROK's and GI's to the Yalu and back. Under his father's watchful eye he runs the nonprofit organization as tightly as any profit-making business is run. In 1954 the overall garden budget required him to lose $100,000; in 1955, $75,000, and in 1956, $25,000. He hopes to break even in '57.

One loss of revenue has already been shut off. Many youthful guests and their girl friends have dodged paying the fifty-cent gate fee by smuggling themselves in, huddled in the trunks of cars. Now Jack Adams, the manager, posts a watchman on a hill overlooking the highway. When he sees a car stop on the road while the passengers crawl into the trunk, he signals a guard at the parking lot. The people in the trunk always look vastly startled when their hiding place is revealed.

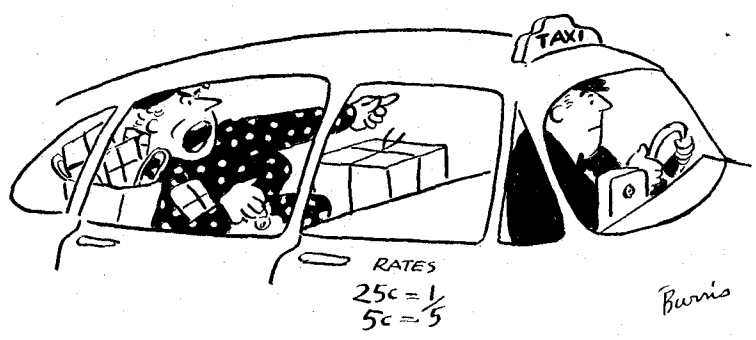
Another thing that should help put the operation in the black is a magnificent $350,000 fifty-room motel which Mr. Callaway is building just across the highway from the garden gates. It will be run by Garden Industries, a tax-paying corporation, but its dividends will go into the nonprofit and tax-free Ida Cason Callaway Foundation that runs the garden.

Whenever income does exceed outgo, all the revenue will be reinvested in the garden. One project, however, will be beyond the power of the garden to finance for years to come. Mr. Callaway has long held to the theory that there are too few quiet, beautiful and inexpensive places in the South where the average man can take his family for a summer vacation. The next large chunk of money he can spare for the garden, therefore, will be used to build a colony of neat cottages around one of the lakes, for rent to families of four to six, who must vacation on a slender budget.

Once the family cottages are built, he hopes to add camps, complete with assembly halls, where Boy Scouts, 4-H Clubs, Future Farmers and church-school groups can come for a summer stay. For it's the youngsters that Mr. Callaway is most interested in, he says—the little fellows who may come to swim and play and find in addition something beautiful that they will always remember . . . the six red geraniums that Mr. Fairless was talking about.

"If this garden could inspire just one little country boy to go on to become another Benjamin Franklin," he says, "then you could push it into the sea. It would have been worth all it has cost."

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The taxi driver, a patient soul, had never encountered a passenger like this one. Spreading over the back seat with an array of packages and bags, she barked orders like a top sergeant. Instead of giving him her destination, she withheld the address. At each turn, she shouted last-minute instructions to go left or right. She also objected to the speed of the taxi, the way its driver turned corners, and his driving in general.

Finally the driver could stand no more. Without a word, he pulled up at the curb.

"This isn't the place," his passenger complained sharply. "Why do you stop here?"

"Lady," the driver said firmly, "I just realized that, even though you are in the back seat giving orders, you're not my wife."

Rob Petonic

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Once in Love (Continued from Page 27)

take it from her for a refill. His hand rested almost unconsciously for a moment on Ann's knee, and she gave him the cup. She and Sam were old working friends. Several plays, over a good many years, and always married to other people. They knew almost too much about each other, and she looked up at him with calm and beautiful brows. He went back to his desk to pour.

"Ron," he said carelessly over his shoulder, "have you seen Katie yet?"

"No. Just haven't happened to run into her, so far," Ron said, as carelessly.

Working at the same studio, among all the crowds and acres of buildings, the only place where it was hard for him and Katie Lurie to avoid each other was the commissary, at lunchtime. In that gobbling and gossiping mob scene of the arts it would be difficult not to meet, sooner or later. She had to eat there, because she didn't have much time, and usually she would be in make-up and costume. So now that she was here, Ron was having his lunches alone in a restaurant across the street. It was better when Katie Lurie was in New York.

When she was on Broadway and he was out here on the Coast, he could strangely be more with her in his mind. Sometimes—not very often, not often enough to be silly—he would time her across the continent. He never really meant to, but he would find himself timing the afternoons of a young actress somewhere among the streets of Manhattan. At noon here, in California, it would be three o'clock there, and she might be reading in her apartment, wherever it was. He remembered the way she sat with her legs tucked under her, like a child, but occasionally reaching out a long arm to tap her cigarette over the ash tray without looking up from her book. This sort of foolishness was saddest for him in the autumns, and she in some new play.

When they were both in New York, sometimes over these last three years, it was easy never to see each other. But when he was out here —— When it was four o'clock here, with empty sunlight still in his office, she would be going down to her dressing room in some midtown theater. And before his California evening came, a curtain would be up for her, back there, and she would be playing, delicately and intensely, forgetting all else. He was accustomed to this other, this secret life with Katie Lurie; and it was awkward to have her here, beginning work three hundred yards away.

"Well," Sam said gruffly, "you ought to see her, Ron, to say hello."

"Oh, sure," Ron said. "I will. Sometime."

Those were bad, lame lines of dialogue, and they both knew it. Ann Templar knew it, too, and she took her fresh paper cup from Sam without looking at either man. Because Sam and Katie Lurie were going to be married this spring, before they went back to New York.

Sam returned to his desk and sat down again in the pale-blue leather chair. His dark, corded hands swept some pages of script and some notes into the shallow middle drawer; and finally pouring one for himself, he leaned back, lighting a cigarette. Through the haze of match flame, he saw Ann's smooth head, the color of desert honey, bowed over her cup as she took a cautious and doubtful sip, ready to put it gently aside if she felt too much effect; and he saw Ron's thin, strained face, trying to look merely indifferent. Sam thought that this Ron Conway might someday be a great playwright, finer than he himself had ever been able to be. Blowing out the match, Sam felt sadness for the younger man—for youth which must pass, for the work which is never so strong or so beautiful as you had hoped it would be, for the roads ahead, because he himself had traveled them but yesterday. The smoke of his cigarette drifted, blue and delicate, under his desk lamp, across that little pool of light. The smoke and the pool, at the end of the day—the only unchanging camping place a writer ever knows. He, too, was thinking of Katie Lurie.

Two mornings later, when Ron opened the door of his own office, he stopped in his tracks. An empty milk bottle, washed very clean, stood on his desk. Anyone else seeing it would merely have supposed that this writer had taken up serious milk drinking. But he knew what it was. To him, it was an answering hello.

Actors and actresses come to work much earlier than writers, and Katie Lurie must have slipped into this building, up the stairs and through the dull vermilion steel door to find his office along these corridors. To leave something that answered his sat-on hat. That said "Hello yourself."

The morning sun was on the milk bottle. He walked slowly, and touched it with a finger tip. It spoke to him of a bitter January on West 15th Street. The old rooming house of creaking halls. There was an evening when their elegant silver cocktail shaker was in hock around the corner, but they had remnants of this and that in four or five various bottles, left from more hopeful evenings when they had had theatrical parties once in a while. So this black night, at the sink, he had shaken up cocktails in a milk bottle. With a faraway smile, Katie held out her hand for hers, like a polite child. Afterward, for dinner, they had only a jar of caviar he had bought Katie for Christmas, and twenty-two cents' worth of liverwurst from the delicatessen. His first play had just flopped—the warehouse trucks backed up for the scenery after five days—and Katie hadn't found a job since summer stock. It was their first wedding anniversary, and they had been married too young in show business.

Silently, this morning, Ron pulled his typewriter nearer on its little wheeled stand. They never did get their silver cocktail shaker out of hock, but that was all right, because there weren't any more parties. A newspaper friend got sick and Ron filled in for him on the rim of a copy desk. A morning paper, so Ron worked until eleven at night, and then up at seven to get the daylight hours in on a new play. And Katie Lurie making the galoshslushy, hopeless, smiling rounds of theaters and anterooms. She walked as far some days as a postman does.

When the sooty trees of Washington Square tried in thin green to remember the forests—when a busted playwright tried to remember the Forest of Arden, and always another springtime—in late April, his newspaper pal got well and came back to work. And Katie Lurie signed again for summer stock in a barn theater up on the sandy beaches of Cape Cod. Little money, and he would not eat on any part of it. He would not go with her to finish his play on her summer's work. He remembered the bitter quarrels, the bitter sick-whispered quarrels in the night. When maybe both of them should have wept a little silently and in humbleness of mind; not just Katie. Those nights he was not yet old enough nor sad enough for that. This California morning, on three thousand a week and

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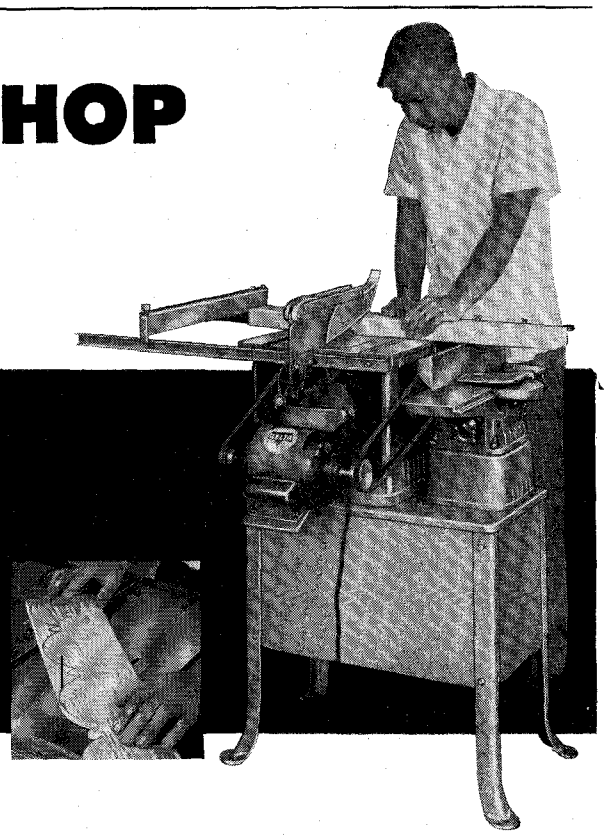

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expenses, he remembered the small and humble voice of Katie Lurie at morning coffee in a furnished room.

It was Wednesday of the next week when Sam broke off a story argument. Ron was walking back and forth across Sam's office. He was coming up with a swell dramatic break for a weak scene. A fresh slant, a natural break. Ron was still trying to talk it out, stammering slightly, hesitantly, as he always did when he was working. He stopped walking and stood at one of the windows, looking out. He stood there for a long time. Abruptly, Sam got up and reached for his jacket.

"Look," he said. "Katie's singing this morning. Let's go over and catch it."

Ron froze utterly motionless for a minute, and then turned slowly.

"No. You go," he said. "I don't want to. I don't want to see Katie."

Sam walked across the office and put a hard and quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Ron," he said, "in this never-never land, but highly paid, never let yourself be struck with wonder or surprise. That's for the customers. Come on, come on, kid; let's you and me go listen to Katie sing her big song."

Sam made a crook of his arm and shoved it under Ron's. "Come on, you silly jerk full of pride. I like you. Or I wouldn't invite you. This is not like the customers think—not the spilled wine, and laughter, not the violins at midnight. You and I are going to take a walk, to hear Katie sing in the morning."

Ron pulled his arm away, but settled his shoulders. "Very well," he said. "For you, Sam. I don't mean to be stuffy, but —— Well, O.K."

They walked along the corridors, and down the stairs, and out the side entrance. The studio street was just normally casual in the sun, like any other factory street, as they headed for Sound Stage 5. Watching Ron's profile out of the corner of his eye, Sam thought, *Pride. Against Katie.* If it hadn't been for his stubborn, too-young pride, they would still have been together, always married, and by the iron dice of show business they might have hit success together, not separately. And a Sam of this world would never have had a chance for Katie.

With the wry thankfulness of a wearily experienced man, Sam had known this as long as he had known Katie—ever since the summer he'd seen her working in a barn theater on Cape Cod. In an old play of his, of two seasons before. Ann Templar had played the lead on Broadway which this very young Katie Lurie person was playing in this summer little theater. Sam was on the Cape that June for a breather after the amicable wreckage of his second marriage, and idly, without even much curiosity, he had driven to the converted barn one evening. But from an uncomfortable seat in the shadowy rear, he found himself watching the work of the unknown girl with the odd, plain name, and afterward he went around backstage and introduced himself.

Ron, stealing a sidewise glance, in his turn, at the face of the older man as they walked together along the studio street this morning—Ron was thinking of how he and Katie had always admired the work of Sam Ransom in the modern theater. As only the young can admire. To them he was high Broadway. Once upon a time, and not so long ago, Ron would have been struck dumb at being teamed with him on a script. Now, he only tried not to imagine Katie's face as it must have looked when she met Sam Ransom for the first time, wherever it was. He didn't know. He didn't know much about them at all.

The night he said good-by to Katie on the sidewalk, after a late sad gaiety of supper uptown—the night of the hat—his suitcase was already in a locker at the bus station, and he was leaving for Hollywood, on nothing but harshly gambling hope. Upstairs, with spilled powder and stockings, her two suitcases were half packed, for Cape Cod, and he wouldn't go up again. He walked away with his crushed hat, without looking back—not daring to look back—and he had never seen Katie again.

That first trip to the Coast, he'd got a secondhand-typewriter-and-publicity job with a chain of suburban moviehouses. That October, Katie had a stunningly good part in Sam Ransom's new play in New York, and Ron was frostily refusing to come back. They found they could quarrel as bitterly by letter, with as much hurt, as once they had quarreled in the night together. He never told anybody in Los Angeles that the new young actress in the news-picture magazines was his wife. It was just as well, because she wasn't his wife much longer.

After that first Broadway season of hers, and after her unnoticed Nevada divorce—after that, Sam wrote her into his next two plays, and they were good parts. She was coming up fast.

... ...

Let's Face It

From the look of contempt
in his eye
And the frown, which a
smile can't erase,
He would find it absurd to
deny
His success—which has gone
to his face.

By Tom Talman

... ...

Ron, working nights in a lonely room, had finished a play of his own; bitterly gentle, strange, and a big new pattern for the theater. From New York his producer friend wired: DON'T BE A FOOL. NOBODY CAN PRODUCE THIS. IT BREAKS EVERY RULE IN THE BOOK. And Ron wired back: WHAT BOOK? Then Joseph Thal read it, the meanest, most parsimonious and most lavish producer on Broadway, and Joseph Thal threw the works. He didn't just produce it, he gave it what show business calls Production. The next year made it two in a row for Ron Conway, and both had outrun Sam Ransom's. But by that time everybody knew that Sam and Katie were going to be married. And show business thought it was kind of wonderful and beautiful because if any playwright had ever created a brilliant young actress, Sam Ransom had.

Today, in California morning sunshine, Sam kept his eyes on his shadow and Ron's moving side by side along the studio pavement, but he said, "Ron, try to be O.K. when you see Katie."

"Why, sure, Sam," Ron said. "Sure. Why not?"

At Sound Stage 5, Sam threw away his cigarette with an inward shrug, of the mind, and they went up the steps. All the people and the work inside were stopped between scenes. At the far end of the sound stage under clustered lights there was a London-pub interior, poor and dockside-tough, late at night, after closing hours. With the working crew and the big equipment silhouetted against the smoky light. There was a good deal of half-seen scurrying around, and low voices. Sam, walking easily in the half dark, stopped beside a meditatively hard-faced man sitting relaxed in a canvas chair.

The man in the chair turned his head to look upward and said, "Hi, Sam. Glad you came to catch it."

"Morning, Jake," Sam said. The deserted tables of the empty and locked-up pub were still cluttered with mugs and ash saucers, as if from a long hard night of roaring and of laughter. Sam saw a man's busted hat lying under one table, and he thought what a good touch that was. To one side, off the set, an odd sort of music was waiting—three violins and a stubby Irish harp. The low voices and the hurryings died away to an indeterminate pause.

"All right," Jake said, not loudly, "bring it on."

A buzzer sounded and everything came alive with Theater. An earnestly thin young assistant director dodged in front of the camera, briefly held up a small blackboard chalked: "Sc. 23 P. 8." to go on the film for identification. Then he ducked off the set at a crouching run, and as if from nowhere Katie Lurie wandered on, and the lonely music was there for her, out of the shadows.

Sam glanced back over his shoulder. Ann Templar, in make-up, was standing beside Ron, and in the reflected lights Ron's face was locked white. Slowly, Sam turned his head again to stare straight before him, and after a second or two he was watching Katie. She couldn't see out past the lights to know that he was there. In this picture she played the not-quite-grown-up child of the dockside pub's owner. A wistful and difficult part. A girl who had a sort of dream life of her own in the emptiness of that low and evil place after hours, when she crept downstairs to clear the tables after all the laughter and the bawdry was done, and all the people had gone away. Sam saw her give one veiled, slanting glance at the old hat on the floor, and he thought that was a strange and lovely touch of acting.

And then Katie was singing. Moving among the tables, her slender hands busy at first, and then slowing down as if in a dream. A young girl singing to herself in an empty place. As the massive camera trucked silently nearer and the lights changed a little, Katie was somehow a creature of dark gold—to Sam, all the youth, the passing gold, of the world—and with the distant violins, the very old strings of the Irish harp, her voice was dark gold too:

". . . The spring is spent and burned,
But the blackbird calls
From the blackened thorn. . . ."

When Katie came off the set and bent over to say something, laughing, to Jake in the canvas chair, Sam had dropped back to where Ann Templar was standing. Katie saw him, over Jake's head, and started toward him. Then she saw Ron walking away.

But it was Ann Templar's voice which quietly said, "Ron!"

He stopped and turned casually enough. Katie walked to him steadily and held out her hand, smiling a little. Sam saw the smile become uncertain at the edges and then fade; Sam had a glimpse, for an instant, of the faces they must once have reserved for each other.

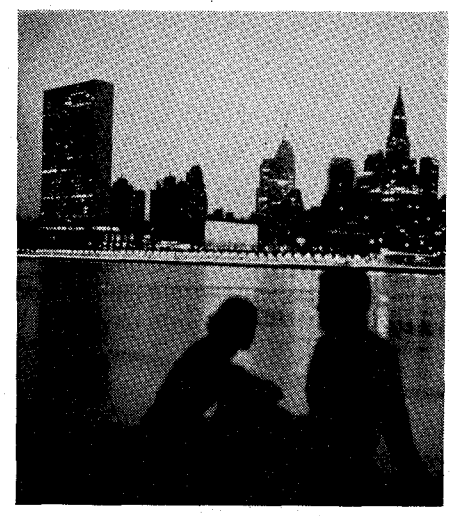
But Katie only said, "Nice to see you on the set, Ron."

"Yeah," Ron said. "Good place to say hello."

"How did the song go?" Katie asked carelessly. Even at such a time, no actress can resist such a question.

"Swell," Ron said. "It went swell, kid."

Sam would always remember, though, the defenseless (*Continued on Page 124*)



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(*Continued from Page 122*) look that had passed between them. He turned his own face away and murmured negligently to Ann Templar, "Let's beat it from here and give them a chance to talk. After all, they ——"

"Yes," Ann said without any expression whatever. "After all."

They went out and along a rear sidewalk in the harsh sun to Ann's dressing room. It was cool in there and they sat talking, some, about Broadway and the new shows coming up and people they knew, and then after a while not talking any more at all. They had known each other for so long. Sam stubbed out his cigarette three quarters smoked. Ann was sitting with her chin on her fist. As he walked to the door she stirred and took a final long drag on her cigarette, but she didn't look up.

Going into the sound stage by the nearest back way, Sam walked along a dim alleylike space behind the set and turned a corner. And stopped. In the massed patterns of darkness beside the set, with the diffused haze of the big working lights beyond, were the figures of a man and a woman. Katie Lurie with her face suddenly buried in her hands, standing very still. Ron, standing slouched, with his hands helplessly at his side.

"So I guess we both have things to be damn sorry about," Ron said dully. "Things never to remember again. Except we will. As long as we live."

Silently, Katie's head sank a little lower, her hands still covering her face. Sam had a sudden dull certainty—as dull as Ron's voice—that they were afraid to touch each other.

"When you wouldn't come back," Katie said, "it didn't matter what happened to me. Except my chance to work, and that was given to me with open hands, by a sadder and quieter man than you. Than you will ever be. And I'll never let him down. For anybody. For anybody."

"I know, kid. I wouldn't let you. Because I—like the guy too. And I like your style, Katie, because that's the way you are."

Sam took two steps backward, around the corner, and stumbled only once. He turned, more slowly than he ever remembered doing anything before in his life, and walked along the dim alleyway again and out the door into the beating glare of sunlight. On the deserted back sidewalk he leaned against the wall of the sound stage, with his eyes closed for a moment.

He knew what he had to do. He had had to revise many a playscript in his time, but now he had to revise all of Katie's years ahead: all she believed in, all her silent loyalties. His dramatist's mind, rooting around, came up with how to do it. It would have to have shock value—real shock value, considering Katie's loyalties. It would have to be definite and shocking and final. He would need Ann Templar's help. And he would need the help of Alfred, the chief of the studio guards, an old gin-rummy-playing friend of his. He wouldn't have to tell Alfred much, nothing that could ever bounce back.

Sam went along the sidewalk and knocked on Ann's dressing-room door. She opened it and stood looking at him coolly.

"Ann, I'm going to ask a favor of you," he said. "A big one, Ann."

"Yes, Sam," she said. "Whatever it is."

Somewhere toward five-thirty that evening, Ron went into Sam's office with three and a half pages of script, a whole scene. Sam's desk light was on, but Sam wasn't there. Ron put the pages on the desk, and went over toward the windows to wait. He was staring out at the long shadows when his own phone started pealing in his office next door. He ambled along absent-mindedly, not interested in anybody who would be calling him. But it was Katie. In a very strange voice.

"Ron? I think you'd better come here right away. I'm seeing things."

"Yes, well," Ron said, and realizing that that sounded too automatically husbandlike, he said courteously, "What is it, Katie?"

"Well," Katie said, "when I was going out the gate—you know, the big main gate—on my way home and with a taxi waiting—why, a massive sort of guard stopped me, Ron, and he said, 'Miss Lurie, you've left something of yours on Sound Stage Five.' And I told him, 'But I haven't been on Sound Stage Five since morning, Miss Templar has been working there all afternoon, in a crowd scene.' I've been on Sound Stage Seven—you know, Ron, the London street set. And the big guard said, very heavily, 'Miss Lurie, I want you please to go to Sound Stage Five and find what belongs to you.' He was absolutely wooden, Ron, but he said it so officiously. So I ——"

"Never mind the dialogue," Ron said. "Where are you, kid?"

"In a phone booth," Katie said in a small voice. "The one at the front of Sound Stage Five. I hope it's soundproof, and it's certainly dark enough because I unscrewed the light globe. Ron, please hurry. While they're still ——"

She broke off, but he could hear her breathing.

"Now wait a minute, Katie. While who's still what?"

"Ron, you come here!" Katie said.

Hurrying to find her, he saw the hill darkening green again at the end of the studio street. He ran up the front steps of the sound stage to slip in through the door. In the vast interior darkness Katie was waiting for him, and she didn't say anything. She just touched his arm.

At the distant end of the sound stage, only a couple of dingy-looking lights had been left burning over the set, the dockside dive where Katie had sung, and Sam and Ann Templar had wandered onto the set from somewhere. Sam had brought his bottle of Scotch along, and they looked as if they had been sitting there a long time. They looked like hell. Ann was still in make-up, from the end of the afternoon's work, but the make-up was smeared. She had flopped down at one of the convenient tables in a corner of the set, and Sam had camped with the dark bottle of Scotch on the table, but he had hauled his chair around so it was next to hers and he had one arm flung loosely over her shoulders. Sam's rumpled head was down on his chest, as if in grief—as if in bitter grief and some sort of surly defiance—but nobody could hear what they were whispering back and forth. It was like watching, from the farthest possible place in a theater, the small, ill-shadowed figures of a man and woman on the distant stage, and they sickly speaking only in muttered undertones and whispers. But you didn't have to hear the words to know what it was about. This, though, was —— Every once in a while somebody gets tight around a studio, but this was low life. It also had an eerie quality, something a little worse than terrible, somehow, and that quality came from the smeared, ghastly white face of Ann Templar.

"Now, Katie," Ron mumbled at her ear, apologetically, "they've known each other for a long time. They're practically old family friends, they've worked together for so many plays."

Katie said, "This isn't like that. What we're seeing is ——"

"Easy, kid," Ron said. "Let's beat it out of here. Find out about it tomorrow."

She moved impatiently a step away from him. Ron didn't blame her. In the thirteen weeks Sam had been out here working on this script, and Katie in New York, anything could have happened. Ron wouldn't know. But it was even worse than that. Ann Templar's voice rang once: "So after all these years, Sam, another girl. Still one more. Well, that's all right. It's always been all right."

She got up from the table, scraping her chair harshly back. Sam got up, too, and they both half lifted their hands as if to go into a clinging, tragic clinch. But Ann Templar suddenly bit her lip, and pushed him away with an unexpected gesture, violent and obscure. Then she turned swiftly and walked off the set. Sam's face, at this distance, was impassive as he stood looking down at the littered table, but Ron was almost sure that Ann's had been shining wet, all at once, as she left.

Katie was stumbling toward the door, groping for the handle. Ron opened it for her and they went along the studio street and out the gate and found her taxi still waiting. As Ron reached in to give the driver some money and the name of her hotel, Katie leaned sidewise against him, a little, for a moment, but her eyes were wide and dry, fixed straight ahead. He knew enough not even to pat her hand.

"Please don't try to tell me good night. Please don't try to tell me anything tonight," she said. "Tell me tomorrow."

She got into the taxi and he stood on the curb and watched it diminish swiftly until it was lost among all the other pouring lights, away in the California evening.

The next day, after sunset, Sam Ransom was still in his office, working late. He was doing the last scene he would do on this script. He was standing at the window, trying to figure this last dialogue, and in an envelope in his pocket he had his plane ticket to New York. He was jumping an assignment for the first time in his life. His agent could square it later. Ron Conway would have to finish this script by himself. It would be better. He and Ron had avoided each other all day.

Sam, a harsh-lined realist, knew he was standing at the windows to catch a last glimpse of Katie Lurie in the twilight of this day. After a long time he saw her, and Ron was with her, taking her home. They went out the gate and stood waiting on the curb, talking a little, glancing at each other, and her hand was unconsciously on his arm. But after a minute, Sam saw something kind of odd. Katie took her hand away, and from behind the wide flat leather bag she was carrying under her own arm, she pulled out an indefinite sort of object which her hands began gently putting back into shape, whatever it was. Sam wondered what that was about, but he never knew, because Katie half turned, to look up at Ron.

What Katie was saying was "Here. Put your hat back on."

Sam didn't watch them any more, standing there on a curb, waiting to go home. As somewhere, in the cities of show business, they always would be. Sam went back to his typewriter, under his desk lamp, and wrote a couple of lines of dialogue, fairly fast. That brought him to a break in the scene, and he lit another cigarette, trying to figure how to get a hard and troublesome character actor off the screen. Then he smiled and slowly typed something. He typed a stage direction, one that he had read long ago, as a boy, in an old playscript by some now-forgotten dramatist: "Exit, without disturbing the business of the Principals."

When he looked up, his office door was open. Ann Templar was there.

"Did it work, Sam?" she said. "I couldn't tell, watching Katie on the set today."

"Yes. It worked," Sam said. "I—saw to it that the denouement with Katie was by telephone only. And very—well, short, on my part. After all, she knows show business. I was counting on that." He stopped. And said, "I will always remember Katie as being—very O.K." He stopped again. And said, "And thank you, Ann."

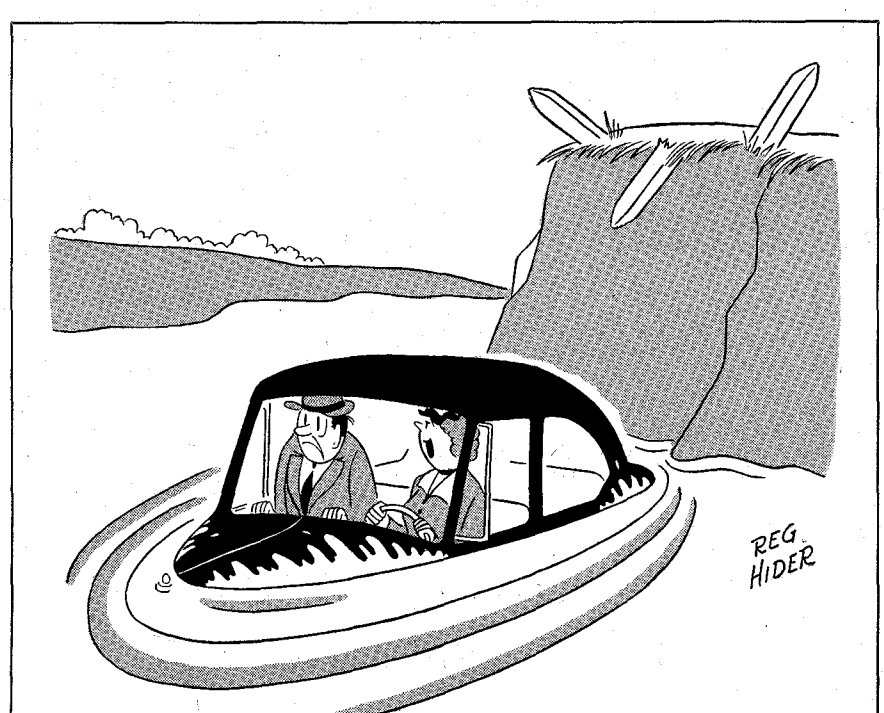
Ann came in, smiling uncertainly.

"It wasn't hard to play, Sam," she said. "Except I could never hold as much Scotch as we pretended to." She hesitated, biting her lip again. "It wasn't hard for me to play," she said. "The main idea could have been real any time you wanted it to, for years now, Sam. Just remember."

She reached and one finger tip barely touched his left eyebrow. And then she was gone, closing the door gently.

Sam looked at the keyboard of his typewriter, and then he began writing dialogue again, not fast. Carefully. Thinking of Ann, that wise woman, and his friend. Meanwhile, there was this. Always. To make men and women talk, as in dream perhaps, but also in truth.

THE END



"I think I know what I did wrong that time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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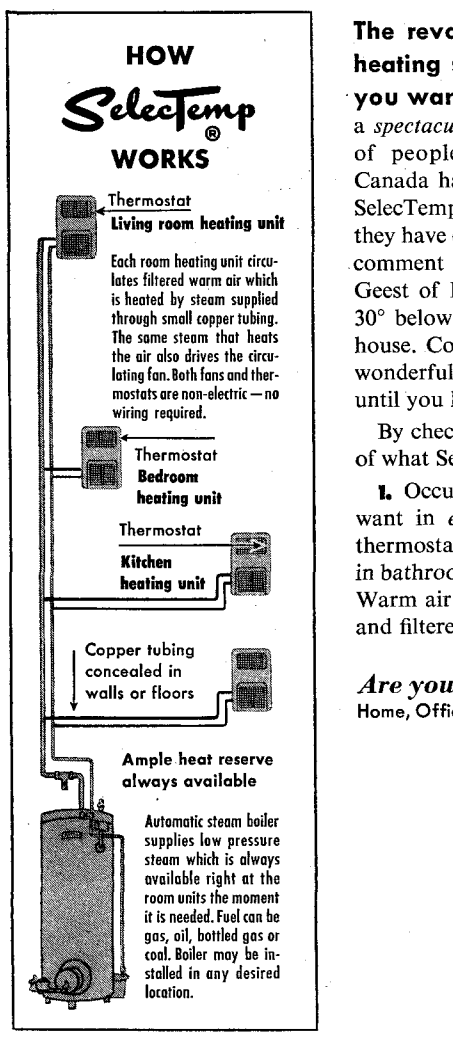
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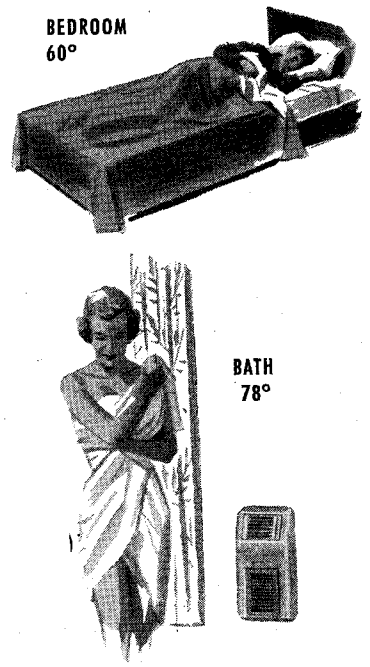

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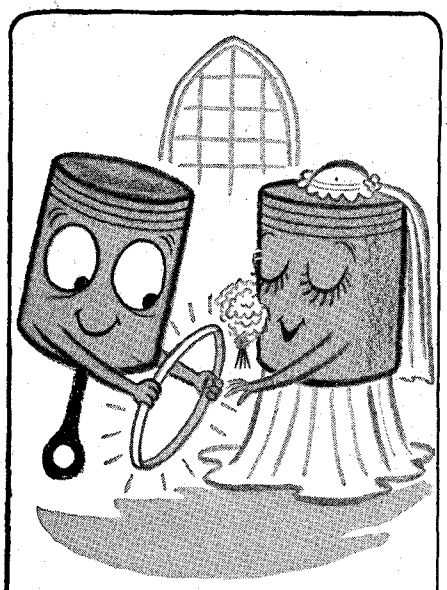

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Crisis at the Ambassador's

(Continued from Page 36)

you know how I feel about those dogs—and Gretel ——"

"That's exactly why I'm asking you to do this job. The vet will try to find a nursing mother too. But he is very busy. You will have more time to scour Rome. And, Tish"—her voice was even lower now—"have a message sent in to me at the office by noon, will you?"

I knew that Mrs. Luce would have gone out in the streets herself to find a poodle's wet nurse, if she hadn't had the cares of the embassy on her shoulders. Before she hung up, I heard the background sounds of Gretel weeping. *This must be really hitting Gretel*, I thought. Scusi and Prego had always trotted around after her like two streaks of silver mercury. But I felt almost as bad myself. Scusi had always been my favorite of the series of poodles that had been in residence at the villa. She liked to bask on the sunlit tiles of my office floor. When no one was around, and there was no one to see such an undignified procedure, I would let Scusi sit in my lap and lean her paws on my hands when I was typing.

So, at six, in the morning, while I drank an entire pot of *caffé espresso*, which is guaranteed to dispel lethargy at any hour, I went through the telephone listings of Rome veterinarians. Then came the telephone calls to each vet's household, waking up peaceful sleepers with each call.

The Italian vet is a relaxed type of animal lover, who likes to begin his day at a leisurely pace. It was important, in waking him up, to make plain that I was calling on behalf of the American Ambassador to Italy, and sound as desperate as I could. In this way I might channel his anger—at being wakened—into constructive action. Unfortunately, I only succeeded in provoking curiosity. No, none of them knew of any bitch that had whelped in the last few hours. "But wouldn't Mrs. Luce like me to come over and offer advice on the little ones? An eye dropper perhaps? Bits of cotton soaked in boiled milk? Just who was the ambassador's veterinarian? And just why did Scusi die?"

It took me about ten minutes to get each man off the telephone. I yearned to hang up on each one outright, once I knew he couldn't locate a suitable foster mother. But in diplomatic life you can't hang up on anybody, because he might be a contributing editor to the local communist newspaper or something, and if I hung up he would write nasty editorials about the ambassador in particular and about Americans in general.

By 7:30 A.M. I was rushing to the garage. On the way I stopped to describe my plight to each *portiere* in the block. An Italian *portiere* might be defined as a harmonious combination of receptionist, janitor and gossip. He keeps tab on all who enter his building. He repairs anything that breaks. And he is the ultimate authority on all news emanating from his neighborhood. Surely, some *portiere* would know whether any dog had just had puppies in his neighborhood. No, none had. A lady in Ingrid Bergman Rossellini's building across the street had just borne a fine son. One of the cats next door had produced her third litter. But these were the only birth announcements in that residential area.

Upon arriving at the Villa Taverna, I started making another exhaustive series of telephone calls. A friend, who worked at the Food and Agriculture Organization and who was an active member of the National League for the Protection of the Dog, promised to begin a search immediately. I telephoned the local police headquarters to ask if the *carabinieri* on their beats would inquire around the neighborhoods for a newly nursing canine mother. The desk man reacted with chivalrous enthusiasm and sympathy. It took him ten minutes to tell me how much he loved dogs, and how he would "die, absolutely die if anything ever happened to his little Bianca." However, his Bianca hadn't had pups since the liberation, so she would not be of help. I hung up.

Mario, our butler, suggested I call the zoo. The zoo official who answered my call clucked knowingly over the telephone. He told me about a giraffe that had just given birth. Also his daughter owned a pet skunk that had just produced skunk pups. He doubted that either Mamma Giraffe or Mamma Skunk would solve my problem. I agreed, thanking him politely, and proceeded to place calls to dog-owning friends of mine in the city of Rome—of which there are a considerable number.

It was now ten o'clock. This telephone marathon, initiated at six A.M., had resulted only in sorting out my friends—which ones owned dogs and which owned bitches. Some of them owned bitches that had produced litters weeks ago, and others should produce in the next fortnight. There were simply no dogs in the whole city, it seemed, that had had puppies within the past twenty-four hours—even though Italian dogs, like the people, are extremely prolific.

I walked sadly into the bathroom to look at Scusi's babies, lying wrapped up in a tiny box lined with clean white paper. They looked like two pathetic mice. Their black button noses were nestling on a handkerchief which had been soaked in warm milk. That was Mario's idea, and although the puppies didn't have the sense to lick the handkerchief for nourishment, they obviously liked the smell. I could hardly bear to look at the two doomed orphans. My watch was reminding me that they had about two more hours to live.

Meanwhile, I had sent Wernon, the chauffeur, off in the little Fiat to check a dog kennel nearby. Now he returned, sadly shaking his head. We were getting nowhere. I left instructions with Mario on handling the telephone calls that might come to the villa in answer to my outgoing inquiries, and Wernon and I took off for a dog pound called the *Canile Communale*. This place, a poorhouse for stray mutts, was supposed to be callous to the animals gathered there; it had become infamous in Rome. *Canile Communale* was always given as the reason why people should donate money to societies for the protection of animals.

On the long trip across Rome to the *Canile*, we drove slowly, looking at every dog we saw on the streets. Whenever we saw a bitch that looked as though she were nursing, we looked around for her owner. No luck. We heard the yappings of the dog pound a whole block away from its location. I will not describe the conditions of the *Canile*.

The attendant listened to my fatal question—a question which now spieled forth automatically from my mouth—"*Ha per caso una cagna che ha dato alla luce dei cuccioli soltanto ieri o stamane?*" He nodded and led me to a stall where a big, shaggy, mangy mutt—part collie, part police dog and, who knows, part poodle—lay snarling at us.

She evidently thought we had come to molest her young. Six enormously fat puppies were wriggling on the filthy newspapers inside her cage, sucking milk greedily. They were three times bigger

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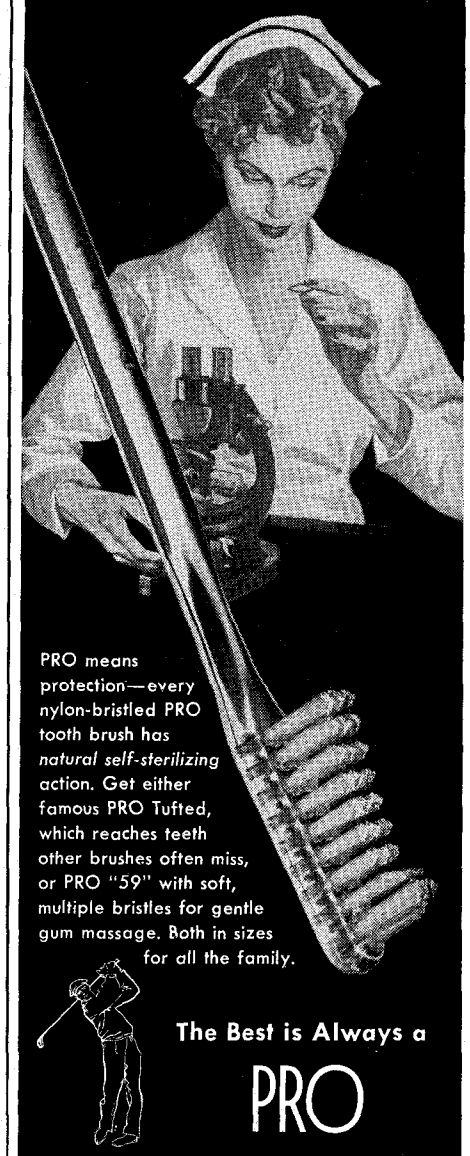

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than our little poodle pups. But the important point was that they had been born only nine hours ago. The attendant could not understand why anyone would want to buy this flea-bitten wretch and her mangy little ones. He asked me to give $1.75 for all seven dogs, and demanded the name and address of the new owner for the consignment papers.

I thought that one over for a minute, fearful that the truth about the new owner might so astound him as to delay the transfer by precious minutes. I split the difference. The simple Italian name, "Signora Luce," made no impression on him, nor did the address, "Viale Rossini, 5." We got out quickly with our snarling, squirming, smelly cargo of maternity. The bitch tried to bite Wernon and me whenever we came near her, for she was still very much afraid. We gently put a muzzle over her head, got her into the box in the back seat with her greedy young and drove our new family to the vet's to be defleaed.

The vet inspected our choice and intoned musical prayers of thanks, filling the air with Latin exclamations of joy. She was in "perfect shape," he said. "A healthy hybrid mixture of generations of accidental breeding. A brilliant example of the survival of the fittest." He even thought her milk might inject much-needed vitality into our finely bred puppies' blood streams.

We made it back to the villa just eleven minutes ahead of the dead line. Wernon, who had driven all the way from the vet's through the dense noon traffic at what seemed like 100 kilometers an hour, could not now resist a final spurt of speed. Our arrival looked gloriously like the finish of the *Mille Miglia* automobile race. The staff was all waiting anxiously out in front, counting the minutes, afraid the puppies would expire on the exact stroke of noon.

By the time we had the mongrel mother and her pups arranged in a large ragglined box in the upstairs guest room—this was to be their private boudoir for several weeks—it was exactly 12:05. Ambassador Luce, having got word that the foster mother had been located, arrived from the embassy for luncheon and to direct the adoption ceremonies. She fitted her two poodle puppies, looking incredibly small, on the milk line among foster brothers and sisters. She looked smilingly over at Gretel, who was now in a state of rapture, and solemnly announced, "Children of Scusi and Prego, I hereby christen you Romulus and Remus." Then, touching the flanks of the wolfish mother, she added, "And henceforth you shall be called Signora Snackbar."

None of us realized that the episode had just begun. The whole city of Rome had suddenly become aware of the fact that the leading representative there of the great nation of the United States of America was in trouble over a minute pair of newborn poodles. This was a situation that touched off flames of emotion in the hearts of all Italians who heard of it. Unbeknownst to us, the *carabinieri*, distressed by lack of results in their neighborhood canvassing, had gone on the air to broadcast an appeal to all Romans. News of the embassy poodle crisis was all over town.

By nightfall we had received almost a hundred telephone calls and a dozen personal visits from Italian dog lovers who wished to help. Many who came directly to the villa brought their nursing dogs with them. The owner of a pet monkey and the owner of a pet goat were certain that their little mothers could easily take on the job of feeding Romulus and Remus. This was a sincere demonstration of the affection Italians felt toward our ambassador. I told each one of them that all was well, that a mother had been found, and that the ambassador would be ever grateful for their spontaneous gestures of good will.

I think that most civilized people love dogs, and the old axiom, "Love me, love my dog," holds true everywhere. But you have to be in Italy to see a love for anything at its highest pitch. Most of the people with whom I spoke on this subject burst into tears—either tears of distress over the problem before it was solved, or tears of joy at the outcome. I often found myself crying right along with them.

The press in Italy went to town on Romulus and Remus. Most of the articles were amusing, with such headlines as, ITALY LEND-LEASES TO AMERICA! and ITALIAN LADY DIPLOMAT NAMED SIGNORA SNACKBAR RESOLVES DESPERATE U.S. EMBASSY CRISIS! One editorial mischievously noted that "A country famous for its artificial bosoms and synthetic baby foods at last discovers Italian breasts and Italian milk are the world's finest." Another newspaper cracked that Romulus and Remus should be given dual nationality and be allowed to decide their permanent status upon reaching an age of reason.

"Well, we know one thing—it's contagious."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Many of the articles thanked Mrs. Luce for honoring the symbol of the founding of the city of Rome by naming the puppies Romulus and Remus. A Roman store noticed a great increase in sales of key rings bearing the she-wolf with Romulus and Remus symbol on it. Since "Snackbar" was a strange new word to the Italians, weird definitions of it turned up in the press. One paper went into a lengthy discussion of American soda-fountain and lunch-counter eating habits, and attributed the high incidence of ulcers in American society to our "snackbar" modes of living.

We received some thirty letters in the mail, enclosing photographs of dogs. The writers said they would be glad to lend their dogs if Snackbar should at any point reject little Romulus and Remus or fail in her job. Signora Snackbar, however, carried on with the utmost aplomb.

Romulus and Remus were too small to compete with the big mongrel pups at the drinking fountains. They were always being pushed away. Signora Snackbar would occasionally pick up all of her own young by their necks, dump them into a corner of the box and pin them there with her big nose while Romulus and Remus glutted themselves happily. Finally they would drop off to sleep; then Signora Snackbar would release her own puppies and they would come in fighting.

When Snackbar's pups were old enough to be weaned, the ambassador gave them to members of the villa's Italian staff who had children and who had always, it seemed, wanted dogs. Snackbar's roughnecks found happy homes with the embassy carpenter, two of the drivers, one of the gardeners and two of the electricians.

A photographer took me by surprise one day when I was walking with the now famous "little mother." The picture he took, with an accompanying story, was printed by newspapers in Italy, France, Spain and the Scandinavian countries. Which all goes to prove that all the world loves a shaggy-dog story.

When the ambassador donated some money to a dog-protection society, a communist paper printed an editorial, saying that the American Ambassador would do well to feed a few starving families of human beings before throwing money to the dogs. It was plain, however, that the writer was a disgruntled politician. As one of the noncommunist papers reported, "Closer ties have been established between Italy and the United States." The communist publication spat forth more venom several months later, when it asked, "Now that the mongrel mother's job has been finished in the plush salons of the Villa Taverna, we wonder what has happened to her. She has probably been thrown back into the dog pound, in true American fashion."

If anyone is interested in the whereabouts of Signora Snackbar, he has only to drive up to the front gate of the impressive residence of the American Ambassador to Italy, and there he will be greeted at the gate by a mottled, far-from-handsome mongrel. But her coat has been lovingly brushed, and her melting eyes shine in canine contentment. The gatekeeper, Fernando, never understood the meaning of the ambassador's name for the heroine who had saved Romulus and Remus. Signora Snackbar has a new name, poetic and musical. It has changed her whole personality. She bites no one, loves everybody and is likened to the flower lilac. Fernando calls her "Lila."

Editors' Note—This is the second of two chapters taken from Roman Candle, a book by Miss Baldrige, to be published by Houghton Mifflin this October.

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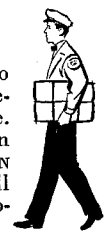

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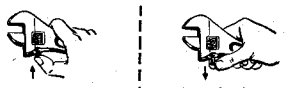

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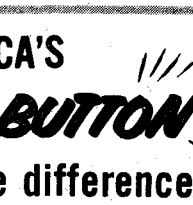

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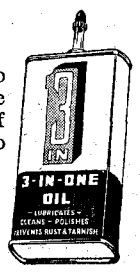

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How We Cut Our Auto Death Rate

(Continued from Page 31)

During the Governors' Conference at Atlantic City in June, the governor of a nearby state said to me, "My son tells me that when he's driving home from college, he changes his driving habits the minute he enters Connecticut." Other people tell me, "When we arrive in Connecticut, we notice how smoothly and unhurriedly the traffic moves."

The other day I stood in the Westport State Police Barracks and watched a radar machine register the speed of cars on the Merritt Parkway. From 6:00 A.M. to noon only fifteen of the 18,000 cars clocked were exceeding the speed limit! None of these were flagrant cases.

State Police Commissioner John C. Kelly feels that there has been great public acceptance of this campaign.

"When our officers used to go fifty-five miles an hour on the parkway," Commissioner Kelly said, "everybody passed them. Now, when they go fifty-five, we are ahead of everybody else."

As columnist Raymond Moley observed recently, "On these summer holidays and weekends, reckless and speedy drivers are not going to find Connecticut a good place to show their stuff. But for moderate drivers, it will probably be the healthiest spot in the nation. . . . I found no one seriously inconvenienced by a little highway restraint. Moderation well befits the many charms of Connecticut. It's a fine place to spend a holiday."

Connecticut has long been known as "the land of steady habits." We hope it will also be known as the state where safe and sensible driving is a permanent part of our way of life.

In the first half year of this campaign we have upped the number of suspended licenses from 231 last year, to a total, as of June thirtieth this year, of 5398. This represents the grand total of convicted speeders arrested by both local and state police. Approximately 3200 of this number were Connecticut drivers. Few of those 3200 citizens will vote for me. But I am not engaged in a popularity contest. It would be worth losing the next election if our program results in the saving of even one life.

Connecticut's drive is based on a very simple premise. Out of 128 deaths on the highways of Connecticut during the first half of this year, 99 were attributed directly to overspeeding.

Your chances of being killed in an automobile accident are twice as great at sixty-five miles an hour as they are at fifty-five miles an hour. Since speed is the principal cause of serious accidents, we began suspending the license of every convicted speeder for a minimum of thirty days. Second offenders get a minimum suspension of sixty days. Third offenders are suspended indefinitely. After his license has been suspended for ninety days, a third offender is permitted to apply for a hearing for reinstatement. Upon determining the facts of the case and the reason for the repeated suspensions, the Motor Vehicles Department can (1) refuse to reinstate the driver, (2) issue a limited license, or (3) reinstate the driver.

There are no exceptions. Mark that well, because in this most drastic crackdown we believe that the rule of "no exceptions" is the heart of the campaign. There are hard cases, to be sure. I have been around long enough to know that when exceptions are made, it is not the obscure and well-intentioned citizen who gets excepted. It is the fellow who knows the angles.

And so we have clung to our no-fix, no-favoritism rule despite the clobbering of irate motorists. It has not been easy.

One man wrote me: "You have just lost my vote."

A town chairman asked me, "What kind of a guy are you? It's the job of a politician to do favors for as many people as he can. If you don't do favors, you won't be governor for very long."

Or the state legislator, a man who had always supported my programs. He wanted a friend's license restored. I told him there were no exceptions.

As he left he warned, "Next time, Abe, I won't vote for your bills."

My mail has not been easy to take, for I know that some of the hardships are authentic. But to make exceptions would cut out the core of the program. Hardship cannot compare with the finality of a single death. One suspended driver wrote: "I condemn this un-American way of dealing with drivers." Said another: "Is it your policy to make bums out of solid citizens?" Writes another: "Loss of my license is a hardship on all of us, especially my mother. Now she has to get up at six A.M. every day to catch a bus to work." And still another: "All I can say is that your highway program is a monstrous flop. Drivers drive 'by the seat of their pants.' If they are good drivers, they stay out of trouble."

I even get it when I go to the barbershop. The other morning my barber told me that one of his customers was infuriated with me.

"You and your friend Ribicoff!" he shouted. "I lost my license because of speeding, now my wife has to drive me to work every day for the next month!"

Who knows? This lesson might save his life. But for now he was angry at me.

One thing is crystal clear in all this. Connecticut's highway-safety program is above and beyond politics. Democrats, Republicans and independents are all determined to save lives. When the Connecticut Republican State Platform Committee adopted a proposed platform plank interpreted to be critical of our crackdown, the predominantly Republican press of Connecticut took vigorous exception and flayed the GOP leaders for their lack of responsibility. The platform was changed.

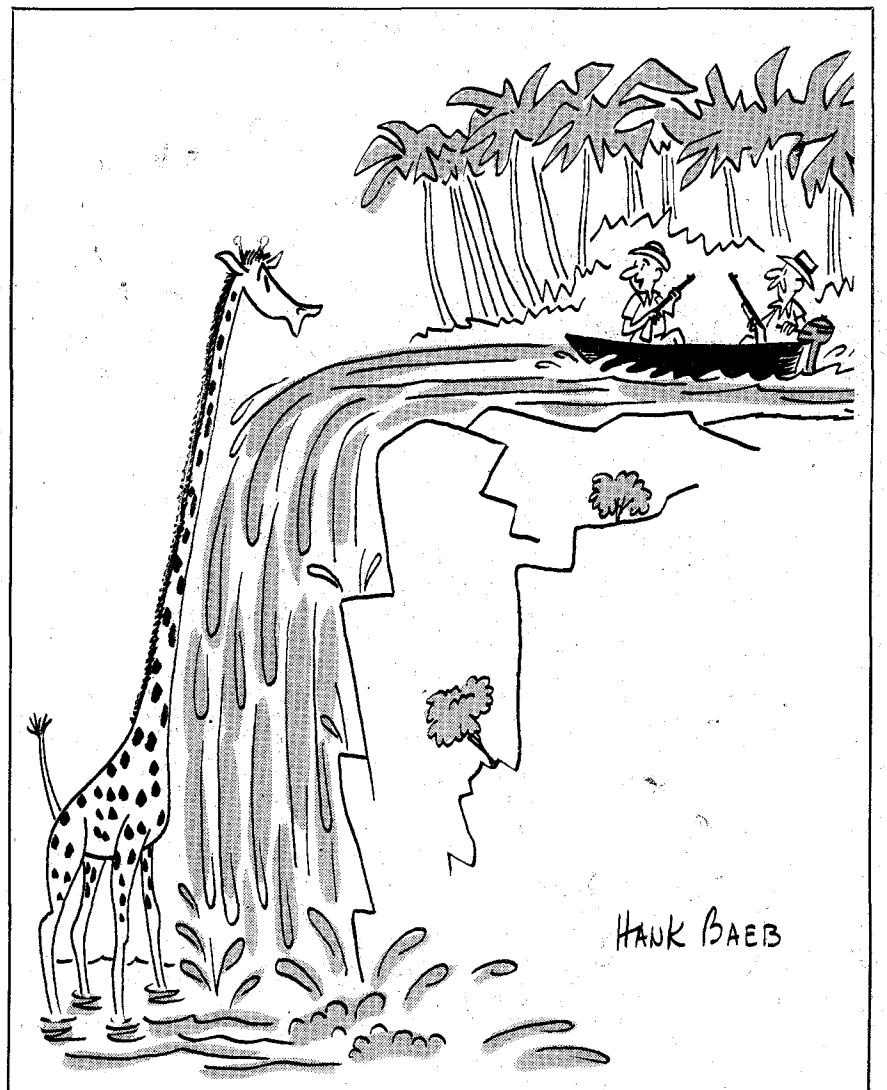
These things are heartening. So is the support of civic organizations like the Federation of Women's Clubs and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

It is heartening to hear from people who are for the campaign, and I must say they are in the large majority. Here is a mother who approved: "Last November my daughter, eleven years old, was waiting for a school bus with a dozen other children, when a speeding car struck her and threw her seventy feet down the road." Or another: "I have lost two daughters in auto accidents. . . . We think you are doing a great service to the state."

One of the more interesting converts to our program was a New York manufacturer with a plant in Connecticut. He was arrested for speeding on the Merritt Parkway. He wrote an indignant letter and threatened to move his plant.

I had the arrest investigated. After a complete report of the arrest and the objectives of the state's highway program were outlined to him, the manufacturer replied:

"The thorough consideration you have given my unfounded complaint serves to point out the reprehensible manner in which I acted. You and your people are to be congratulated on the meritorious program you have instituted. . . . On the other hand, I should be delegated a reserved seat in that area of hell set aside for people who act thoughtlessly in their judgment of worthy public officials."



"It's not very often you see them swimming!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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There are sad letters too. A widow whose husband was killed in an automobile accident just one day before our drive started wrote me:

"Don't relax the campaign, even though it came one day too late for us. I have an answer for those who speak of the 'unbearable hardship' that a suspension imposes on persons whose cars are essential to their jobs. If a man takes a chance on losing his license, when his way of making a living depends on having it, he is an irresponsible driver. The highways are best rid of him. The violent way my husband died and the pain he suffered were 'unbearable.' I also find it 'hard' to make a living without my husband. My two boys and I didn't get a thirty-day suspension. Ours is a lifetime sentence."

The broken and bleeding body of a small child, run down by a speeder, is not a political issue. It is a human tragedy. Last year some 38,300 Americans lost their lives in traffic accidents. Another 1,350,000 were injured. It has long been a mystery to me why this great social problem of our time has been treated mostly by shibboleths and slogans, by winks and fixes in the police courts, and by dubious under-the-counter dealings in restoring licenses.

Now let me say this: Connecticut has an outstanding safety record. Seven times it has been cited for national safety honors by the National Safety Council. Our State Police are the best. Our highways are well marked and well built. For many years Connecticut has had an outstanding State Safety Commission that has done an excellent job of educating our people in the ways of traffic safety. So when I say there is a lag between what we might be doing and what we have done to save lives, I am not citing the worst, but one of the better states in the country.

Many years ago I was a judge of a local court. I saw at first hand the way cases were sometimes handled by police and prosecutors. Speeding cases were winked at and only the most serious offenses were handled as anything more than trivia. Neither political party had a monopoly on bad practices. These extended all the way from nonenforcement of speeding and other motor-vehicle laws to easy restoration of licenses after suspension.

Simultaneously with the suspension announcement, we called on the local courts throughout the state to co-operate in this get-tough campaign. Newspaper surveys had indicated that a disproportionate percentage of motor-vehicle charges were being changed or thrown out of court, as they had been for many years. We put the judges on notice that when their terms expire next year, those who don't adopt a no-fix policy won't be reappointed.

At the outset there was some misinterpretation of this plea to the courts. There was a hue and cry that the executive branch of the government was interfering with the judicial branch.

Actually, nothing of the sort took place. No one ordered judges to hand down a guilty finding in every speeding case. If a person wasn't guilty, he should be found not guilty. The judges were simply asked to enforce the law. It was made plain that every case should be given a fair hearing and decisions should be based on judicial principles. But there was no excuse for widespread dismissal and quashing of warrants, and we frankly said so. No highway-safety drive is worth a tinker's damn unless you have conscientious and impartial judges backing up the police.

There is another important point to make in all this. No driver loses his license just because he is arrested for speeding. He is presented before a court. He is entitled to counsel. He has the right of a full trial. He has the right of an appeal to the Court of Common Pleas and the Supreme Court of Errors. Only after he is legally convicted and all appeals have run their course is his license suspended.

There are clerical mistakes sometimes, of course, and now and then the license of a convicted driver who has an appeal pending is suspended. We had a celebrated case like this in Connecticut. The aggrieved driver wrote a letter of complaint to the newspapers. I read the letter over my morning cup of coffee and immediately put in a call to have a motor-vehicle inspector return the license. The driver held the license for only a few hours, however. Later in the day, the Court of Common Pleas upheld the man's lower-court conviction, and he had to surrender his license for the balance of the thirty-day suspension.

We have had to make other minor adjustments. For example, in Connecticut, as elsewhere, some of the posted speed signs were unrealistic. To encourage respect for the law, the speed limits on the 3000 miles of state highways are being restudied and changed to accord with the realities. Nobody in Connecticut is out to trap anybody. We want reasonable speed signs that will command respect.

To give out-of-state motorists as much notice as possible of the Connecticut program, we also have erected large four-feet-by-eight-feet signs at the thirty-four main highways leading into Connecticut announcing:

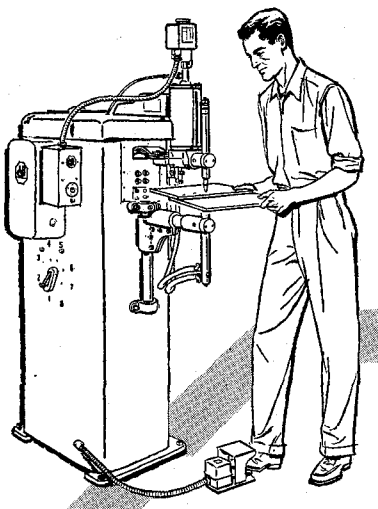
DON'T SPEED
CONVICTION MEANS
LOSS OF LICENSE.

Now, what has happened in Connecticut? During the first six months of the year, fatalities dropped from 150 to 128, a

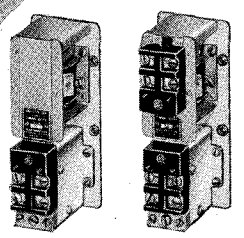
An English Cathedral

By B. R. GIBBS

Gray as old Time himself the cathedral stands,
With its twin towers square-cut against the hill,
Relic of days long past when unseeking hands
Gave to God's praise their dedicated skill;
Lovely with flower and leaf the patterns traced
By artist hands that carved their greatness here,
And lovely, too, each humble stone strong-placed
To make a century seem but as a year;
Under wide arches, by the sanctuary gate,
Trippers half listen to the guide's long drone,
Sensing no rustle of the ghosts that wait
Quietly by their gifts of wood and stone;
They know man's folly is so quickly done,
But their cathedral lives through storm and sun.



TIMING RELAYS



Bulletin 849 Pneumatic Timing Relays. Unit at right is equipped with one normally open and one normally closed auxiliary contact.

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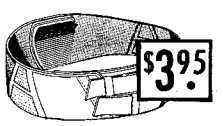

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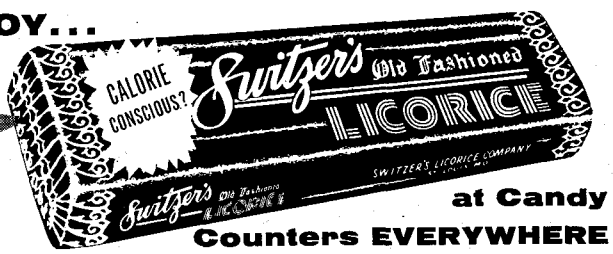

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drop of nearly 15 per cent. And also bear this in mind: Connecticut has 90,000 more car operators in 1956 than it had a year ago, and 62,000 more vehicles on the road.

These figures are even more impressive when compared with the national statistics. There were 10 per cent more automobile fatalities in the United States during the first half of 1956 than there were for the corresponding period in 1955. This represents a net gain of 25 per cent for Connecticut. June was the sixteenth straight month that there was an increase in the national automobile death toll. There were 3400 motor-vehicle deaths in the country during June, 1956, and 18,120 for the first six months of this year. The six-month total and the June total are the worst in United States history.

One of the most encouraging aspects of our campaign is the fact that during the first six months of 1956 the arrests for speeding made by the State Police Department decreased 37 per cent over the same period of a year ago—a drop from 4377 to 2735.

I would not give the impression that we are out of the woods. Far from it. Fate gave us a severe peppering over the Fourth of July, when twelve fatal accidents during the first few days of July, many of them of the freak variety, helped damage our record. A New York newspaperwoman, chasing the Marilyn Monroe-Miller wedding party to be, didn't negotiate a curve. Three sailors from the submarine base at New London and a civilian friend, en route to the home of one of the men, went off the road and all four of them were killed. An elderly retired postal clerk apparently blacked out and crashed into a truck. A child darted out from behind a car and died on a Hartford street. Two cars collided in Brooklyn, Connecticut, as one went over the center line.

It was a gory week. Were it not for the slowdown, it could have been worse. We are going to have more of them. But one thing is certain: even though the marks on our fatal-accident graphs have their occasional ups, the trend is still downward. People in Connecticut are driving more slowly.

Not only is Connecticut a "bridge" state linking two of the more populous areas of the country, but it is also the site of military and naval installations. Sad are the tragedies of the young servicemen, hurrying away on leave or speeding back to their bases before their passes expire, whose broken bodies are so often found in the early morning by highway patrols.

They are one of our special problems. Fifteen of them have died on our highways so far this year. In every instance overspeeding was given as the cause. I visited the Submarine Base at New London a few weeks ago and pleaded with these young men.

They listened to me with silent attention, and I told them, "I don't expect that when you are on leave or on pass you will never take a drink. I ask you to keep this in mind, however: Most of you travel in groups when you are on leave or pass. If your driver has been drinking, don't ride with him; don't let him drive either. I don't expect you not to go out with girls when you are on pass. But one less goodnight kiss might save the need for you to speed back to the base to make it on time."

My plea to those men who are doing so much for their country was a plea to save their own lives and not to bring heartbreak to their families.

There are signs other than the steady movement of traffic at fifty-five and less, that our program is working. Police are beginning to find the laws easier to enforce, with fewer offenders.

The State Police made 551 arrests for speeding in January, the first full month of the campaign. In June, with much heavier traffic, the number was cut to 371. The number of monthly suspensions on a statewide basis has dropped from 1136 at the peak month to 839 in June. The number of injured in Connecticut automobile accidents so far this year has dropped by 264. And even with our bloody Fourth, we have as of now in mid-July, 141 deaths recorded as compared with 160 a year ago.

I do not pretend that we have all the answers. An editor friend of mine some time ago said to me, "I can editorialize and moralize, but nothing happens unless somebody carries the ball."

That is all we have been trying to do. I know there are bruises that go along with carrying the ball. But there are also satisfactions. I also know that ours is not yet a full-rounded campaign. There is much more to be done. Such a program would consist of:

(1) Continuing accurate analysis of the traffic problem;

(2) Strict control of drivers through good examination and licensing as well as fearless use of suspension and revocation;

(3) Stringent law enforcement by police and courts;

(4) Proper education and training of all drivers to develop knowledge, attitudes and skills;

(5) Improved vehicles and roads.

Eventually, I would like to see the educative process start with the adolescent through predriver training. I do not mean the rather superficial training that now often precedes the licensing of many drivers. I mean the creation of well-organized training courses that would give each youthful driver sufficient training in the operation of a highly powered steel juggernaut.

There is need also for standard motor-vehicle laws, including uniform reciprocity on suspensions. As I told the recent Governors' Conference, "Americans are traveling people and no one state can consider itself aloof from the highway problems of its neighbors and the country. The automobile doesn't heed a state line."

An arrest for motor-vehicle violation should mean the same thing in every state. That way drivers would know where they stand and could judge their driving habits accordingly, no matter where they might be.

Connecticut has a reciprocal agreement with other states on the enforcement of motor-vehicle violations. The agreement is administered by the Motor Vehicles Department. When the department receives notices of convictions from the various courts throughout the state, the abstracts relative to out-of-state operators are sent to the departments of motor vehicles in the states of their residence, together with a copy of any suspension action taken in Connecticut. In some cases the reciprocal agreement covers the suspension of licenses for speeding; in other cases it does not. Where it doesn't, we can at least suspend the right of those drivers to operate in Connecticut.

Among our near neighbors, New Jersey is now reciprocating on the suspension program. Rhode Island suspends some drivers convicted of speeding in Connecticut. Massachusetts is studying the program. But adjoining New York State is not co-operating. No wonder those out-of-state cars whiz by our Connecticut drivers.

The lack of reciprocity is unfair to states such as Connecticut which are "bridge" states. And out-of-state drivers constitute an important part of every state's safety problem. It is the out-of-state driver who hurries, who has geared himself up, who is anxious to reach a distant destination. Of the fatal accidents that occurred in Connecticut in the first six months of this year, 14 per cent involved drivers from outside our state. We could dramatically reduce our death rate if, in Connecticut, they drove like Connecticut people.

We have made one thing crystal-clear: Connecticut is not interested in piling up a long list of convictions and suspensions. Our goal is to slow drivers down and keep them alive. Connecticut has never operated a state speed trap and we are not going to start now.

About six o'clock one morning an officer in our Westport State Police Barracks was watching the radar tape record the traffic speeds on the Merritt Parkway. One car shot by going ninety miles an hour. The officer radioed an alarm to the parkway patrol cars.

"I'm right behind him," a patrol car radioed back. There was a minute's pause, and then the car came back on the air with the terse announcement: "You can forget him. He just rolled over three times."

The driver wasn't killed. But he only recently was able to leave a hospital after receiving crippling injuries.

Highway-safety officials say they have all the answers to save lives, but that all this knowledge is ineffective without the force of public opinion behind it. I say that public opinion has to be formed. It is the duty of those in public office to help and lead in forming that opinion.

On the Fourth of July I rode along the main streets of Bridgeport in the Barnum Festival parade. Both sides of the streets were jammed with people, and as I passed, a strident voice yelled, "Slow 'em down, Abe!" The crowd cheered with approval. Another shouted, "Save those lives, Abe!" and another cheer went up. I don't think those cheers were for me. They were "public opinion" crystallizing around the concept that it is immoral and wrong to keep on killing people on our roads at the rate we have been doing.

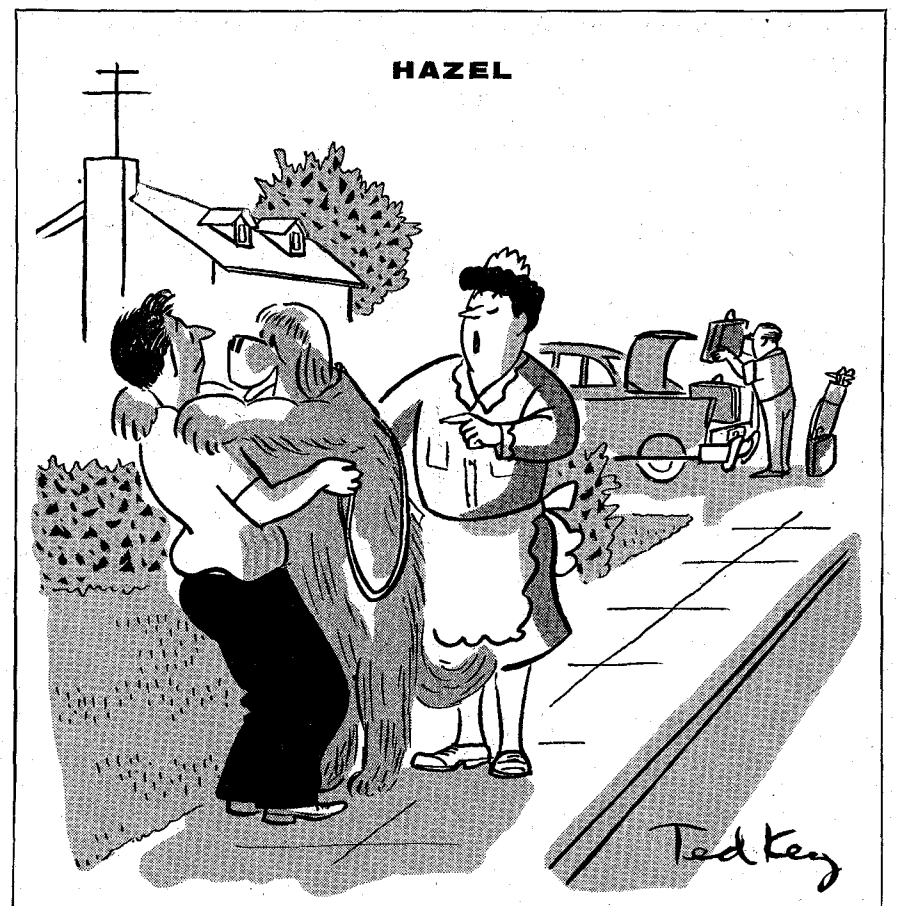
I have found that our program particularly appeals to women, many of whom have teen-age children who drive, or who worry about their husbands. Typical is this letter: "As a wife and mother of three small children, I want to thank you for this campaign against speeding. Many people, including my own husband, who just would not slow down, have been forced to, so they would not lose their licenses and, therefore, their means of getting to work. All the women I have talked to have been very happy with your program. Please don't relax it."

And when an angry fellow writes in and says: "What I heard you called last night by a trailer salesman would make you blush," I turn to letters like the one from a Windsor, Connecticut, clergyman who says: "Too large a proportion of the funerals at which I officiate are due to traffic fatalities. Thank you for the anti-speed drive you have launched. May God bless you in your efforts."

I do not claim to have all the answers. I do think that for years safety experts have traded slogans and gimmicks in somewhat the same way the people of that fabled town took in each other's washing. It is time to break by action the vicious circle of words, of slogans, of political finagling, of treating motorists like spoiled children, while the carnage continues.

This is the thistle we have tried to grasp firmly in Connecticut. And at the forty-eighth Conference of Governors, it was resolved to appoint a committee of governors to undertake an immediate study to make recommendations for the adoption of (1) a uniform set of motor-vehicle laws for the forty-eight states; (2) uniform enforcement of motor-vehicle laws; (3) nationwide reciprocity in upholding convictions and penalties from the enforcement of the motor-vehicle laws; and (4) the development of state and community-wide programs for safety education. Public opinion can aid the adoption of such a program. You are public opinion. Let us save more lives.

THE END



"Till we return from the shore. Now every morning, give him three bowls of . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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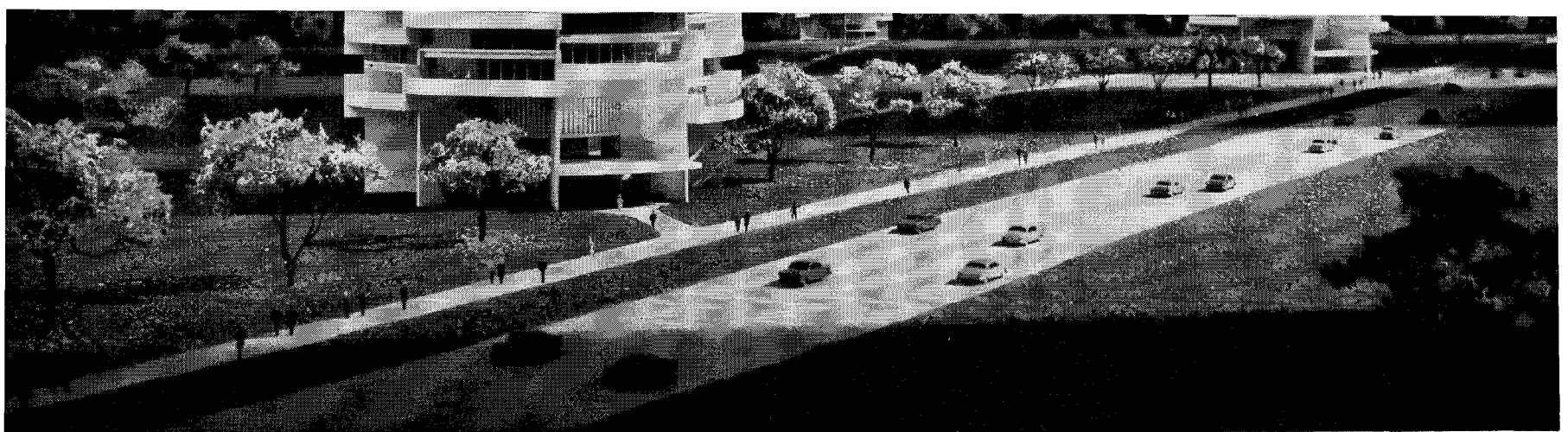

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Keeping Posted

Mr. and Mrs. Martin in the Garden of Eden

Camera catches author and spouse whizzing by on a railroad train.

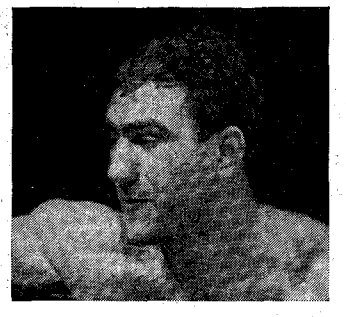
Referring to Mr. Cason Callaway's personal Garden of Eden in Georgia and on page 28, author Harold Martin is still wrought-up about Callaway's greenhouse which isn't a greenhouse. Of this transparent place, which is affixed to Callaway's fabulous log house, Martin comments, "Except for a few orchids, the only rare plants that flourish there are Mr. Callaway and his friends, who paddle about in a lovely swimming pool that occupies the whole place, while quail and rabbits peer with various emotions through the glass from the wilderness outside." As a greenhouse can roast its inhabitants in summer, Callaway presses a button in that season and lake water cascades coolly over the roof and down the sides. In winter, it is a pleasant seventy-two degrees within, and the swimmers are served luncheon or dinner beside the water near a great fireplace "where oak and hickory burn, smelling good, like oak and hickory."

Martin also holds sharply in memory the way he and his wife, "Pokey," extracted fish from Mr. Callaway's incredible fishpond until their arms creaked. He says one man baited their hooks, another pointed out where to drop them, and a third unhooked the fish. "It kept all five of us busy."

And referring to Bill Shrout's photo of the Martins riding Mr. Callaway's choo-choo, the author says it is meaningless, actually. He charges that good old Bill is forever taking pictures to prove to editors that writers live soft and easy while photographers loyally toil.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Fought All the Way"



Would you like to know things about Rocky Marciano which he hid from even his own wife and his manager? Now you can read the full story of the unbeaten heavyweight champion's remarkable life—told by himself.

He Researched Police: They Researched Him

Gunther and Co.

Murray and Co.

One day after Don Murray had been interviewing Steve Kennedy, New York's hardboiled police commissioner, he returned to his parked automobile and found that it had become a victim of Kennedy's no-parking ban. Price of ticket: $15. Another day, while researching Kennedy's system of unmarked police cars, Murray drove through a red light which he did not see because he was thinking up a lead paragraph in high praise of Kennedy. So somebody in an unmarked police car issued him an invitation to pull over to the curb. Murray, pitifully aware of the Commissioner's incorruptibility, didn't try to get either ticket fixed.

Social note: last May, the Murrays invited author Max Gunther and his folks to dinner, as they live nearby in suburban New Jersey. Just previously both writers had retired from the staff of Time Magazine and ventured forth into the scary world of free-lancing; Gunther says, "In those nervous days, we endeavored to uplift each other's morale, not unlike two men trying to lift each other off the sidewalk so that both might float into the air." On the afternoon before their dinner, each got a phone call that he had sold a piece to the Post. (Gunther's came out July twenty-eighth, and Murray's comes out on page 23). Verily, that social evening at the Murrays' was tremendous, and yet it wound up on a sour note. The wives went to sleep and the men had to do the dishes.

When in New York, Do as New Yorkers Do

Let's approach Letitia Baldrige from the what's-she-doing-now angle. This Nebraska girl, former social secretary to Ambassador Luce in Rome, lauded Italian men in the August-eleventh Post, and another selection from her forthcoming book renders page 36 hilarious.

Tish observes, "A person returning from the Roman life has serious readjustment problems, like any returned veteran." For instance, she now dwells in a one-room New York apartment which costs more than the seven-room furnished *palazzo* she inhabited in Rome. In Italy, a faithful housekeeper cooked, sewed, cleaned and did her washing every day; now, in Manhattan, for the same salary a lady drops in faithfully once a week—and cleans. Still, the author happily reflects that in a new job which she recently landed she has merely exchanged glamour for glamour. "As publicity director for Tiffany's on Fifth Avenue, I'm up to my neck in diamonds, rubies and gold, and not complaining one bit." When a wave of Italian nostalgia comes on, she mounts her motor scooter and goes barreling through the traffic, pretending she's bouncing down Rome's Via Veneto. Or with Neapolitan and Roman songs she hauls off with some soulful serenading on her guitar.

The lady's gravest problem was pointed up recently by a stranger who remarked to her in a grocery store, "You must be from Italy, *signorina*, the way you talk with your hands." The poor girl thought she had got her hands under control.

Life Among the Authors

Hubert Kay, a former political editor who now, as a free-lancer, analyzes opinion-sampling polls on page 44, recently sold his house in Princeton, New Jersey, and with his wife moved into a cabin on a pond deep in some nearby woods. He is an admirer of Henry Thoreau, who, at Walden Pond, did

more or less likewise; besides which, the three up-growing Kay children no longer are home much—one, in fact, being far away on a destroyer. A fascinating thing about the wilderness, reflects this nature lover, is how wonderful the music of Mozart, Haydn and others sounds on his hi-fi set there—"The cabin acoustics, with woofer and tweeter on the balcony of a two-story room, are superb." This is a sincere question: if Thoreau had found his cabin equipped with a hi-fi, would he have loved it, or fled to the city?

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